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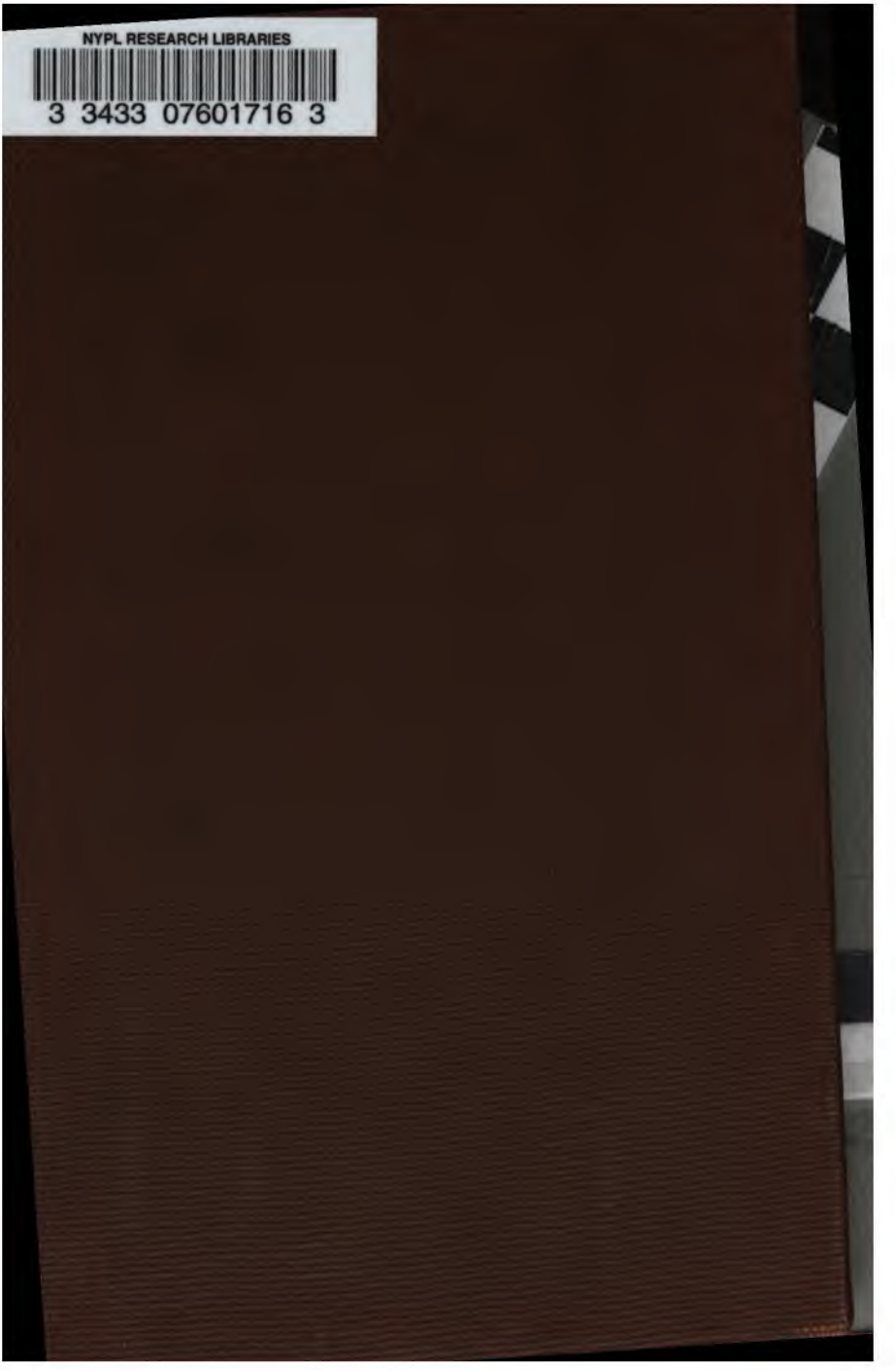
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Jane Sophia Appleton, and
Cornelia Crosby Barrett

VOICES

FROM THE

KENDUSKEAG.

"Whether we whisper of love, hope, or fear,
Bring laughter, or tears, or only a sneer,
Or lull you to sleep, as we buzz in your ear,
The gravest and gayest must candidly own
That to please you we seek — whatever our tone."

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It may naturally be asked of the volume which now appears before the public, "Who made it?" and "What is its object?" To both questions may be given this brief reply; — that a number of ladies and gentlemen of Bangor have contributed these articles to be given to the press by the Managers of the Bangor Female Orphan Asylum, in the hope of adding to the funds of that institution. They trust that no one will consider it in any proper sense a "Bangor Book." A name so broad, implies a much more extended collection than the gleanings which are here hastily thrown together, with no intention of displaying the literary character either of its authors,

or of our citizens at large, can claim to be. In reference to the sale of this work, it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add, that in these days of abundant and cheap literature, more is hoped from the charity of this community than from the merit of the production.

CONTENTS.

Advertisement, ... 3

Contents, ... 5

Poetical Introduction, ... 9

The Speculator. A Sketch, ... 13

The Countess of Croye. A Ballad, . . 18

*The Morning Star, ... 21

Criticism upon Critics, ... 23

* This piece, and a few others, all of which are distinguished by an asterisk, have been previously published, but are included in this collection, by permission of their authors.

To the Author of a Version of the CXXXVII. Psalm, ... 29
Woman, is it by thee? 31
Love and Romance. A Tale, . . . 33
Song of the Angels. From Goethe's Faust, . 57
*The Star, ... 59
A Vision of Bangor in the Twentieth Century, 61
The Macedonian, ... 74
Asa Glover, Esq., ... 78
I have a Shroud, ... 95
A Song. — The Bright Bird Sings, . . 98
*The Field of the Incurables. Published in 1826, ... 100
Manners, ... 107
On hearing Ladies toasted as "The Poetry of Life," 113
*The Dream, ... 115
An Idle Word, ... 117
The Whistling Wind, ... 118
The Festival at the Cása de Campo. A Tale, 120
Lenora. From the German of Bürger, . . 129
Correspondence, ... 138

The Flight, ... 146
A Dirge, ... 148
First Impressions. A Sketch, ... 150
Social Intercourse, ... 162
A Simple Sketch of Simple Things, . . 169
The Violet. From the German, . . . 189
*Veneration for the Past. An Extract, . . 190
Portrait of C. H. C., ... 195
Childhood and the Old Elm, . . . 196
The Human Heart, ... 203
The Secret Offering, ... 205
The Resolve. A Tale, ... 207
*Stanzas, ... 234
A Garden, a Shadow, a Brook, and a Tree, 236
A Sketch, ... 237
Softly, Woman, ... 240
The Archer and the Maid. A Parody, . . 241
Sequel to "Vision of Bangor," . . 243
*The Child's Spring Song, . . . 266
Tobacco, ... 268
Teachings of Nature, ... 269
It is not fit for thee to wear, . . 271

The Veiled Donor, ... 273
Penobscot Characters, ... 274
An Apology, ... 283
The Beleaguered City, ... 284

"'Voices from the Kenduskeag!' Indeed!
And have our *finny* citizens agreed
Our ears to tickle with the notes
That come from piscatory throats?"
Nay, nay, good friends, we are no fishes
Who come to crave your Christmas wishes;
Your witticism's all in vain
And you must even guess again.
"And have the water-spirits 'had a meeting,'
And voted to approach us 'greeting?'
Ah! *Forty-Six*, with antics wrathy,
Gave us enough of Hydropathy!—
Of bridges on their arches quailing,
Then coolly to the ocean sailing,—
Of shingles from their wharves deserting,—
Of pine-trees with the billows flirting,—
Saw-mills careering from our shores,
And icebergs knocking at our doors!

VOICES FROM THE KENDUSKEAG.

THE SPECULATOR.

A STORY OF THE FOURTH DECADE.

"How necessary and profitable records and observations are, albeit they were not published in print, for at the time when Lord Littleton wrote, this record was not printed."— *Coke upon Littleton.*

A TRUER remark than that of my Lord Coke has not been made since his time, I will venture to say. But that is neither here nor there to my story, save that it was not recorded when Lord Littleton wrote, and never would have been, were it not for observation.

No man upon the Penobscot was more respected by his acquaintances, than was Stephen Skidd, of Bangor, housewright. He was truly an estimable man. Faithful, punctual, kind-hearted, and friendly, his neighbors were happy in his acquaintance, and his employers gratified that they knew one man in whom they could place confidence. But it was destined that there should be a change in Stephen Skidd. Time makes great changes in men, but "the times" greater. The times were to make the change in Stephen. He had accumulated a little property; sufficient, with the occasional use of the hand-saw and jack-plane, to make him comfortable through

life. The sun of the year '34 had set, and the memorable year '35 dawned upon the same upright Stephen Skidd, with all its plans, and schemes, and speculations, and the jack-plane and handsaw still performed their usual office. His was an honest and a sure way of getting a livelihood, and he was satisfied with it. But soon the startling news burst upon his ear that his next door neighbor had made a thousand dollars in a speculation. He thought of it. But the jack-plane and handsaw kept on. Directly another neighbor made fifteen hundred dollars. He thought more of this, but the jack-plane and handsaw did not stop. At length the information reached him that a third neighbor, whose brains did not possess the soundest reputation, had made three thousand dollars! From that moment the jack-plane and handsaw kept Sunday every day in the week. Stephen Skidd was of earthly mould, and although he had a comfortable portion of this world's goods, he was not so devoid of this world's affections, as to deem an addition to it undesirable; particularly if it could be obtained as one of our good old fathers in Israel says, "free cost." Consequently, he may now be considered as laboring under the speculating mania! By the assistance of one of his neighbors he made a speculation by which he realized one hundred dollars. Poor Skidd was now completely upset. The fever was high upon him. If small sums could be obtained so easily, why could not large sums as easily? He was among the speculators from morning till evening, and from evening nearly till morning. His lessons were taken at the "Bangor House," and the "Exchange;" and at last his mind became so crowded with "townships," "numbers," and "ranges," that it was notorious he could not be in a room where the map of Maine hung, but his finger would inadvertently point towards it, whatever might be the subject of conversation.

Weeks passed, and the time arrived when Stephen Skidd was to make a sensation. It was bruited through the thronged streets, that he had made a great speculation. — How great? was the inquiry.

"Ten thousand dollars!"

"What! Stephen Skidd?"

Twenty thousand dollars! "Fifty thousand dollars!" and some said, "A hundred thousand dollars!"

'Pon my word! What! Stephen Skidd?

Finally, public opinion settled down upon fifty thousand, and Stephen Skidd was the reputed possessor of fifty thousand dollars — the "real kibbils!"

Stephen Skidd was now another man. *Mr.* Skidd, dear reader. Shall I introduce to your acquaintance Stephen Skidd, Esquire? That lady in that beautiful phaeton, propelled by two white horses, is Mrs. Stephen Skidd. That gentleman in the gig on the Oldtown road is Mr. Skidd himself. Nobody cracks a whip over a better horse's back than Mr. Skidd. He usually drives from Bangor to Oldtown — twelve miles, in considerably less than an hour. He must be doing an extensive business. He is at the Corporation or at Oldtown once a day at least, when he is not absent at Portland, or Boston, which is about once in a fortnight! And what a dash he cuts in those cities! Who does not recollect him at the "Cumberland House" — in Middle street — at the "Tremont House" — in State street, — Mr. Skidd! Stephen Skidd, of Bangor, Esq.?

The confidence in Mr. Skidd, except among the "knowing ones" — was unlimited. His former upright character clung to him. He borrowed and paid punctually — accommodated with his name and was accommodated in return, and everything went comfortably with him in the eyes of the world. I will not say that no envious glances were cast towards him, or that detraction withheld its

breath from his reputation, for no name was ever so fair as to escape the imputations of the slanderer.

The fall of '35 passed away, and still Mr. Skidd was apparently driven with business. Although his wife dashed extravagantly in her phaeton with the two white horses, he was not seen engaged in amusements of any kind. If he drove a handsome horse, he drove him fast, and there was too much of an air of business about him to allow a supposition that he was not constantly engaged in it.

The winter of 1836 came, but it wore a different aspect from the preceding business season. It was the winter of the speculation. Payments became due, banks stopped their discounts, paper laid over, the unprecedented circulation of 1835 gradually ceased, and the confidence of the people ceased in the same ratio. Many were the long visages in the streets of Bangor, but Stephen Skidd, Esquire, drove his gig as usual.

Summer arrived, and a client was complaining that he had lost a large sum by Stephen Skidd — money lent!

"Stephen Skidd! Wont he pay you?"

"Pay me, no! How can a man pay when he's used up?"

"Used up! What, have the hard times closed his purse too?"

"Closed his purse! He never had a purse to close. The fellow is not worth a farthing in the world."

"You surprise me! What has he done with his fifty thousand dollars?"

"He never had it, nor a tenth part of it."

"Where did he get his money, then? He has always paid up well until now — he must have had money."

"He got it by borrowing. He borrowed of one friend to pay another; and as he always paid punctually, he continued to keep up his credit, until his friends found it

difficult to get enough for themselves. Then being unable to borrow, he of course was unable to pay; and now it is ascertained he is worse than nothing."

"But did he get nothing by his great speculation?"

"That! that was only a twelve months' bond! He thought, and others thought, he should be able to sell the land at a great advance. He had an opportunity to sell at a tolerable advance, but he demanded more. The story got wind that he had made a fortune, and once started, its dimensions would not decrease. Skidd was reported to be worth fifty thousand dollars, but I do not believe that in all the time he held the bond, he had an offer of a tenth part of that sum for it."

"Indeed? But his property before he turned speculator, what has become of that?"

"Oh, the most of it went to pay for his bond, and the balance would not go further than to pay his travelling and other extravagant expenses."

"But his business. He was constantly employed last season, it was supposed, profitably."

"He was constantly employed *driving about*, doing nothing. I do not believe he did five hundred dollars' worth of business the last year."

I gave in that my friend knew more of Stephen Skidd's affairs than I, but Stephen might make another more profitable speculation next fever, I said, by way of consolation. But it did not relieve my friend, for he insisted that the cholera or old age would take him off before the next speculating fever made its appearance. * * * * Mr. Skidd, before he became a speculator, was a consistent member of Mr. ——'s church.

Now he is ———

Is the spirit of speculation consistent with the spirit of Christianity?

THE COUNTESS OF CROYE.

Bright in her beauty, and high in her pride,
On her palfrey so gay did the ladie Jane ride;
So gaily, so proudly, she rode on her way,
And a quick glance she gave to her courtly array;
To the banner which fluttered in purple and gold,
To the mail covered steeds, and their riders so bold,
To the squire who gallantly rode by her rein,
To her page, of his place and his ladie so vain,
And it rested, not latest nor lightest, I ween,
On one who moved on as if wrapped in a dream.
But the cloud from the minstrel passed suddenly by,
And he met the deep glance with a love kindled eye:
Why turneth the ladie so suddenly now?
Why mounteth the blood to her cheek and her brow?
Oh, the pride of her race like a dark fiend hath come,
He hath fought with young love, and the battle hath won.

Away to the tourney so gaily rode they,
Away to the tourney a gorgeous array —
And proud names rang out on the echoing air,
And the galleries glittered with loveliness rare;
But the brightest in beauty, the proudest in name,
Was the heiress of Croye — the young ladie Jane.
Oh many a crested head bowed at her side,
Oh many a lance in her honor was tried,
And many a trophy was laid at her feet, —
The hour was her own, and her triumph complete.

Now suitors came wooing — the grave and the gay,
But the lady laughed lightly and answered them nay.

The moonlight fell softly on tree and on tower;
The ladie sat musing alone in her bower;
A strain of low music came, — soft as the hour —
So sweet — o'er the spirits of bliss it had power;
Their sphere was aroused, and the ladie's heart thrilled,
And gentlest emotions her proud bosom filled.

"True love is true life,
Oh, scorn it never!
In thy heart is a strife;
Sweet peace forever,
I would plant therein, —
Let love — let love in!

"A cold friend is pride,
And faithless ever;
'T will vanish with youth
And wealth together.
It bringeth but strife; —
True love is true life.

"True love is a light
When storm clouds gather,
It pointeth the way
To a bright forever;
Thro' the snows of life
It cheereth ever;
True love is true life —
O cease from thy strife!"

The strain died away on the silvery air,
Its sounds were extinct, but its spirit was there.
Oh minstrel! thy music may conquer at last,
May save her thou lovest — the demon outcast;
She weeps! a true woman — the Countess of Croye!
She loves thee, she loves thee, oh earnest eyed boy!

But the dark fiend returned with the cares of the day,
The music, the moonlight, were all swept away.

She paced in her halls, the proud ladie of Croye,
Forsake her, forsake her, oh true-hearted boy!

Long years passed away, and the bleak hand of Time
Thinned the minstrel's fair locks and bespread them with rime;
But it touched not his heart — still youthful in love,
Still strong in his faith, and still soaring above;
More joyous, more blessed, as each added year
He was richer in hopes, and in visions more clear;
"True love is true life," and in love was he blest,
In sorrow and joy, in labor and rest.

Long years passed over the Countess of Croye,
They seized one by one on her sources of joy:
Her beauty they withered, her health they assailed,
Her suitors they chilled, wealth only prevailed;
Lone, sickly, and withered, bereft of all joy,
She paced in her proud halls, *the ladie of Croye.*

Oct. 4, 1847.

THE MORNING STAR.

A single star, how bright —
From earth-mists free —
In heaven's pure shrine its image burns!
Star of the Morn, my spirit yearns
To be with thee!

Lord of the desert sky!
Night's last, lone heir,
Benign thou smilest from on high,
Radiant as if an angel's eye
Were watching there.

Is it a poet's dream?
Or can it be
That in yon orb a spirit reigns,
Who knows this earth, and kindly deigns
To smile on me?

Thy shining peers have fled, —
Quenched each pure spark,
Save where some pale Sun's lingering ghost,
Lone witness of a scattered host,
Peeps through the dark.

But thou, fair pilgrim orb!
Night's youngest born —
Wilt not withdraw thy steady light
Till bursts on yonder snow-crowned height
The yellow morn.

Lone one, I love to watch
Thy early ray,—
Emblem art thou of hopes that spring
When joy dies, brightly heralding
A brighter day.

So, when from my life's course
Its stars are riven,
Dawn on my soul prophetic light,
That streaks old age's winter night
With hope of Heaven.

CRITICISM UPON CRITICS.

To depreciate the present and extol the past, is one of the habits of old age, as strong and uniform as its garrulity. Men have never been disposed to find fault with this, even when there was least in the present to justify censure; for they deem the habit the work of nature as much as its gray hairs. And withal, there is something almost amiable, even though it be somewhat weak, in the looking back thus complacently to the days of youth, and seeing everything there pure and fair, the very earth and sky brighter and more effulgent, friends more constant, and freer from the foibles of a weaker age. It is not very strange that the man who has travelled along in life till the friends and companions with whom he set out have one after another sunk down wearied with the journey, and who finds himself at length encompassed by other faces, should feel almost as a stranger in his own home, should not enter easily into new views and feelings, and should often send his thoughts back to the past, and sigh for communion once more with those whose tastes and sympathies, formed under the same influences, were like his own. We should indeed *more* admire the man, who, together with these warm affections and sympathies, possessed also a calm reason presiding over and repressing their undue action, enabling him to appreciate whatever of superior excellence even the present might offer, while yet his feelings clung to that past to which they had grown; but such completeness of character we hardly expect on this earth, and we are well pleased

when we find a heart which has passed through all the storms and chills of the world, and can yet look back with affection, even though it be a doating and exaggerating one, to the scenes and friends of its early existence.

But there is another class who love to indulge in a sweeping disparagement of the present and exaltation of the past, to whom the same amiable excuse does not apply. We can easily *see* how certain very pardonable propensities of our nature, operating together with a judgment somewhat enfeebled by age, should lead the old man to think the present a puny offshoot of the past. But that the *young man*, all whose sympathies are with the present, who has grown up under its influences, and who is, as it were, *its child*, that *he* should magnify its faults, and set them in ugly contrast with the fancied excellences of the past, is certainly both unnatural and ungrateful. It is, indeed, a marvellous sight, that of a young man with the first down scarcely upon his cheek, and who has hardly yet taken a peep at even the little corner of the age which is about him, — to see such an one gravely rising on some anniversary occasion, before an audience of men and women, some of them venerable in years, others in middle life, pursuing great ends with an ability and spirit which does honor to any period, and in high swelling words expatiate on the age of apostolic piety — of giant intellect — of profound scholarship, that *was*, and the feeble, dwarfish, and superficial age that *is*. The simple peasant of Goldsmith used to wonder how so small a head as the school-master's could contain so much knowledge; *we* have wondered how so few years could compass and comprehend so many ages; but the commonness of the phenomenon has worn off the wonder, and we long since learned to attribute it to anything but superior wisdom and discernment.

It is curious to see what different usage the age meets with from different hands. There is a class who can never laud it enough; they exhaust the whole vocabulary of high-sounding eulogism, and their admiration has but *begun* to express itself. To hear them on some *glorification occasion*, we should suppose that there never was virtue, science, wisdom or religion till the nineteenth century. According to them, not only have all the sciences sprung up at once by a Minerva birth into full being, but all the great principles of thought, philosophy, politics, government, have been developed and exemplified with a suddenness and perfection, which scarce leaves anything to be done by posterity. In religion, things are even better. The millennium is evidently just about dawning; the heathen are renouncing their errors of their own accord, and holding out their arms for the truth; Satan is beginning to move his head-quarters from our *now* happy land! But the next day you hear one of the class before described, and you are ready to wonder how so mighty a change could take place in so short a time. Everything is dark; the race is evidently going to ruin. The generation before us was a generation of *men*, simple-hearted, honest, and noble men; uncorrupted by the miserable passions of ambition and avarice; satisfied with simple pleasures; happy in the enjoyment of a virtuous and pure home; respecting the rights of other men, and bold in maintaining their own. But what a degenerate age is ours! An age having no religion but reason, no philosophy but sense, no God but gold! An age in which the dwarfed minds of men are capable of only narrow, superficial, and shallow views.

In politics everything is desperate. With the opening scenes of our country's history there passed away forever the race of high-minded and sagacious patriots. Corruption, intrigue, and ambition form the character of the

modern statesman, the plague has spread through all ranks, and the country must soon perish. We may as well consider the experiment settled; uproar from one end of the land to the other, lynch law, boundless riots, the bankruptcy of the whole country, and a host of things "too numerous to mention," prove that the people cannot govern themselves; the attempt must sooner or later end in anarchy, which always settles down into despotism, which again softens away among enlightened nations into a limited monarchy, when and where only we can find rest.

But above all, in matters of religion is the croaker abundant. He expatiates upon the simple, unpretending, but deep and earnest piety, of our forefathers; their stern spirits, which allowed no compromise with error or evil; their love of truth, which led them to prize the Bible above all price; their simplicity, which made them choose and find highest pleasure in the most simple forms of worship; their creed, which was the very unadulterated essence of God's truth; their calm, manly, vigorous, and sustained devotion, which elevated them far above the passions of ordinary men.

All this he sets forth in glowing words, and then comes the contrast: a religion, but little better than a compromise act, whereby the world and the church may meet and shake hands, and walk together in harmonious agreement; a creed, divested of the strongest doctrines of God's word, for which is substituted another compromise between reason and faith; a mischievous mixture of human and divine wisdom, resulting in a weak, sentimental, feverish, flickering, remote sort of piety, or else in a cold, reasoning, and sluggish one. Instead of being mighty in the power and knowledge of truth, as Christians once were, they are but babes, unable to receive and digest the hard things of God's word; little chil-

dren, having no relish for such manly diet, and if by any means getting it into their stomachs, only thereby made restless, and perhaps sick. The element of good in man is reduced to the smallest degree consistent with the world's continuance. The opposite principle is waxing strong and overbearing; a crisis is approaching in which truth is about to grapple, as in a last struggle with error; and to human apprehension how forlorn the hope! Was there ever a time when the moral, political, or religious world was not on the eve of some general and terrible convulsion? We have not lived so many years as we have seen, according to these *wise* men, distinct crises in the world's history. Verily, it is time to give the troubled elements rest.

If this sweeping censure is not deserved, to what shall it be attributed? To what but to that vanity which is the source of nearly everything affected and unnatural? To speak of the age, to speak of it in the way of censure, to detect and point out its faults — is wonderfully flattering to self-love. The age alone is a mighty subject, and the vain man who presumes to deal familiarly with it, very naturally fancies that a share of its greatness will be reflected on himself. The charm of all hard speaking, from criticism upon the age down to criticism upon small writers, lies in the implied superiority of the critic. To illustrate the assertion, we need only descend a very little from the strictures of writers upon each other, to the hard speeches of common men about their neighbors. What is so universal as slanderous and unfounded aspersions upon individual character and lives? Now men do not hate each other enough to account for all this. One great cause for it is, that vanity finds no way of proclaiming one's own superiority so effective as by setting forth other men's deficiencies. If, then, the vain man can find gratification in detecting and

condemning the faults of an individual, how much more in descanting upon the faults of an age. The act of criticizing the age implies, besides great acumen, an amount of knowledge which is rarely gained by years of acquaintance with society, of converse with books, and the characters of those leading minds which give impress to the mass of men. To set one's self free from the prejudices under which he has grown up, in common with others; to isolate himself, as it were, and place himself at a distance from the times of which he is a part—is no small thing, but requires peculiar exertions of the intellect. What wonder, then, that vanity pleases itself by making the attempt?

TO THE AUTHOR OF A "VERSION OF THE CXXXVII. PSALM."

Now, pray you, let that lyre alone!
'T is Judah's — and the more you try,
The less you wake the simple tone
Of Hebrew melody.
Why, if the song be o'er,
And music can no more
Delight the captive men,
Then let it e'en be still,
The sweet lyre, if it will,
But touch not you that lyre again.

Doth it yet vibrate on your heart?
Aye it should vibrate there,
But think not that our tears will start,
An imitative note to hear.
You may sing sweetly, for all that,
But then we think you never sat
In land of strangeness and of woe.
Then alter not the captive's song,
For tho' it hath been writ so long,
It is the dearest now.

Judah likes not her song should be
Repeated in a foreign land;
Or her father's lyre to see
Trembling in a stranger's hand.
She left it there — there let it be
Hanging on a willow tree,

To breathe a dying strain;
But if you try to wake
The cords, they only break —
So touch not you that lyre again.

"The ladies of N———t have subscribed to present a ring to Colonel Cushing, on his departure for the Mexican war." — *Daily Paper.*

WOMAN, is it by thee!
Oh, Christian woman, free!
Dost thou adorn the hand
Ready for war's vile brand?
Will thy smile beam for Rapine's deed,
And shall thy prayer the missile speed?

Could thine eye calmly brook
On that foul scene to look?
Mother and children torn,
Daughter and sister borne
By murderous shell, to that dread Seat,
Where slayed and slayer *both* shall meet?

Oh ye whose lips profess
Christ and his holiness,
Reared in this Pilgrim land,
Will ye unite the hand
Him to adorn, unbound and free,
Who Champion, draws, for Slavery?

Oh shame! the deed disown,
It could not be thine own,
Sisters! Indignant rise,
If ye the lesson prize
Of Love, and Peace, and Mercy taught
By Blood and Cross, — once dearly bought.

Oh woman! Thou should'st bless
Him, who in righteousness,
The martyr's course hath trod,
For Conscience and for God.
A holy mission, see that ye
To *that*, at least, no recreants be.

LOVE AND ROMANCE.

"Oh Brignol banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta's woods are green.
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English Queen."

Thus warbled the young girl, again and again, as she reached to bend the branches of her natural arbor of shrubbery and trees into a form as nearly like a crescent as she could twine it. It was a favorite retreat of the maiden; a spot in her father's beautifully located grounds, where, taking advantage of the branches of maple and elm, which nearly met, she had two years before, with her own hands, planted shrubs, and raised a semicircular turf seat; and now the growth of the lilacs and mountain ash enabled her to twine a green and well shaded bower, which was all the dearer to her, that she had planned and executed it herself. Pleasant was the occupation of the fair maiden, in this pleasant spot. Nature had spread before her a beautifully varied landscape of hill and dale, forest and field; while far in the horizon ranged the ever blue and lofty mountains, which are said to inspire the beholder with loftiness and firmness, corresponding to themselves. The winding gentle stream, and quiet valley, which stretched along at the foot of the slope, where Emma's bower was built, might well instil lessons of gentleness and peace, and if, combined with that, she caught the loftier impulse of sky and mountain before her eye, the hours spent there with nature were surely not spent in vain. Yet even lovely

and beautiful Nature is not always enough for the human social being, and Emma's life had been passed in a seclusion that often wakened the longing for companionship and sympathy. In half pensive mood this morning, and with a lonely feeling, created, perhaps, by the very beauty of the day and scene, she worked and sung by turns, till throwing off her bonnet, and reclining against the fresh green seat, with a feeling, that though beautiful is solitude, 't is far more so to say to one, "how charming is it," she mused aloud,

> "Oh Brignol banks are fresh and fair,
> And Greta's woods are green;

How provoking that I can only remember that one verse. I wonder where I can find the rest of it.

> "I'd rather rove with Edmund there
> Than reign our English Queen."

Well for me, I think I shall be as likely to do the one as the other. It would be no more wonderful to "reign our English Queen," than to find an Edmund among the green specimens of humanity that inhabit these western wilds. As if by magic or mockery, she had hardly left speaking, when her eye slowly turning to survey her work, rested on a form still and motionless, scarce two rods from her bower, which might well have impersonated the ideal Edmund, or any other hero of romance, if a commanding figure, and an expressive countenance, with grace and elegance of carriage, might do so. He was gazing in evident wonder at the apparition of so fair a lady, in so secluded a spot; and with something of embarrassment, occasioned, perhaps, by the consciousness of having unwittingly heard a song and a soliloquy not intended for his ear. Thus for a moment they remained, with eyes fixed upon each other, in mutual surprise,

while with the lady, conscious blushes mantled cheek and brow, not lessened perchance by the evident admiration of the gentleman, and the half lurking yet suppressed smile that played around his lips. Yet with more of regained self-possession, than one would have expected from a simple country girl, the lady was the first to break the awkward silence. Assuming a grave dignity of manner, with the hospitality to which she had been reared by her father, she rose, and stepping towards the stranger, said, "My father will soon be at home, to welcome his guest; meanwhile let me invite you to await his coming, in the house, and I will have him informed of your arrival."

"Your pardon, lady," said the gentleman, in such musical tones, and with so noble an air, that Emma's heart at once pronounced him the Edmund of her imagination. "I may not claim the pleasure of being your father's guest, nor have I so good a plea to offer in excuse for my unwarrantable intrusion. An accident in travelling compelled my delay at the Inn below; and a trick of wandering at will, over field and dale, led me unwittingly to intrude upon a place, which, beautiful as it is, I shall regret having seen, unless you assure me of pardon for my presumption."

A bright smile made the rosy lips of the lady still more beautiful, as she answered — "Believe me, sir, we have not so poorly profited by the beauties which nature has spread around us, as to be chary in permitting others to gaze on them; but yonder comes Col. Crayton, who, as the rightful owner of these grounds, shall himself pronounce your absolution."

"Colonel Crayton? This then, is Crayton Place!" said the stranger, musingly. "I beg pardon, lady, but I must make you my apologist to him, and hasten back to the village, lest my absence should embarrass my fellow traveller."

With one more look of earnest interest upon the fair girl, he disappeared among the trees, and the maiden's bower was as silent and as lonely as when, a few moments before, she had sung that "Brignol banks were fresh and fair," and "Greta's woods were green."

"Who were you talking with, my daughter, that you should be in such a brown study, after it?" said Col. Crayton, laying his hand affectionately upon her unbonnetted head.

"That is more than I can tell, father, for though the gentleman seemed rightly anxious to apologize for getting over your fences, without leave, yet neither name nor card had he the grace to leave, supposing you should wish to challenge him to deadly combat for the offence."

"No great occasion for apology, in this free and easy country, methinks, and the man could not have been of '*these parts*,' I am thinking, to urge one."

"You are right, in thinking him a stranger here. None of his stamp have met my eye in these western wilds, yet if I remember right, such people used to be seen by my childish eyes, in the city. He only called himself a traveller, and said he was fond of a good 'look out,' and so he came up here."

"Oh, a Land Speculator! or possibly a painter;" returned Col. Crayton.

One of those, he might be — but *one* he was *not*, if my eyes are good for anything, thought Emma.

"You speak of people in the city, and seem to think of them with longing affection," said her father; "though I will not deny that you have been a good, cheerful, contented girl, to stay with your old father, and make him happy, when but for you, neither city nor country had been much to him. And it is not to be wondered at, that you should wish for some one, beside an old man, and these uncultivated Hoosiers of the west, to speak to, now

and then. Your books have been much, very much to you; sometimes I have feared that works of Imagination have exercised too great a power over you, and that is another good reason why I should conquer my own selfishness, and spare you awhile, that the reality of life should be seen by you, as well as its ideal. But would to Heaven this change were not necessary, my daughter, for to one living as you have ever lived, in the seclusion of a quiet home, with no experience of confidence misplaced, affection unreturned, or trust broken, the possession of a quick imagination makes the great world's delusive scenes a fearful trial. Heaven grant *you* a less severe lesson of man's treachery than *I* have tasted, lest you too should return to these solitudes with nature, feeling as bitter a loathing for the crowd and herd of men as I do."

Emma looked inquiringly, and her father continued — "You have not often heard me speak in this way my dear, but you are going to New York, (and I am reminded of the wrongs I received there) and chance too may throw you with some of the authors of my injuries. If it should, remember, that you are my daughter. No civility or attention receive from an *Atwood;* for he it was, my once trusted friend, and partner, whose miserable swindling, it deserves no better name, stripped me of the hard earnings of years. Not the mere loss of money makes me remember this with so much bitterness; but the patient, sad image of your departed mother, compelled by this change of fortune to leave the home of her youth, exchanging all the comforts and attachments of her former life for the privations and hardships of this new home in the wilderness, in which health and life gradually yielded; — this, as the consequence of that man's dishonesty, makes me wish to hold him, his ill gotten

wealth, and all that belong to him, as far as possible from me and mine."

"But do not the innocent suffer with the guilty, when you condemn his family for his fault?"

"Well! as far as I have observed the world, dishonesty and knavery are apt to be family traits, and I like not the child of the bad father, let appearances be what they may. Perhaps 't is a hard rule, but 't is one which never yet deceived me. Atwood's family are leaders in fashion, I believe, and you will be very likely to meet them, but you know my wishes, and that will be enough to guide you, I doubt not, in your deportment towards them. The fact of his defrauding was more than suspected at the time, but you know, or I do, that a fine house, and fine parties, are more than enough to plaster a wound on the pecuniary probity of a man, in the world he lives in. Nor is your aunt, from whom I have received a letter this morning, which led me to seek you, one to inquire too closely into the character of her acquaintance, provided they keep up a good style, and are not stupid. Here is her letter, and it seems that she is willing, perhaps anxious, that her country niece should see the world under her auspices, this coming winter, though if she did not remember you as a very pretty child, as she says, I fear her interest would not be so great. But with me, that is the great reason why I dread to have you leave this peaceful bower, for the heartless world. Because you are beautiful, and because beauty is received in society, in such false proportion to its true worth; because it will make you followed and courted for itself alone, and leave you perhaps the victim of some contemptible trifler of my own sex, who will seek to win and wear your regard, as a new triumph to his own vanity, yet, though even were he a true admirer, would never follow the impulse of the heart, by

an offer of the hand, to one who brought no golden gift with herself; because of the thousand snares with which beauty is surrounded, I dread to part with you, from my own fatherly protection. I trust that I have in some measure prepared you for all this, by having never sought to conceal from you, that the too often fatal gift of beauty was yours. That it was given you by your God, and for holy and exalted purposes; that all of additional influence and power, thereby acquired by you, should be sacredly used, in the service of the true and the good; and that in, and for, such a gift, you should rejoice, as simply and as truly, as in the fair tints of the flower, and the glory of the landscape, which so much delights your heart. I am sure, I think, that you can hear yourself called beautiful, without pride or vanity; would that I could preserve you against *all* the evils, which follow the possession of this gift. I must trust to God, and your own right-mindedness, to bring you back, the good and happy girl you leave me, and none the worse for this sojourn in the land of Gotham, or of Sodom, if that is a better term for it." He gave Emma her aunt's letter, and left her to meditate on the new prospect.

Heigho, dear Father, there are some bad people in the world, I dare say, thought Emma, but if he who stood here just now came from the great city, I must believe that *all* there are not false as you deem. Manhood and gentleness rested on that brow, and if the heart were traitor within, the face was a strange mask. Now the Fates forbid, that he heard my foolish song and random words. If he did, let him not cross my path again, and yet — Well I, I too, shall go and see for myself this drama of life — I shall hear the music, and join in the dance, and the pictures I have dreamed of will soon be dreams no longer, but bright realities. Now head and heart, keep calm if thou canst, and see how wisely thou wilt mix, for the first time, in the great whirl of society.

CHAPTER II.

"Welcome, my dear niece," said the still lovely and brilliant Mrs. Somers, as she affectionately kissed Emma's cheek, and glanced less admiringly at the dress of the fair girl, than at her beaming eye, and graceful figure; "you have had a long journey, and must be tired. Rest to-night, and to-morrow we will see what we can do to reconcile you to changing your home for ours, this winter. This evening, I am engaged to go to a party, and you will excuse me, I know."

"Certainly, do not let me detain you, dear aunt, I shall find more than enough to entertain me here," said Emma, glancing at the books, pictures, and marble statuary, with which the tasteful Mrs. Somers had adorned her parlors.

Well now, thought Mrs. S., she does not look a bit fatigued, and fagged out, as I should have done, had I been in her place, but she is just seventeen, and I, alas, near forty. If I thought she had a presentable dress, she should go with me, this very night; 't will be something to matronize so beautiful a flower, now my own reign begins to decline. Well, what is fashion's reign after all? I am almost tired of it, and shall willingly resign some of its trophies to this fair girl. God grant it may not spoil her.

Fairies befriend me, thought Emma, as she gazed on the lace, satin and jewelry, with which her aunt was decked, when ready for the party — how will my best black silk look beside all this? But the next day, she found her generous aunt the good fairy, that herself superintended all additions and alterations necessary for the country lassie's proper appearance in the city; and still, much to Emma's gratification, permitted the simple,

unpretending fashion and material, as much in keeping with her style of beauty as with her father's limited fortune.

"Come, Emma dear, with this pure white muslin, and a rose bud where the diamond pin is *not*, and your hair in that simple twist and fold, which does not hide the shape of the head, you shall make your first appearance to-night, at the stylish Mrs. B's." Mrs. Somers sparkled in satin of the loveliest blue, with a wreath of white flowers in her hair. Leaning upon her aunt's arm of slighter elegance of figure, her face beaming with intelligent interest, with just the rose bloom on her cheek that a little excitement gave, Emma, upon entering the brilliant room, an unknown stranger, created, as the phrase goes, a "sensation," at once. Murmurs of "who is she," looks of admiration, and the many introductions sought, soon satisfied Mrs. Somers, that all she had anticipated of the effect of her niece's beauty, would be more than realized. Could her father have looked in upon her there, surrounded by eyes that flattered, and voices that uttered deferential homage, yet she herself so calm, simple and quiet, so totally without effort to talk, or to engage attention, speaking when she had really something to say, and remaining silent, when she had not; so evidently thinking more of seeing, than of being seen, he might have felt tolerably sure, that though a simple girl from the country, his daughter's head would not at once be turned by the atmosphere of fashion and flattery.

Two charming girls joined the circle, whose names Emma did not hear. They interested her by their manners and conversation, and when she had an opportunity, she enquired of her aunt who they were.

"Helen and Mary Atwood; they are sweet girls, and

they have a fine brother, but he is odd, and seldom goes to parties."

"Atwood," repeated Emma to herself, "and so the very persons whose appearance interests me more than that of any others, are just the ones I must avoid. Father, your theory that integrity and goodness runs in the blood, cannot be true, if those girls are the daughters of a bad man."

Emma was standing by the piano, and her aunt was in another part of the room. "Have you music, Miss Crayton?" said the lady of the house.

"Not in my fingers," said Emma, smiling.

"You sing, then?"

"Sometimes."

"Wont you sing now, then, and I will play. Here is 'My ain Fireside,' shall we have that?" Emma had never been taught to decline singing, or to wait to be urged, but the contrary; and as she knew the song very well — her father's favorite — and knew too, that she was perfect mistress of her own sweet voice, she complied with the request.

Bless me, is Emma crazy? thought Mrs. Somers, as the hushed room and sweet music made her discover the faux pas, as she thought it, of her niece. But it was too late to mend matters, by interfering then; while the perfect unconsciousness of Emma that she was doing anything extraordinary, the rich melody of her voice, and at the close, a heightened color at the profound attention of the company, so added to her attractions, that Mrs. S. became entirely reconciled to the song. Still she felt astonishment at the young girl's simple self-possession — a secret which she should have attributed to a freedom from vanity, and to the forgetfulness of self, in her interest in the scenes around her. Pity the simple secret was not better known! Mrs. Somers felt a new triumph

in the congratulations poured upon her, in behalf of her lovely young friend, as the song ceased. Her success is complete, thought she, and I may trust her own natural manners, for they evidently *take*, albeit this atmosphere is somewhat artificial.

"Well, Emma, how is your little head this morning, after all the sensation you produced last night? Quite turned?"

"*I* produced? What do you mean, dear aunt? were your admirers less devoted than usual? I assure you, I would not willingly interfere, and as to my own head being turned, I think 't is straight on my shoulders yet. Was it that little ruby lipped, cherry cheeked, perfumed gentleman, you called Fulton, or the fat, good-natured, laughter-provoking Johnson, with his droll conceits, that should annihilate me at once?"

"Why, you little chit, those are two of our most agreeable and ever reigning beaux."

"Thank Heaven, then, that I shall keep heart-whole, if your best artillery is of that stamp."

"Oh, Horace Green was not there, but I warn you, I shall not give him up to you, I cannot spare him myself, yet. Beside, he is not a marrying man; so I warn you."

"So you are not going to let my head be turned, by any but a *marrying* man, forsooth — as though the whole charm and interest of society should be bounded by that poor conclusion — oh, fie, aunt, this from *you*?"

"Not exactly, but Horace Green is really interesting, and though I am his friend, I cannot deny that he is fickle, and a flirt, as more than one lady has found, I fear. You have a heart, my dear, for some one, and I should not like you to have an entanglement with him; and though he is rich, amiable, and talented, he will not find a lady who will induce him to give up his liberty, I suspect.

"He had better keep it, then."

"He is very fastidious, he wishes every imaginable charm in a lady, along with truth and integrity of character."

"Yet, if he is a flirt, he is himself without the latter."

"True, yet he seems never to be conscious of that. But he is always nearest when you are talking about him. Here is Green, at this moment, coming up the steps."

"Had I known you were going to Mrs. B.'s last night," said Green to Mrs. Somers, "I should have banished a desperate fit of the blues, and gone myself."

"A fit of the blues? a true Byronian melancholy, I dare say, possessed you, poor man! And where is the tragical, pale and wan look, you should wear this morning, after an evening so sublimely spent? Why, you dont half carry out the poetical misery — you should appear with masses of tangled hair, over a high pale brow, the lip wreathed in scorn, doublet all awry, and a thousand etceteras that you have quite forgotten."

"I wish you could be as successful in prescribing a cure for the hateful guests, as you are in making them ridiculous," said Green, laughing and coloring.

"Oh, to make them *ridiculous*, is all that is wanted to effect a perfect cure with most people, I imagine. If more is necessary, I should say consult your physician at once."

"Your sunny cheerfulness is ever without charity, and I would have declared war with it long ago, out of sheer vexation, had I not so often needed its spells. But just do tell us, are you always so cheerful, and if so, what is your secret?"

"A good conscience, I hope," said she, archly.

"Ah, well, I see you wont help me. Pray, Miss Crayton," to whom he had been looking all the while he was

talking with her aunt, "could not you give me a talisman against the visits of the azure demons. Though you cannot have known them by experience," said he, bowing, "you may yet be able to prescribe for those whom they do afflict."

"If I ventured to prescribe a remedy for the gloom, which often comes unbidden, to darken our path, I should say, that we could best lose a sense of our own unhappiness, in endeavoring to lessen the positive ills of those around us," said Emma, slightly blushing, as the seriousness with which she spoke seemed to border upon the lecturing tone.

"A noble rule, lady, for the unselfish, and I cannot deny that 't is one which I should long since have better followed. And yet, I think the wish to relieve the sorrows of humanity were easier formed, than the knowledge obtained of any effectual way in which it can be done."

"Perhaps so," said Emma, feeling encouraged by his manner of respectful deference, "and yet I have thought that one of your sex could be at no loss, in so using wealth, intellect, and all other gifts, that they should be returned to the Giver with usury."

"Why one of *our* sex? Do you think that talents and influence are possessed with less responsibility by you than by us?"

"They should not be, I grant, yet I leave it to your own fair judgment, if a woman might not be forgiven for burying her talents in a napkin, where a man should not."

"She might, so far as public influence is concerned, but ah, Miss Crayton, there is a field as extensive, and an empire more despotic, ever open to woman, and were every lady true to her convictions, daring to be ever noble, in word and conduct, what might we not expect from so exalted an influence;" and Green bowed, much

as though all the fine things he said of woman in general, he truly meant for one woman in particular.

Mrs. Somers to the contrary notwithstanding, Emma became in all companies the star of his worship, and apparently he sought her as much for the pleasure of conversing with, and drawing out the faculties of her mind, as to be charmed with the grace and beauty of her person — nor though forewarned, and forearmed, by the character she attributed to him, could Emma deny, that in his intelligent and well cultivated mind, mingled with the profound respect with which he always treated her opinions, there was far more in him to interest her, than in any other gentleman she met in the circle of her aunt's acquaintance. When she knew that he had been the child of unlimited indulgence and fortune, she could not but wish, that he might find some friend, who, true to his faults and his virtues, might aid him in becoming the elevated character, for which she believed Nature designed him. Ah, Emma, wouldst thou be that friend?

"Emma, dear, Helen Atwood told me she and her brother were going to call on you to day," said her aunt, the third morning after Mrs. B.'s party; "so plume yourself upon that, for 't is a marvel when he calls upon a lady."

"Well, he troubles himself in vain, now, for I cannot see him, though I admired Miss Atwood very much, the other evening — 't is my father's wish, that I should wholly avoid that family; you know the reason, I suppose; I promised him I would, and so you must not endeavor to dissuade me in this, for I cannot oblige you, much as I should like to."

"But how odd it will seem. What can I say to them? — what excuse shall I get up?"

"Do not try to get up one, but plainly say Miss Crayton declines seeing them. You will not be blamed for

that; and I would rather be, than disobey my father's wishes, though I am sorry it has come to this. Had I rightly understood their names the other evening, I could have been so cold they would have had no wish to call and see me."

Her aunt saw it would be in vain to urge her to change her mind, so the subject was silently dropped; and when the young ladies, with their brother, called, she pleaded an engagement for Miss Crayton in so conscious and embarrassed a manner, that they had no difficulty in understanding that she wished not to see them. The sisters were surprised, but the color mounted to the brow of the young man in a way that told to Mrs. Somers a consciousness of the father's shame, as explanatory of this refusal. She pitied him, and felt doubly-embarrassed at his suffering; and, a week after, told Emma she was thankful she should not meet the Atwoods again, as the father's severe illness would probably keep them out of society for the winter.

Days and weeks flew by, in charmed measure to Emma, yet still one wish or thought often crossed her mind. Amid all the bright scenes around her, there was one form absent, which she had unconsciously associated in her own mind with the circles through which she moved. No Edmund of her imagination, like him who stood before her for a moment in the groves of Crayton Place, appeared to her in the city. Not even Green, with all his refinement, seemed to her so commanding and noble as he. Unconsciously, she compared all the gentlemen whom she met, with this one Ideal; nor was the comparison at all in their favor. Quite as much, perhaps, by this remembrance, as by her father's monitions, was she preserved, calm and dignified, amid the most flattering attentions heaped upon her. Still, her heart remained in her own possession, notwithstanding

the determined siege of Green, who, piqued by what he deemed her reserve, seemed sometimes as though he would understand her, even if it were at the expense of a direct offer of heart and hand. No Edmund appeared, as I have said, and Emma began to think that he might indeed be a poor painter, and so could not enter the circles of the wealthy and the gay, wherein her aunt moved. Ah, I'd rather rove with Edmund, there, thought she, but this time she did not think aloud.

She went with her aunt and Green one evening, to hear the celebrated Madame —— sing. All lovers of music were there that could possibly be jammed into the capacious building. Green looked and spoke so impressively and earnestly that night, that, in spite of all Emma believed of his coquetry, she began to fear that more than a flirtation was designed by him, and that she had erred in allowing him to be so much in her society. The thought troubled her. She liked him very well, but by no means wished just then that he should declare a serious attachment. She became silent in thinking of this, and, leaving her aunt to keep up conversation with Green, in the intervals of music, she turned away to muse. As her eye wandered carelessly over the crowd around her, a form arrested her attention, and an eye of earnest but somewhat melancholy interest was bent upon her, which she could not mistake. A quick glance of pleasure, and a blush at the recognition, on her part, produced so electric a change in his countenance, that Emma involuntarily dropped her eyes, nor dared to raise them again for some moments. When she did, he was not to be seen, and she lost all opportunity of identifying him by questioning her aunt.

Had he been seeking his way to her, it was in vain, for the concert immediately after closed, and the crowd moved on together. As may be supposed, this incident

did not contribute to bring back her usual social and easy manner towards Green; and he, attributing her silence and abstraction to a sentiment flattering to himself, began to think the prize quite within his reach. He even ventured to press her hand to his lips, as he whispered, "Good-night. Let me find you ready for a ride to-morrow morning." And before Emma could frame an answer, or know what to reply, he had gone, evidently taking her silence for consent.

"Are we going to ride in the morning with Mr. Green?" said Emma to her aunt.

"I am not, certainly; are you?"

"Not if I can help it; but what shall I do? He has just asked me, and, like a fool as I am, I did not reply; so how shall I get off if he comes?"

"Why, by going with him, to be sure. Ahem; a ride, *tete-a-tete*, with Horace Green! 'Think of that, Master Brooke.'"

"What can you mean, dear aunt?" said Emma, looking distressed.

"What do *I* mean? What do *you* mean; looking as though all the terrors of Fate were about to burst upon your devoted head? Is an offer such a terrible thing, that you should be so wilted by the bare prospect of one?"

"Now, Heaven forbid that you are serious. You cannot really think there is any danger of that!"

"*Danger?* Why, I must laugh. I have not seen you dashed before; now you are completely so."

"Do be serious, dear aunt, and tell me how I shall escape this ride, if you really imagine your friend thinks seriously of me."

"To be serious, then, I never can be *certain* what Horace Green intends towards any lady; but I think he loves you, and you know he would be an unexception-

able match for any lady. Rejoice, then, my dear, that the captor is captured at last, and by you."

"But I do not wish the captive; and this is what troubles me how to say no, when I have received so much attention — thinking *attention* meant nothing serious — from him. Well, it is but repaying the debt some of my sex owe him."

"All that is well enough; but you cannot really intend to say no to him, should he propose. What do you wish for in a lover, that he lacks?"

Emma blushed, and felt that she should hardly like to portray to her fashionable relative the lover she should fancy. Her silence convinced her aunt, that, in reality, she did not object to Horace Green; and, wishing her pleasant dreams, assuring her that she should help her to no excuse for avoiding the dreaded ride of the morrow, bade her good-night, and left her, not to repose, but to disturbed and anxious reflections. When at length she had laid her head on the pillow, resolved, if possible, to find rest in sleep, she had scarcely closed her eyes, ere the light notes of a guitar, beneath her window, caused her as quickly to open them again, and, sitting up in her bed, the same musical tones, heard once, and only once by her, sang the well-remembered words:

"Oh Brignol banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta's woods are green,
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English Queen."

"'Tis him — his voice — he too remembers me," and springing up, her hand was upon the window, the blind opened, and a glance at the form beneath, revealed, by the clear moonlight, the one being so indelibly impressed on her memory. Returning again as hastily as she had opened the window, Emma listened, with a thousand

vague but delightful emotions, while the strain was once more repeated, and then it was all silent again. Ah, Horace Green, you have but a poor chance now, even though but a "landscape painter" stands in the way! Poor Emma was really to be pitied, when he came the next morning to claim, as he said, the pleasure of the ride, last night agreed upon. Few situations are more distressing (that is the true word) to a lady of kind feeling and vivid imagination, than the anticipation of an offer from a friend whom she cannot consent to accept as a lover. Suddenly, he who was before agreeable, becomes hateful in her eyes, when he wishes to come too near, while, at the same time, a feeling of intense self-condemnation, for permitting affairs to reach this crisis, perplexes and confuses all her manners, which, the more they are confused, are the more sure to mislead. The raillery of her aunt did not serve to mend matters with Emma, and she found herself, dreadfully against her will, without a loophole for retreat, actually stepping into the awful vehicle alone with Green; but like some other valiant characters we have heard of, when absolutely occupying the dreaded position, her courage and self-possession rose with her despair. Seeing herself fairly out-generalled into the ride, she determined that she would herself out-general the gentleman, should he attempt anything so embarrassing as an offer. Very coolly, then, she at once herself commenced the conversation by starting a political topic. Long and ingeniously did she contrive to compel her companion's attention to this; nor did she exchange it for anything better suited to his purpose, when she led him to the interminable field of metaphysical speculations. In vain did he attempt to lead to more sentimental topics and more personal affairs. There was no getting at them without positive abruptness, and Green was too graceful for that.

No gallantry or tender expression which he could throw in, seemed noticed or heeded by Emma; and so completely did she, by woman's ingenuity, fill every moment with words and sentences, which left no opportunity for *tendresse*, that Green, at length, completely annoyed, his self-love, and perhaps a better love, wounded to the quick, could not deny to himself that a mere country-girl had proved more than a match for him, in the management of a flirtation, and evidently chose not to be his match in the bonds of Hymen. In this humor, he soon brought the ride to a close, and the free Emma ran up to her own room, feeling as joyfully relieved as, two hours before, she had been perplexed and cast down.

Either from disappointed affection, or a new change of tactics, Green came no more to Mrs. Somers's for weeks; but as Emma assured her aunt that he had not offered himself, while she herself seemed so sincerely free from any undue regard for him, Mrs. Somers knew not how to complain; yet she shook her head wisely at Emma, and really felt annoyed that the gentleman stayed so perseveringly away.

CHAPTER III.

"Why, aunt, did you not tell me that Mr. Atwood was dead?" said Emma, entering the parlor, with an open letter in her hand, a few mornings after the ride with Green.

"What in the world should I tell you for, after your demonstration, that dead or alive, he was all the same to you?"

"But hear what my father writes: 'After all, you may

be right, Emma, about the daughters of my old partner, Atwood, when you say that they look goodness itself, for, if like their brother, I think they may claim nobleness enough to spoil my theory. Since his father's death, he has made such propositions of restitution to me, by letters which breathe the soul of honor, while they struggle to revere a father's memory, that my heart is really touched with pity for the young man. 'I have,' says he, 'by my father's too partial will, inherited the largest portion of his property, which leaves me free to make all the reparation now possible for past loss; and with my profession, if God prospers me, my mother and sisters shall never feel themselves injured by this act of mine.' I don't know what to do. I don't want the money now, and as they are used to it, they probably do; but I think I will conquer my repugnance to visiting New York, and go and see the young man; and as your leave of absence has nearly expired, I will be there soon, to take you home.'"

"Now there is good and bad news both in that letter," said her aunt. "I cannot spare you to go away yet."

"And, may I be forgiven, I do not wish to go," replied Emma. "How can I leave you, and all that has charmed me so much here, to go so far, far away? How lonely I shall be there now. Oh, if father would only live here," and Emma sighed.

In less than a month, her father was with them. "How is it," said he to Mrs. S., "that you have made Emma so fond of this great Babel, that she cannot return with her old father to peaceful groves and quiet home?"

"Dear, dear father, I can certainly go with you, wherever your home is; I was only wishing that you liked to reside in the city, among civilized human beings."

"Civilized fiddlesticks," retorted her father. "Well, it has not spoiled you, the great city," said he, gazing

fondly upon her. "The rose of health and happiness still rests on your cheek; but how comes it, that instead of obeying my injunction about the family of my old partner (whose soul rest in peace now), you have been making love with his son?"

"His son! Now Heaven send back your wits, father. His son I have never seen to this hour."

"Here is a pretty riddle, then. Edmund Atwood has been himself to see me, and accompanied me hither; and on the way, requested my sanction to his love for my daughter, and here my daughter says she has never seen him. What joke is playing now?"

The deep blush which suffused Emma's cheek at the name of Edmund, thus accidentally pronounced, and thus suggesting a clue to the identification of the unknown being who had so interested her, made her father forbear to urge the solution of the mystery then. Aware that Cupid has many a net, he prudently waited for Time to reveal all.

In the evening, when Edmund Atwood and Emma Crayton were formally introduced to each other, and she recognized in him the one whom she had remembered so well and thought of so often, it required more than all that lady's self-possession to appear precisely as though she was meeting one hitherto a stranger. This time, the gentleman, well-knowing whom he should meet, excelled the lady in presence of mind.

"Can Miss Crayton find it in her heart to believe, that the brief impressions of a moment, give oftentimes as true a revelation of character as the acquaintance of years?" said Edmund, in an undertone, yet sweet, like that which had haunted her for months.

"Is such a belief quite safe with changeable human beings?" replied the lady.

"As safe, I hold, as that which we term a mature

judgment. First impressions are with me sacred; experience has so often compelled me to give up what I had thought the mature judgment and return to them, that I hold, more and more, in reverent estimation, those first, rapid, electric revealings of the soul."

Emma spoke not, and he continued. "Might I hope that the memory of the brief moment, in which one most lovely stood before me in perfect simplicity and naturalness, remained on her mind, with a thousandth part of the vividness with which it is stamped on my own, I would willingly stake my hopes of earthly happiness on the truth of that single impression."

Emma listened with downcast eye and a heightened color, but words utterly failed her when she would have uttered a suitable reply. By this time, Atwood had drawn her into the library, opening from the front parlor. Without relinquishing the arm which lay lightly in his, he took down from the shelf a volume of English poetry, and turning over the leaves, "Is the ballad a favorite style of poetry with you, Miss Crayton?" said he, archly.

"Oh forbear, forbear," said Emma, suddenly recovering the use of her tongue, "if you have either pity or mercy," and, coloring deeply, she removed his hand from the book.

"Nay, nay, dear lady," and he now looked very serious, and took the hand in his own that would have prevented his search. "Pity and mercy are gifts which your own sweet self must show to my presumption, else the mistake I have made in my judgment of you will prove the bitterest lesson life has yet brought to me." He gazed earnestly into eyes that sunk beneath his own, and waited for a reply, but Emma could as well have lifted a world as have forced her tongue to pronounce a syllable, so strongly did the tide of emotion choke her utterance. Tears, which were always with

her the language of deep feeling, would have come to her relief, but by a desperate effort she restrained them from falling, and then, still leaving her hand in his, she lifted for a moment those swimming eyes to Edmund, with one look, which seemed to say, "You see your power, in mercy change this subject, or I shall lose all power over these tell-tale tears." He understood her, and, with a radiant glance of satisfied hope, he pressed her hand to his lips, and began to speak of lighter topics and other poetry than ballads. How wisely and how well they talked, we will not now inquire.

"Smashed at last," said her aunt, laughingly, after company had left; "and by just the right one after all."

"Ah, but wasn't it cruel in Horace Green to jilt me so?" said Emma, roguishly. "Let me whisper a secret in your ear. One of the very best safeguards against flirtation is sometimes a bit of romance, laid up in one corner of your heart. You look wondering, but thereby hangs a tale, which you shall know bye and bye."

"The *mother*, I am told, was an excellent woman!" said her father to Emma, "so my theory is not quite spoiled. And as to living in the city or the country, we must compromise I believe. You shall come to me in the summer, and I will go to you in the winter. A blessing on steamboats and railroads, for once."

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.

RAPHAEL.

The Sun in wonted wise is sounding,
With Brother-spheres his rival song,
And on his destined circuit bounding,
With thunder-step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime, —
And all thy wondrous works, Creator!
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fleetly, thought surpassing, fleetly,
The earth's green pomp is spinning round,
And Paradise alternates sweetly
With night inscrutable, profound.
Here foams the sea, its broad wave hurling
Against the deep cliff's rocky base;
And rock and sea away are whirling
In everlasting spheral chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms, with rival fury heaving,
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still, as they rave, a chain are weaving
Of deepest efficacy grand.

There burning Desolation blazes,
  Precursor of the Thunder's way,
But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
  The gentle progress of thy day.

ALL TOGETHER.

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
  Than angels' utmost thought sublime,
And all thy glorious works, Creator!
  Are fresh as in Creation's prime.

THE STAR.

Among the stars that travel on
Through the broad realms of space,
One distant star, a little one,
Glow'd in its quietness.

Day after day, night after night,
It glimmered, feebly glimmered there,
Unheeded was its lonely light,
Unknown it was — that little star.

There, round its circle hurrying,
If it could think, it doubtless thought
Itself a very glorious thing,
And truly, wherefore should it not?

Because of other worlds, the light
Had never travelled yet so far;
It only knew itself was bright, —
Poor little lonely star.

But time will fly, and so will light,
And light and time together flew,
And on that star's bewildered sight
The circling worlds their glory threw.

Surprised, confused, it wheeled about
And viewed the wonders o'er and o'er,
Fancied its own dim light went out
Their overcoming beams before.

And fain it would have hid away,
  Could it have found a corner where ;
Or quench'd in vapors damp its ray ; —
  Yet glimmered on that little star.

And soon it felt the influence sweet
  Of their purer, brighter glow,
And meekly dared their eye to meet,
  And even longed itself to show.

And when time had passed away, —
  Time will fly and soon is gone —
Some scatterings of a broken ray,
  To other worlds came shining on.

Fair orbs, so glorious and gay !
  They for the glimmerer little cared,
And hurrying on their endless way,
  The stars just winked, the planets stared.

Worthless indeed the shining seemed,
  Which such a speck could on them shed,
Yet as it more distinctly beam'd,
  It had "some light," they said.

And they confessed it had a right
  To be, and shine, as well as they ;
It never would eclipse their light,
  Nor yet obstruct their way.

So they together travelled on,
  Though distant from each other far,
The worlds that with such splendor shone,
  And that little twinkling star.

A VISION OF BANGOR, IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

I AM not a nervous man, or one addicted to seeing visions and dreaming dreams, but once, as I journeyed through the wilderness of this world, I had a dream, "which was not all a dream," but partly a vision of the future, like those vouchsafed to the clairvoyant in his magnetic state. I do not know that I had been magnetized, and yet, I half suspect that distant passes had been made at me, or some charmed tooth-pick or pencil-case had been charged with the subtle essence, and put under my pillow to work the wondrous devilment. I would charge no one rashly, and yet truth compels me to state facts, and then, as the newspapers say, a candid public will judge, whether or no I have been fairly dealt with. I am one of the unfortunate victims, selected, I know not on what principle, who were months since pencilled down on gilt-edged note-paper in a fair Italian hand, as the masculine contributors to the "Bangor Book," to "do" the rough and solid work in this superstructure of the wit and wisdom of Down East. The list was soon exhibited, by an inexorable woman, and the fatal cross stood thereon, like the marks on the death roll of the Roman triumvirate. At first, I laughed outright, and snapped my fingers in defiance, and indignant resistance. I write in a book!! A Bangor book! I, of all men!

"The dog star rages."

For a wonder, like the wonder in heaven, the woman

said nothing, but looked calm, confident and secure, and I began to feel like the entwined fly in the web of the spider. I was left alone, after a significant nod, and the single words, — "prepare, the time is short." I mused awhile, and then rushed into business. In its vortex I actually drove, at times, from my mind the injunction and the warning. But time passed, and I felt a gentle pull, and "is it ready?" in a low, soft, musical voice, fell upon my ear. "What?" said I. "The contribution in prose or verse," said she. "Ready, my dear woman, — no, and never will be." "Yes, it will be. The paper is made on which it will be written; the pen and ink are waiting. Beware of the third time of asking." And she turned away to speak to another of the unfortunate *listed* men. I only heard her say the printers will reach your page next week — and there can be no delay — the boy will call for copy — "I defy the *devil* and all his works," said the incipient author. I could not resist whispering in his ear, "So you may, but who can stand against the determined purpose of a woman?" (His article appears in the volume, and stands the voluntary offering of an unpractised author, to the great curse of humanity.) I turned again to my fair dictator, determined to break away from the strange enchantment, for I began actually to feel a sort of itching in my fingers, and to look with unwonted interest towards the ink-standish and the writing-desk. I found myself parting my hair, and smoothing it down and opening my vest and turning down my collar *à la Byron*. I saw myself in the mirror, and there was a new and most ludicrously grotesque, sentimental, half-poetic and half-transcendental, and altogether lackadaisical stare of the eyes, and dropping of the eyebrows. The case began to look alarming. Everything about me looked "*blue*." The "*cacoethes scribendi*" was developing

its symptoms, and whether taken in the natural way or by inoculation, it threatened a fatal result.

I roused myself for an impressive appeal. I knew that woman was ever ready to succor and relieve distressed humanity. "My good friend," said I, "listen to reason." "Listen to a fiddle-stick!" (She did not say a "fool," but she did look a little contemptuous, and more impatient.) "Why do you resist? Are you not 'listed,' and booked, and have we not devoted ten pages to you?" "But how can I write? I never wrote a line for a book in my life; and the idea of having my words, written by my hands, actually printed, and hot-pressed, and screwed and bound in real hard covers, is entirely overwhelming." "Now does not this pass all endurance?" said she; "that you, and others like you, self-styled 'lords of the creation,' with fierce whiskers, and broad shoulders, and the assumed air of independence, and with the roughness of bears, should not have the heart of a hen-partridge — whilst we women, timid, delicate and retiring, as is our nature and destiny, are ready to go boldly forth to the public, and to write our prettiest and our best, and have it printed, too, *solely* from our love for the cause of the fatherless and the destitute." "But think of the Bangor public, and the cynical and severe critics in their midst, who, not being willing to write, are yet over-willing to carp, and ridicule and disparage." "Think of the orphans," said she! "Think of the reviewers," said I! "What *reviewers*," said she, "would ever think our down east book worthy of notice. "That 's true again," said I. "Then write your article, not having the fear of the reviewers before your eyes."

I went home, feeling like one spell-bound. "Seven women shall take hold of one man," was the text of scripture for this night's meditation. Must I write! and if so,

what shall I write? I was in a fix, and as a last resort I went to bed.

I did not search for witch-hazel or magnetized implements, as I before said, but I soon fell asleep, and my last thoughts were of steel pens, paper manufactories and printers' ink. I have an indistinct remembrance of a half-sleeping and half-waking vision of a ragged and suffering orphan, who held up to me a ream of foolscap, and asked me, in plaintive tones, to write, and then she strangely vanished, repeating the line of the children's play, "He can do little that can't do this." I turned, but my destiny was before me. Methought I arose, determined to escape in the open air, from the sight of objects calculated to remind me of the unperformed task, and with the lurking thought that perchance I might gather materials or suggestions to be brain-woven into the fatal "article." In a moment I was in "the square," but it was strangely altered. I could not recognize a single tenement. I gazed upward and saw on one granite front the letters — "Erected 1938." There was an appearance of age about the building. It looked discolored and gray. As far as the eye could reach were ranges of high and splendid stores. What does all this mean? I involuntarily asked; and as I spoke, I saw a man the exact image of T——, and felt relieved. He was a tall, lank, long-sided Yankee, six feet and two inches in height. I addressed him familiarly. He gave me a keen and independent look, such as a Yankee only can give, and replied, "You have the advantage of me." "How so?" "You seem to know me, but I do not know you." In the sauciness of a dream I thought, I am not sure that it is for the advantage of any one to know you. But I was polite and said nothing of the kind. "Why, certainly, your name is T——." "O yes." "You know *me*, A——?" "Never heard the name in these parts." "Why, did we not board together

at the old Hatch house, in the times of Thomas?" "Never heard of such a house." "Pray," said I, utterly confounded, "who was your great grandfather?" "I don't know," but like an American, always looking ahead, he added, "I know who my son is, and there he stands." "Who were your relations?" "I don't know as I ever had any relations nearer than uncles." "Do you live in Bangor?" "Yes, I was born and grew up here, man and boy, sixty odd years." "Where is Taylor's corner?" "There," said he, pointing to a splendid block, covered with signs of Banks, Insurance offices and brokers. "It has been so named for more than a hundred years — and is still owned by descendants of the original possessor." "I am glad of it," said I, "if the successors are as honest men as he was." "Can you show me the mark of high water in the great freshet of 1846." "No," said he, "I have heard of that great rise, and there have been a great many attempts to find some stone or mark to show the height, but strange to say, the antiquarians of that day were so busy in hunting up antediluvian relics, and taking the measure of the Buskahegian giant, that they forgot that they, and their days, would ever become antiquity." "But where," said I, "is the Kenduskeag stream?" "Under those buildings and bridges," said he; "if you will go up above the 'Lovers Leap,' you can see it — and you can get a glimpse of it near the market." As we passed along, I saw Jerome's X press office in large letters, and then I at once felt at home. "And there," said he, "is the man himself — a little stiff in the joints, for he is our oldest inhabitant, and nobody knows how old he is. But he is as good as new, and ready always *expressly* for the occasion. He says he hopes to live until he discovers something a little quicker than lightning, and then he shall be ready to be gathered in."

A familiar nod and ready smile from my old friend, assured me that in him there was "no mistake."

The market, a long and commodious building, extending up the middle of the stream, reminded me of the plan I saw in 1836. It was well filled with fat carcasses, and fatter men. "Oleaginous" was written on every side — man and beast. "How many people have you in this city?" "About one hundred thousand," said he, "according to the last census in 1970."

I began to be wearied, and stept into an office to rest. I took up the paper of the day, Sept. 10, 1978, and called "the Bangor Daily News." It was one of twelve dailies and numerous able weeklies, as I was told. I read, as I could, the news column, but I found many new words, and many old ones strangely altered. I gathered from the paragraphs, that the Southern portion of the South American continent, including Cape Horn, had yielded to the inevitable destiny of the Saxon race, and had been conquered and annexed, because they would not give up without fighting. "Later news from the State of Peru," a paragraph headed, "Presidential election," attracted my attention. It contained a column of States, fifty-six in number, and at the bottom, "We have partial returns by telegraph, of the voting yesterday at Oregon city. One of the candidates residing in that region, gives great interest to the votes of the Pacific States." The editor, who was evidently a little of an antiquarian, had hunted up an old file of newspapers, and had copied as curiosities some of the notices of the year 1848, of the "Whig, Democratic and Liberty" parties, and their stirring appeals — and the editor adds, "Can it be believed, that in 1848, men were actually held as chattels, and sold at auction like oxen. We yesterday saw a shipmaster, who told us that he had seen and talked with black men in the south, who were once slaves, and they and their

children had been sold by an auctioneer. Thank heaven, we have seen the last of that horrid system." I took up another paper, in phonographic words. The editor complained, that, although the reformers had worked diligently more than a century, yet the mass of men would persist in rejecting their improvements. As far as I could judge, the parties in politics were divided mainly on the question of the union of the States.

In an adjoining building was the telegraph office. I looked and saw that instead of wires, they had, near the ground, rails of a small size. I asked why this change, and was told that they sent passengers on them, driven by electricity to Boston in four minutes. "But how can the human system stand such velocity." "O, we '*stun*' them," the fellow said, "with the Letheon, and then tie them in boxes on little wheels, and they go safely, and come out bright. There are rival lines," he continued, "and great efforts are being made to bring the passage within three minutes. We have to put on rather a large dose of the Letheon when we attempt this, but the passengers all say they will run the risk of never waking again, rather than be beat. We have had to bury a few, but what is that to saving a minute, and beating the rascally opposition line? The people all say 'go ahead.'"

By a sudden transition, I remember not how, I found myself at Mount Hope, the final resting-place of the dead. The avenue was shaded delightfully. At the base of the conical hill were two beautiful ponds, surrounded by the weeping willow — that long cherished emblem of sadness and mourning. The garden in front was full of beautiful and fragrant plants. And the grounds sacred to sepulture were filled with all the varied monuments which affectionate love could devise, from the uprising shaft and costly sculpture, to the single rose tree, or the modest violet. I gazed around on the forest, natural and

transplanted, which covered all the public and private grounds, and the solid masonry of the stone wall which enclosed the whole area. I sought for familiar names, but long in vain. I found old tombstones at last, some lying on the ground, and others all but illegible. I traced names once familiar and dear, and many, that, had it not been the confusion of a dream, I should have known were now young and full of life and promise. On the tombstone of one who was daily in my sight, the beautiful, the admired in the midst of the years of young existence, I read — "Sacred to the memory of —— ——, who died aged 85 years: bowed down with the weight of years, she was ready to depart." I saw a funeral procession enter the grounds, and the tears of heartfelt anguish which fell fast and freely from those parents' eyes as they saw the child of their affections consigned to the silent tomb, testified to me, that as of yore "man was made to mourn," and that the same hearts yet beat in human bosoms. I saw my *own* name on a marble headstone, but the tall rank grass hid the date from my vision; but I read such a long list of unremembered virtues, that a smile which covered my face was very near being turned into a hearty laugh at this, to me, tangible evidence of the *value* of monumental epitaphs.

Anon the scene changed, and I was on the shore of the Kenduskeag, looking upward to that firm pile of the everlasting rocks, rising perpendicularly from the shore. Man had not changed this, and *here* I was on my own ground. I saw two lovers in their quiet, slow, and absorbed walk — as they talked in low and touching tones — and watched the eyes which spoke more effective language than the tongue, and heard them utter vows and build airy castles of future happiness, and I felt that, although art had wrought such mighty revolutions all around me, there was the same interchange of the soft

affections of the heart as in my own youthful days, the same undoubting trust and unclouded hopes for the future, which no experience of others could ever calm or conquer.

Again I was in the busy haunts of men. I heard them conversing at the corners, — "*Dollars*, — thousands! — great bargain! — worth his hundred thousand," were the emphatic words. This sounded as familiar talk to my ears. The dollar still remained the representative of value, and the idol of men.

And now I seemed to feel and know that I was in the midst of the twentieth century, and that I was but a spectator, looking at posterity. I was not awed, but curious. The man I had before seen was at my side. "My friend!" said I, "do boards sell readily at 21 — 14 — 8." He opened wide his eyes, but said nothing. "What is the price of stumpage? Does the lumber hold out of a good quality, or is it shaky and concosy? Is Veazie's boom large enough to hold all that comes down? How does the wood scale hold out?" I poured these questions upon him, but he shook his head in despair. "I don't know what you mean — your terms are all Greek or Indian to me." "You can at least tell me how many million feet of boards are sawed and shipped yearly on the rivers?" "Million feet!" said he, "I never heard of such a quantity!" "Is not lumber your great staple for export?" "Lumber! why, we have not shipped a cargo for fifty years. We have to search closely to get hemlock enough to use here, and as to good pine, we have to depend on Oregon." "And how do you get it?" "O," said he, "by the Oregon railroad, and the lakes, and the St. Lawrence railroad. You see the depot over there." "And what *is* your business here?" "All kinds of trading, and great manufacturing establishments of cotton, woollen and mixed goods, to supply the markets

of the world. Do you think we could have built up such a city as this, by chipping up logs with a saw. That might have helped our great-grandfathers, when they lived along side of the Indians. But the vast factories at Treat's Falls, on the costly dam, and these long rows of warehouses — these extended streets — were never built by the lumber trade. See, yonder, the Cathedral, and near to it the spire of the Stone church, and all around you the evidences of thrift, and industry, and improvement. See that splended granite front; within those walls is the Bangor Public Library, open to all, and free to the poor and the rich alike, containing seventy thousand volumes, founded in 1848 — and ever honored be the name of Vattemare, who first started the plan — and thanks to those, our predecessors, who followed his suggestions." "Permit me," said I, "to inquire as to social arrangements; do men and women yet live in families, or did the reformers of my day succeed in introducing the community system." "O," said he, "that nonsense died a natural death, and with it the kindred absurdities of women's rights to participate in government and to direct affairs out doors as well as in — all this was given up long ago, except, that now and then some old, cross-grained or disappointed maid, sets up a sort of snarl, but nobody minds her, our women bake and darn stockings and tend the babies, and mend their husbands' clothes, teach their children the way they should go, and walk with them in it, and read their bibles and as many books as they can find time to. They tried those schemes to which you allude, a great while ago — but nature was too strong for abstract theories, and after a considerable struggle between the sexes, they both became satisfied that it was best to compromise, and let the *women* rule indoors, and the *men* out." "Not much of a compromise," said I, "for the women always did that." "Well," said he,

"they were satisfied to give up the new schemes, (the man somehow seemed now to be aware of my actual condition) for they tried their hands a little at government." "Pray, tell me about it." "Why, they fretted and teased until in several of the states the people, for the sake of quiet, admitted them to a participation on equal footing with the men. The first difficulty was in voting at the polls. It was impossible to keep the women within party lines. They would vote for the youngest and handsomest and most agreeable man; and they would see and hear all the candidates, and insisted upon good looks and genteel clothes; and when their own sex were candidates, it was almost impossible to make one woman vote for another. They all liked the men best. But when the legislature met it was impossible to get along at all. One lady had her hair to dress, and could not be in that day. Another was shopping — there were such *dear* beauties of silks just imported. Another must have leave of absence, for her baby must be looked after. Another would not attend because there was no looking-glasses in committee rooms. And yet another because her milliner had made a horrid fit. And those that were there would not observe any rules, but each insisted on talking without stint or limit. And then on committees, the reports were not forthcoming, for the bachelors had been making love to the maids.

"The members of both sexes were all good looking, but the public business needed some rougher outsides and some better heads than those which belonged to the Adonises of the halls.

"They once held a private session on matters which required the most profound secrecy. The doors were closed, windows barred; but the next day, before the morning papers were out, the whole matter was the town talk. Upon investigation, it was found that each of the

female members had told it, but in strict confidence, as they all declared, to a female friend."

I found myself strolling in Broadway, and stood beneath the shade of aged and venerable and wide spreading elms, "still wearing proudly their panoply of green," extending as far as the eye could reach on each side of the spacious central walk. I saw the children at their sports beneath the arching canopy, and heard the same animated cries and joyous shouts, and earnest vociferations, which had always been the characteristics of childhood. I saw the marbles and the hoops, and the bat and ball — all familiar and unaltered. A bevy of girls and boys were engaged in reading books. I looked over their shoulders and saw "Mother Goose's Melodies," with the old pictures, "Robinson Crusoe," in his hairy skin suit, and one sober miss intent on the "Pilgrim's Progress." It seemed there were some books that would *never* be consigned to oblivion.

I passed into a bookstore, but I remember only that I saw the old Saxon Bible in King James's translation, Shakspeare, and Milton, and Robert Burns, and Don Quixote. I asked if they had a copy of the Bangor Book? "O yes," said the shopman, and handed me a thick octavo. It was the Bangor Directory for 1978. "I mean," said I, "the work published in 1847; surely that must have survived, for it was preserved by Attic salt in *blue* covers, and contained the best efforts of the Penobscot mind in prose and verse; we all looked to posterity for our reward." "Never heard of it," said the man. A little dried-up specimen of a man who was poring over a book in a corner, addressing me, said, "I have seen that book, I am quite sure, at least the outside of it, in one of the alcoves of the rooms of the Antiquarian Society, labelled 'the day of small things,' where are kept the relics and curiosities of the first settlements on the river,

and also Indian gouges, axes and hatchets, miniature birch canoes, and the portrait of the Buskahegian Giant, so called." "Is there not also one of the striped pig?" "I never saw any," quoth he. "Speaking of the striped pig," said I, "have you any licensed grog-shops?" "O no, we have conquered King Alcohol, and are all temperance men now; and the ladies of the present time look with wonder and dismay in their countenances, when they are informed that their sex did once even *here* by their example countenance the use of wine as a beverage in their evening levees!"

Once more in the street I moved towards my home as I remembered it. As I passed onward, I was attracted by a beautiful arch at the entrance of a substantial, elegant, and commodious building, bearing this inscription: "The Bangor Female Orphan Asylum, founded in 1839, and sustained by the benevolence of its citizens." I looked with interest on the groups of healthy, happy, and well conditioned children, but alas! I was reminded of the dreaded "article," and the faces before so pleasant seemed to change into looks of reproach and regret. I involuntarily exclaimed — "When shall I find a subject, and finish the task appointed me?" I looked up and recognized the same orphan face that appeared at my bedside, tranquil and satisfied; and the little urchin with a triumphant smile replied, — "It is completed."

"Aye, count the strokes of the beating heart!
Your babes are not yet dead!
Still heaves the breast of your eldest-born;—
Bring forth the last hoard of bread!

"More, more, for the "baby's" pleading lips!
And if the scant store shall fail,
Oh, eke it out with a mother's love,
Till we furl our swelling sail!

"Then shall the first-born look up and live,
Nor vain be the baby's plea;
And the wan mother shall bless the day
When the "Macedon" trod the sea.

"Receive us, sons of the Island Queen!
We've gifts from our Pilgrim home!
The treasures we bear in our good ship's hold
From the Yankee heart have come!

"Oh, spurn them not, though our message of peace
And the golden stores we unbind,
Are blent with the blush of honest shame
For the blood we have left behind!

"And help us to pray that God speed the day
When bread for a starving land
May not, as it goes on its healing way,
Proceed from a *crimson hand!*"

"Huzza! Huzza! for the enemy's ship,
The engine of death and strife,
That left our ports with cannon and grape,
Returning with bread and life!"

Such from the shore was the answering strain,
As the brave ship touched the strand;
And thus in memory's grateful tones
Glad Erin saluted the band.

"She *went*, among bosoms rife with life
The arrows of death to shed;
She *comes*, in the name of the Prince of Peace,
To put life within our dead!

"The messenger 'dove,' her mission proclaims
A tale for the world to hear;
That the 'deluge' of war begins to subside,
And the 'olive tree tops' appear!

"The harbinger dove,—she ushers the day
When the flood shall utterly cease,
And men's gory hands no longer shall dare
To profane the altars of peace.

"Fitly and well does she emblem that hour,
When stilled shall be earthly strife,
With the tide of carnage that erst she bore,
Transformed to the tide of life!

"Then three brave cheers for the enemy's ship,
The engine of death and strife!
We sent her away with cannon and grape;
We greet her with bread and life!"

ASA GLOVER, ESQUIRE.

"YES, it looks splendidly," said Asa Glover, Esq., as he complacently turned himself round before his mirror — "'Tis a perfect fit" — lovingly he stroked his arms and breast — "superb cloth, too," — gently he turned up the flaps and held them to the light — "lined with the finest watered silk — yes, it is just the thing."

"And I paid for it," whispered a hoarse voice, seemingly close behind him. Glover turned sharply round to see what impudent intruder had dared to come into his room and join in his toilet colloquy with himself. But though he looked into the closet, and under the bed, and out of the open window, no person was to be seen. "It is strange," he muttered, "how I could make such a mistake. It must have been that drunken Bob Morgan, going along the street and bragging as usual that he has paid for his grog. The rascal wont be able to do it long, though;" and Glover chuckled at the thought.

Quite reassured, he closed the window, turned back to his mirror, and began anew to sing the praises of his coat. "Yes," murmured he, as his approving glance rested on his passable figure and tolerable features, "even the fastidious and aristocratic Miss Norland must be satisfied with my appearance in this dress. As to the coat, the city of New York cannot yield a better. It is altogether a wedding suit worthy of my bride elect."

"True as the gospel, 'Squire, and I paid for it," rejoined the voice again, with a drunken hiccough. Glover was

now really startled. "Who is that?" he sternly exclaimed.

"It is I, Robert Morgan, Esq."

"You! Where are you? And how came you here?"

"To settle scores."

"I cannot attend to business this evening. Don't you see I am trying on my wedding suit?"

"Yes, and as I paid for your wedding suit, I now ask you to pay me."

"And I will pay you, impudent, drunken rascal as you are," cried Glover, turning savagely round to face his supposed opponent. Until now he had carried on his part in this singular dialogue, not without astonishment indeed, but seemingly unconscious that Morgan was not actually present. When, however, he satisfied himself a second time, by peering into every corner, that he was apparently entirely alone, he was really appalled, and turning pale with guilty fear, whispered, "what can it mean?" He placed his lamp once more on the table, and stood for a while quite still, eagerly gazing into every part of the room, to detect, if possible, the daring intruder.

"Pshaw! it was all fancy. I must have been dreaming. A man is apt to dream, perhaps, when he is going to be married, ha! ha! and he laughed, very softly at first, but hearing no echo, he grew bolder, and laughed aloud; it was so *droll*, the idea of Bob Morgan's paying for his wedding suit. So he slowly took it off, and began to fold it up very nicely, just as it came from the hands of the tailor. He soon became so absorbed that he forgot the previous occurrence, and once more exclaimed aloud, "It 's a beauty!"

"And I paid for it," again said the voice.

Glover now grew desperate. "*You* paid for it, ha! ha! —and *what* did you pay for it, Bob?"

"A heavy price, 'Squire. First I paid my time, which was once money to me, and which I consumed in your shop, drinking morning bitters, and eleven o'clock and afternoon drams; next I paid my good name, my once unstained character; I paid the happiness of my wife and children, and then their substance, in the shape of as good a farm as ever was seen, which you compelled me to mortgage for rum, and when I resolved to redeem it, and myself too, by taking the pledge against drinking, it was you who laughed me out of it, and placed the burning temptation in my hand, the smell of which you knew I could not resist. All this I paid, 'Squire, and more too, for your wedding suit. Was it not a pretty price?"

"And was it my fault that you chose to drink up your property and make a beast of yourself? You cannot say that I set you such an example."

A groan was the only answer from his mysterious interlocutor, but from a distant corner of the room proceeded a deep voice, which slowly uttered, "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him through whom they come." Glover stood perfectly aghast at this new address. His hair raised itself on end, and the paleness of mortal terror overspread his features. He scarcely dared look in the direction of the voice, but without looking, he became conscious of the presence of various figures, whether mortal or spectre, he was too confused even to conjecture. Whatever they were, their number rapidly increased; they crowded around him, apparently consuming the very air with their burning breaths, and though he tossed his arms wildly about him, and cried to them to keep off, yet still they pressed on and on. One tall and stately apparition, of grave countenance and majestic port, stepped in front of him. "Asa Glover,

thou miserable contemner of my authority! Hast thou not justly incurred my penalties? Hast thou not continued to deal out "liquid damnation" to thy fellow-beings, contrary to my repeated enactments?"

"Aha! no! no! There I defy you. I have never violated *law*; I am safe on that score."

"Never violated *law*? What! have you not been selling 'death and destruction,' in the shape of intoxicating liquors these three years, without a license?"

"Ha! ha! you cannot entrap me there, for I have always taken care to keep the *law* on my side. I am no *rumseller* I assure you; catch me at *that* if you can."

"Beware, Asa Glover," exclaimed another being, who now came forward with even a more dignified manner than the first speaker, and with looks bent heavenward, "beware of lies and cunning inventions. You may escape my *brother* of the statute book with your wretched evasions, but you cannot escape *me*. I know very well that you pretend to *give away the poison*, while you charge an enormous profit on some trifle of tobacco or cloth. Such tricks may save your pockets from a fine, but will never answer the demands of Divine law. Too long hast thou been a vampyre, to suck the heart's blood of thy unguarded fellows. Thou hast been repeatedly warned and exhorted to repent, without avail, and now I deliver thee over to——"

"To me," shrieked a hideous looking being, coming forward with arms extended, as if to clutch his victim. He bore some faint resemblance to the human form, but with features of such distorted ugliness, that no ray of gentleness softened their gloom. *Remorse* was written on every lineament. His garment was covered with pictures drawn in lines of fire; moving panoramas, representing scenes in which Glover too well knew himself to have been chief actor. There, on that dark background

was his life's history, but in what different colors had self-interest painted its events! The first scene which met his gaze presented two quiet farm-houses, which he easily recognized, and in one of which he passed his early years. From this house he saw a boy slyly proceed to the barn of the neighbor to rob the hen's nest, conveying the eggs to his own poultry yard, and then carrying them to his mother, who paid himself and his brother a premium on all they collected. He saw this boy afterward stealthily contrive to abstract the same eggs from his mother's store-room and sell them to the village trader. Well he remembered that by this and kindred means he always possessed a larger share of pocket money than his less subtle brother, who often wondered at but never divined his secret. Thus early did the seed which his over thrifty parents sowed in a too congenial soil take root and bear fruit — in iniquity. He saw portrayed his career as a young man, low, wily, and intriguing, the deceiver of innocence, the betrayer of trust, but everywhere and in all cases lining his own purse with ill-gotten gold. He saw himself behind his own counter, luring on with oily phrase and tempting cordials a neighbor to ruin, and again seated in his counting-room with the same individual in a state of inebriate folly, and in this state induced to sign documents, which eventually gave himself unlimited control over the property of his victim. He beheld the inside of a prison cell. On its hard couch sat a young, but wretched and despairing being. The convict turned his head, and Glover recognized the orphan son of one who had died in misery and destitution, such as only the drunkard can know. He could not deny that his own oppressions had driven this boy into desperate courses, which had finally landed him in the state prison. On the other side there were a multitude of men with red and bloated faces, who

leered on him with their bloodshot eyes, and women, whose gaunt and emaciated forms he could not fail to recognize, holding by the hand their shrivelled and starving offspring. Wives pointed with one hand to their degraded husbands, and mothers to their besotted sons, while they extended the other to him, and with eyes raised to heaven they seemed to call God to witness that he was the cause of all this misery. His brained reeled, and striking his forehead with his clenched fist, he sank powerless into a chair, closing his eyes to shut out, if possible, the horrible vision. The effort was useless, the whole spectacle was still present in all its dread reality. Some irresistible fascination compelled him to gaze on these terrible mementoes of the past, while the tablets of memory easily supplied the key to their enigmas. The dread being spake, — "Hast thou seen enough of this garment, Asa Glover? Look at it faithfully, for thou thyself must wear it."

"Oh spare me! spare me this once," entreated the miserable man, extending his arms imploringly, "I am just about to be married. Wouldst thou have me present myself to my bride clad in such a suit? She would die of horror!"

"It is one which thou thyself hast woven. It has taken thee thirty years to complete it, and it *fits* thee well; better far than yon tissue of broadcloth. Is it not meet she should see thee as thou art?"

"Oh! but she at least is innocent. Let me not be her destruction. Send me thy gentler brother, Repentance — to him I will take heed."

"He has often warned thee, but thou hast as often mocked him, and declared that '*none but the* WEAK *repent.*'"

"I own it — but now I see my folly. I will take heed

to his counsels, and restore double to the wronged ones, if thou wilt leave me this once."

"See that thou dost, and remember that if I come again, I shall not be bought off with promises merely. Be warned in season, and know that when once I clothe thee with this robe, it adheres to thee forever." So saying, the figure began to retreat, its features grew less and less distinct, until the vision at length passed away, and left the wretched man so overcome by these various agitations, that he sank on the floor in a deep swoon.

CHAPTER II.

Three years had passed away, and Asa Glover, Esq., had gone on adding dollar to dollar, farm to farm, railroad share to bank stock, until he had become one of the wealthiest men in the town of Pemberton. Had he kept his promise? Had he restored double to the injured ones? If he had, it was done strictly in secret. It was not permitted his left hand to perceive what his right hand had performed. Many hard things were whispered about him in private, but he was a man of too much consequence not to be treated with seeming respect in public. He even "enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens," evinced by their placing him in various offices of trust and responsibility. Having, at the time now spoken of, been elected one of the overseers of the poor, he was accompanied by his coadjutor, Mr. Price, on his first visit of inspection to the Alms-house, where they intended to introduce some administrative reforms.

Just as they were entering the grounds, they met a

coffin borne on the shoulders of four inmates of the dwelling, and followed by a haggard looking woman, with two small, thin, and prematurely old children. And who is this that goes hence to the silent grave thus splendidly attended?

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
'Tis a *pauper*, whom nobody owns."

The officials alighted at the door, and upon enquiry which of the alms-house residents had paid the last debt of nature, were answered, "Oh! it is only Morgan. He came here about a month ago in a decline, and died two days since."

"What Morgan?" asked Glover, with a start.

"Bob Morgan, once called Robert Morgan, Esq."

"And that wretched looking woman was his wife?"

"Yes, and a poor broken down creature she is, with no health and spirits left."

"And the children?"

"The eldest two have been put out to service, the youngest you saw."

Glover shuddered. Oh God! had it come to this? Well he remembered when first he came to Pemberton, how fortunate he considered himself when invited by the young, handsome, and sprightly Mrs. Morgan to take tea at her house; and how sedulously he improved this slight opening to ingratiate himself into the favor of herself and husband, until he became the chosen companion of the latter. And this was the result. He could not but know his own work. He could not deny that he had strode into his present high position over the prostrate fortunes, the blighted hopes, the bitter experiences, of this woman and these children.

Such remembrances left him little appetite for discussing questions of poor-house reform, and though he me-

chanically followed Mr. Price over the premises, yet he did not understand a single plan which that gentleman and the alms-house keeper proposed. Even there seemed to run on before him the same dread being whose former visit had so filled him with terror.

"What is the matter, Mr. Glover?" asked Mr. Price, in astonishment. "Your eyes are rolling fearfully, and you look pale enough to faint. Are you sick?"

Recalled to himself by these words, Glover tried to control his feelings and to shut out the terrible vision. In vain. It went with him everywhere, wearing the same awful garment with its frightful pictures, accompanied by even new horrors. The lines had grown deeper, broader, and more fiery, while hissing serpents seemed ready to gnaw the vitals of its wearer. They went into a room occupied by several old women, one of whom was evidently in that state, half imbecile, half insane, into which misery or disease sometimes throws decaying humanity. She sat chattering and gesticulating, sometimes addressing those who were present, but oftener the absent or the dead. As they entered the room, she sprang up, and raising her bony finger, exclaimed, "There he is, there he is, I know him."

Already deeply moved by the preceding incidents, Glover naturally applied this address to himself. "You know *me!* What do you mean, woman? I never saw you before."

This reply seemed to exasperate her; she came towards him, and vehemently cried out, all the while shaking her bony finger — "Yes, *you* are the *very* MAN. It was *you* that destroyed my boy. It was *you* that taught him to drink *rum* when he was clerk in your store; and *then* they say he gambled and *stole;* and you put him in prison; but he got out; yes, got out, in spite of your locks and bars; — but now — Oh God! where is he now?"

"Come, come, mother Rawson, enough of this, you are troublesome," interposed the keeper, taking her gently but firmly by the arm, and leading her to a seat. She was not easily subdued, however, but continued to cry out — "My son must bear the shame and disgrace, and be hunted from place to place, but *you* who held out the temptation, who made him forsake the mother that bore him, *you* live in peace, rich and honored. But remember, though 'the wicked man shall prolong his days in his wickedness, yet shall God bring every secret work into judgment," — and for you, and such as you, who have fattened yourselves and grown full upon the blood and tears of the widow and the orphan, for you shall a day come." And thus she continued to pour out her anathemas upon Glover as long as he remained within hearing.

The keeper sought to explain. "Mother Rawson is a half crazy creature, who, after losing her husband, placed all her hopes upon her only son, the last of five children, and depended upon his exertions for the support of her old age. The boy was clerk in a store, in this place, many years since, where he became *intemperate*. This led to other vices, and vices to crimes, until he became a prison-breaker, and a fugitive from justice in Canada, if he has not already come to the gallows there for FELONY, as is reported. The conduct of the son crazed the miserable mother, and she attacks all strangers as the authors of her son's ruin, in the manner you heard. Any reply only excites her the more." Though this narrative was intended as an apology to Glover for the woman's rudeness, it in fact only drove the arrow deeper into his bosom. Memory was busy, and the words of this woman had recalled her to his mind only too vividly, whilst a voice chuckled at his elbow, "Oh yes, the mother of James Rawson, you remember him, your first clerk, when

you sold rum by the glass, and poured it out with your own hand, to all the jolly topers and jovial good fellows about town. And many a pretty trick of trade you taught him beside. You made him pound up the light colored lumps of brown sugar, to exhibit as the specimen of the article you kept for sale. You showed him how to slip his yardstick, when measuring cloth; to offer silk, hooks and eyes, etc., gratis, and afterwards abstract these articles from the package; and numberless other *nice little contrivances* of a similar kind he learned to practise from your teaching. Oh, the foolish boy! to ruin himself when he might have made a fortune as you have done. Idiot! not to see the difference between *respectable cheating* and *disgraceful thriving!!* You remember all about it. If not, look here," — and one of those flaming pictures glared before his rolling eyes, showing the inside of a variety store, including dry goods and groceries, where a young lad was serving a circle of tippling customers with the intoxicating beverage, and afterwards emptying the glass himself, encouraged to do so by the laughs and jeers of the Bacchanalian crew. Glover raised his arm hastily, and making a dash at the hateful object, rushed to another part of the building, to the great astonishment of his companions, and followed by a mocking laugh, which seemed close to his ear, and from which he in vain strove to escape.

The unhappy man was rejoiced when their visit of inspection came to a close; and as Mr. Price jumped into the buggy, he hastily gathered up the reins, and was upon the point of springing to his seat, when he saw with dismay that it was occupied by his tormentor.

"Come down," he cried, angrily; "that place is mine."

"Ha! ha! ha! This place is yours? Of course it is — and mine too."

"What do you mean, Mr. Glover?" asked Mr. Price,

looking perfectly astonished, and growing very red in the face.

"I did not speak to you, Mr. Price, but to that wretch beside you."

"There is no one beside me, Mr. Glover. What can you mean?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Jump in, Mr. Glover, there is room. You and I can sit close, you know."

Overcome by sickening terror, and, at the same time, dreading to suffer Mr. Price to perceive the disorder of his mind, he sprang desperately into the carriage, and sank heavily on the seat. He almost hoped that his weight would demolish his terrible guest; but not so; for there he still sat, between himself and Mr. Price, unfettered, and displaying before the despairing eyes of the conscience-stricken man, the pictures on that hateful mantle, which seemed about to close around him. No words could describe the agony of his mind, but it was painted on every feature of his face, and betrayed in the reckless haste with which he urged his horse back to the *town*. Mr. Price, who was timid, was very much alarmed at this careless driving.

"Take care, Mr. Glover! You will surely upset, if you ride so fast around that corner. You drive as if you thought the devil was after you."

"The devil! What do you mean by that, sir?" fiercely demanded Glover. "The devil is no acquaintance of mine, sir."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the fiend, louder than ever.

Not an *acquaintance* merely, thought Mr. Price; no, I fear he is somewhat nearer to you than that. He made no attempt, however, to renew the conversation, but he failed not to note Glover's wild rolling eye, and occasional deep mutterings. Once he came near being thrown from his seat, by the vehemence with which his com-

panion jerked against his arm, in the seeming effort to throw something off, while he heard a hoarse whisper, "Oh, spare me yet again." Right glad was he to reach his own gate; and, as the vehicle whirled from the door, he said to himself, "No, Asa Glover, Esquire, not for all your wealth twice told, would I possess your conscience."

Glover did not so easily rid himself of his mysterious visitant as he had done formerly. Promises alone produced no effect. Before he could again obtain a respite, he was obliged to disgorge some portion of his ill-gotten wealth — sufficient to place Mrs. Morgan and her children in a situation of humble independence; and this and some donations to charitable societies, was the price at which he once more bought off — Remorse.

CHAPTER III.

Years again rolled away, and Asa Glover, Esquire, was a still richer man than when we last saw him. All his worldly affairs prospered. He had a head for business, and his investments of capital being generally judicious, were almost always successful. Of course he called himself a very *moral man*. No one professed to hold the *law* in greater reverence than himself. He did not exactly pretend to be a Christian, as he understood that term — that is, he was not yet a member of any church, but he considered himself in a fair way to earn that distinction. Had it been customary to confer *honorary degrees* of church membership, he would have almost expected to be voted in by a large majority; at all events, he was a zealous advocate for the religious institutions of

the land; he owned a handsome pew, and paid readily and liberally for the support of the minister. The contribution box seldom passed him without being enriched by his offering; and as he was one of a few who gave a bell to the parish, he felt that it sounded forth the praises of his generosity at least three times every day. He was no longer a rum-dealer in person — not he — but he built stores to let, with back entrances on cross streets, which men whispered had a strange odor of alcohol about them, and cellars beneath them, which were more than suspected to be dram-shops of the worst description. However, he washed his own hands of the traffic, and professed to regret that he had ever been engaged in it. This told much in his favor, with the undiscriminating public; and though a few knew him as he was, yet by far the greater portion of the community, especially the younger members, concluded, that "he was by no means so black as he had been painted."

Late one summer afternoon, a crowd of people collected suddenly around the door of Glover's dwelling; and, borne in the arms of one of the men, was the mangled and bleeding body of his eldest son, a bright boy of about eight years of age. A party of gay young men, returning from one of the haunts of low dissipation in the neighborhood, and driving furiously through the streets, had knocked the child down; the carriage passed directly over his body, while his head was bruised by contact with the horse's hoof. And there was hurrying to and fro of servants, and exclamations of horror-stricken friends, and bitter upbraidings of the wretches who had done this deed; and the mother's sharp cry of agony; but the father was not there. He had ridden a few miles out of town that day, on some pressing business. He did not often ride away alone. For some reason, Mr. Glover was not fond of the companionship of his own

thoughts. In the excitement of business, or surrounded by his own family, he generally contrived to drive away painful reflections, but alone, — especially when riding alone, — he was very apt to become the victim of gloomy fancies. Alone! He could hardly be said ever to be alone, for his active imagination made him familiar with strange companions. He often thought he saw on the seat beside him some jolly companion of former days, whom he had first known as a man of *free habits* merely, but whom he had lived to see go down — down — into the drunkard's dishonored grave; nay, rather whom his own hand had helped to lay there. At other times, crowds of blue, pinched-up faces would seem to beset his path, and, gazing into his face, with all the impertinence of starving destitution, would cry out, "bread, bread — restore the bread of the orphan." Such companions were not agreeable. Glover felt they were not; and therefore it was that he hated to be much alone. This afternoon, he had been particularly annoyed by such thronging fancies, and he felt truly rejoiced when his horse's head was turned into the street which led to his own house.

But why those people about his door? What means this constant passing in and out? That physician's gig? That general air of confusion? and those drops of fresh blood on the sidewalk? At once he partially divined the truth. Some one of his children was injured, and, of course, it must be his bright and beautiful, his venturesome boy. Several persons approached to speak to him, but staying not to hear them, he rushed into the house. Guided by the blood, which everywhere met his eye, — on the door-step, the stairs, and in all the passages, — he soon found the chamber to which they had borne his darling child.

There lay the crushed flower, on a bed in the centre

of the room, surrounded by people, among whom were two physicians, endeavoring to restore animation to the unconscious boy. Beside him, with one hand tightly clasped in hers, lay the almost equally senseless mother, — horror and grief having for the time kindly benumbed her faculties.

It was evening. Quiet once more reigned through the house. Friends and curious spectators had retired; the mother had been taken to another room, to receive the care her state demanded. Mr. Glover and the nurse alone remained by the bed of the child, to whom consciousness had been partially restored.

One of the physicians again came in, and as he leant over the bed, and attentively examined the state of his little patient, the father gazed with intense anxiety into his friendly countenance, but with agony, he saw there no ray of hope.

"Oh, doctor, must he die?" A pressure of the hand was the only response.

"Tell me, truly; can you not save him? Is it not possible he may live?"

"The issues of life and death are not in my hand, but I grieve to say there is scarcely a chance of his living. Convulsions are coming on, and the injury is so extensive that he cannot, I fear, long survive."

Again Mr. Glover and the nurse were left with the sufferer. The boy spoke, and the father eagerly bent his ear to listen, but caught only words of wildest delirium.

"Oh speak to me once more my boy," he cried in agony. The child whispered, "See the pretty horses," and immediately went into convulsions. Mr. Glover had never till this moment given up all hope, but now he utterly despaired. His senses grew giddy; the room seemed to swim around, and to fill with dancing fiends and fantastic shapes of horror. He closed his eyes, and

with a deep groan sank back in his chair. Just then he felt a burning breath blow upon his cheek, and a well remembered but hateful voice exclaimed, "Asa Glover, I promised thee another meeting, friend, and now I come to greet thee on this joyful occasion."

"*Joyful occasion !!!* Avaunt wretch!"

"Yes — is not thy child fortunate to die before he has learned his father's principles, or practised his father's sins?"

"Oh mercy! mercy! spare my innocent child! Let him not die this horrible death."

"And when didst thou spare the children of others? Many of their little ones hast thou caused to fill a nameless grave, or to live a wretched and vicious life, only to die a felon's death. Why should thy child be spared, Asa Glover, why should he? Look thy last upon him, for he goes to another home than *thine* and *mine*."

With horror Glover opened his eyes and gazed upon his child, now in strong convulsions. Suddenly a change passed over the face of the boy — he stretched out his little limbs, and all was over. At the same moment Glover felt himself clasped in the arms of his inveterate foe, and the folds of that detested mantle wrapped closely about him, while a stream of fire seemed to scorch through his brain. The horrors of the moment were too much for human reason, and the distracted man filled the room of death with his frenzied cries. Ere the body of his beautiful child was borne to its resting-place, Asa Glover was lodged in an asylum, a *raving maniac*.

BANGOR, JUNE, 1837.

An old woman sat on the grave-yard fence, braiding with the bones which were once fingers, her scanty gray locks, and sang, — yes, true it is she sang, and the traveller put his fingers in his ears, and rushed by her, often turning back the white of his eyes, to see if she pursued him. But he need not have been alarmed, she only sang.

I HAVE a shroud, and I'll wrap you in it,
You need not start from its icy fold,
'T is a fair shroud, not a blemish in it —
And what care you for damp or cold?
I'll wrap you all about,
But have your forehead out —
And just your eyes,
For men will wish to know,
As through the room they go,
What therein lies.

But do not think, in your garments white,
That they will stand by you weeping,
For none will ever believe it right,
To disturb your silent sleeping —
But they shall come with fear,
And place you on the bier,
That I have made —
And I will hold the torch
In the long dismal porch,
At the time of shade.

And you shall not speak to those who bear you,
And the winds will blow and they cannot hear you,
But you slumber not, as the vulgar do,
For I have told them where to go —

They will lay you down, as becomes your state —
In the cellar beyond the garden gate.
You must not open your bonnie eyes,
For they will not serve you there;
You shall have no light but that which flies
With the dust in the crack of the upper stair.
And fear not you
Lest the dungeon dew,
Should gather around your head,
For none will know how damp you grow;
'T is seldom men visit the dead.

There 's the spider too, you must let him live there,
And his palace will near you stand;
His finest web you must let him weave there,
From your hairless head to your bony hand;
And since you cannot know
The way he will go,
Why should you care?
I doubt not you will rest,
And never be distrest,
At his wandering there.

And the cricket will chirp there, within the ceiling,
But the sound will be lost on your dull ear,
And though he were future sorrow revealing,
Yet what has a sleeper like you to fear?
And there 'll be nameless things,
Flitting with heavy wings,
In that house of gloom;
But all that they will do,
Is just to wait with you,
Till the day of doom.

And you will not fear, when that morning is breaking,
To come forth and exhibit your mouldered form,
And you will not think, from your robe, of shaking
The dust, or the cobweb, or slimy worm;

Oh no, you will forget,
That e'er your locks were jet,
Or bonnie was your eye.
Go — go your ways — I tell you true
That soon I mean to call for you,
Soon you must die.

1828.

A SONG.

THE bright bird sings at the morning hour,
She sings, and thus sings she;
"Away, away to my needful work,
Away, right merrily.
The dews work on from night till morn,
The sun from morn till night—
They've dressed for me my balmy tree,
And I sing that all is right."

The farmer sings, as he fieldward goes,
He sings, and thus sings he;
"Away, away to my needful work,
Away, right merrily;
For the farmer's toil all want must foil,
He feeds his brothers all,
Nor fail he must in his mighty trust,
Or the world would surely fall."

The artist sings, in his shadowy light,
He sings, and thus sings he;
"Great Goddess of the Beautiful,
I pine, I sigh for thee;
Like the flashing light of a stormy night,
Thou art seen, and then away,
One gleam of thine hath power divine,
To lift the soul from clay."

The sufferer sings on his couch of pain,
He sings, and thus sings he;
"Let me not repine at this task of mine,
'T was sent in love to me;

For joys outflow from pain and woe,
And 'a berry blue and gold,'
They bring a rest more deep and blest,
Than words have ever told."

The dead man sings, on his bier outlain
He sings, and thus sings he;
"The outward life is a fleeting thing,
And false, as you may see;
O, brother man! seize while you can
The golden fruits of love,
And the bright red wine of truth divine
Will lift you death above."

JUNE 12TH.

482248

THE FIELD OF THE INCURABLES.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."—*Byron.*

I KNOW of no sight more ridiculous, and at the same time more provoking, than the appearance of a hale, hearty, healthy hypochondriac. There are some men who seem born to be miserable, and to waste their lives in fruitless complainings and unfounded apprehensions; whose highest felicity is, to inhale the odors of an apothecary's shop, or to swallow, with greedy zeal, the most villanous compounds of unrighteous medicines. Some men seem to receive from nature this disposition to watch over the operations of their bowels, and to mark, with the utmost care, all the disgusting and humiliating process going on in the *inner man.* Others are by nature of a happy temperament, easy, placid, and contented; never sending their thoughts into the region of conjecture, or fixing on their vigorous bodies all the *tremendous* diseases to be found in the "theory and practice of physic." But I have known such men suddenly transformed from this know-nothing, fear-nothing character, into the most learned and most miserable expounders of symptoms, pains, diseases, and dangers, to which flesh is heir. And it is my belief that there is no one cause which operates so frequently to produce this wretched effect, as a smattering knowledge gleaned from a partial perusal of medical works, or the half understood language of professional men. Some one disease becomes the favorite of the imagination, and no matter what the constitution or hab-

its or liability to such disorder, everything in nature is made to bend to the sudden fancy. I was revolving thoughts like these a few nights since, after I had retired to my bed; and musing on this self-induced misery, my waking thoughts were soon changed to visions of sleep.

Methought I was in an extensive plain, which as far as the eye could reach presented a level, smooth, and fertile aspect. At first sight, there was an appearance of calm serenity diffused over the landscape, and nature seemed rejoicing under the invigorating influence of a summer sun. But as I advanced further, the appearance gave way to one of a more gloomy character. The sun still shone in its splendor, and the earth still retained its peaceful hue. But there was an indefinite and indescribable melancholy which pervaded the landscape as a whole, and gave it a sombre hue. As I stood musing what this might mean, I saw a man standing near the boundary of the field, with a most laughter-loving and quizzical expression of countenance, watching the different individuals who were moving around us. To him I applied for information, and in answer to my inquiry he said: "*This, Sir, is the field of the incurables.*" "Those unhappy beings," said I, "who are doomed to drag out a hopeless existence, under all the anguish of remediless disease. But why, Sir, that laughing face, so unsuitable to this melancholy scene?" "My friend," answered he, "I call them incurables, not because their diseases are past remedy, but because they have no disorders of which to be cured." "Sick men without disorders," exclaimed I. "Look above you," said he, "and see the presiding genii of this region." I raised my eyes in the direction he pointed, and saw floating in the air a thousand cerulean beings, who seemed indeed to be "airy nothings," almost without substance or even

form. "And what, my friend, do you call these wretched looking sprites?" "*Azure demons*," said he. "Commonly called *blue devils* in our land of plain language." "The very same," answered he, "and they hold the whole of this region under subjection, distilling their pestilent influence from the region of air, producing the most laughable effects upon the bravest and healthiest men." "I think," said I, "I will walk around and see if I can distinguish any old friends in the herd." "Beware," said my informant, "how you trust yourself within the influence of these devils." "Oh, my dear Sir, I fear not a whole legion of them. I have conquered them often, and routed whole legions at one pitched battle. They dare not attempt to *distil their vapors* upon me." So I manfully marched forward, even to the centre of the field of the healthy incurables.

The first man I saw was of a dull, heavy visage, square head and shoulders, thick and clumsy, who looked as if he had taken the world easy, and had not been disturbed by trifles, as if he had tempered his nerves to the happy callousness of an oyster, and the motions of his soul to the dull stagnation of a mud-puddle.

There was, however, an unnatural and evidently an unusual expression of hypochondriacal feeling in his face, and when I put the question, — "Pray, my friend, from what complaint do you suffer?" he turned upon me such a look of calm suffering and patient resignation, that I felt my pity mingled with respect. "Alas! my nerves are shattered to pieces." "Really, my dear Sir, I should rather think you suffered from *lethargy*." "O, no; did you ever read 'Warren on the Nervous System?'" Not I. "Read it then, instantly. It was there I first learnt that all my complaints were of the nerves. I had scarcely commenced the perusal ere I suspected the truth. I determined instantly to subject myself to the

test of experiment. I seized a file, which I applied with all my power to a handsaw — the effect was dreadful. I felt a most indescribable sensation about my teeth, — very much worse than that produced by eating sour apples. O, Sir, my nerves are ruined, and I am undone."

I was prevented from holding any further discourse with this unlucky specimen of the *genus irritabile*, by the appearance of another of the inhabitants of this region of the blues. I instantly recognized him as an old acquaintance, the leader of a band of musicians, famous for his strength and length of wind. He could wind a horn for hours together, and raise a laugh to break the stillness for miles around. He was a legitimate descendant of Stentor; a host in himself in mobs and town-meetings. He approached me slowly and cautiously, — although his athletic form and sinewy members seemed to scorn the snail-like pace of their master. He had on a thick "dreadnought" coat, buttoned up to his chin. Two large silk handkerchiefs were wrapped around his face with almost suffocating closeness. "Ah, Tom," said I, "I see you are indeed grievously afflicted — this toothache and the ague are indeed matters of fact, not to be joked out of existence. "My lungs are affected," said he, in a voice which, to say the least, was quite audible, even through the quintuple folds of silk. "They were always *affecting*," said I, "to all your friends." "My complaints are of a pulmonary nature, and I am fast dwindling away in a consumption. Look into 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine,' and you will be persuaded I cannot long survive." "Nonsense, your lungs are now strong enough to stun a man." "I tell you, Sir," said he, tearing away the handkerchief from his mouth to give free vent to his wrath and his voice, "my health is gone, my body is debilitated," (here he gesticulated most furiously,) "my voice is lost," (rising

in loudness,) "my lungs are dreadfully affected." "And so are my ears," said I, as I retreated to escape from the deafening explosion of the pulmonary patient.

I saw a man at some distance, whom I at first thought was the renowned Ichabod Crane, of pedagogical memory, — at any rate, he might belong to the family of *Cranes*, judging from the length of his neck. He had a thin, meagre, hatchet face, — pale as a parsnip. His body looked like a musket with a coat thrown over it. The radical moisture had evaporated, and his whole body presented the appearance of bones, covered by a thin membrane — in a word, as if he had lived by *gleaning* through the whole seven years of Pharaoh's famine. I observed that he frequently applied his hand to his neck (which was without any covering), and to his temples, and the top of his head. Surely, thought I, this is the victim of consumption. He passed me without observing that I watched him. I heard him muttering something about the tendency of the blood towards the heart, and *inundation* of the brain. "My friend," said I, "you do but little credit to your keepers; I fear you see but little beef and brandy for your rations. "Beef and brandy," exclaimed he, in astonishment, "why, Sir, I should die of an apoplexy in a week — I have escaped for the last ten years by the most abstemious living — the tendency of the blood is towards the head." "Yes, and I should think yours had all oozed out at the top."

But who comes here, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with speed," mounted on a hard-trotting horse, and driving as if his only object was to agitate his intestines. Unless my eyes deceive me, it is fat faced Dick, — the counterpart of Sir Toby Philpot. "I knew him well — a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," with red blowsy cheeks, which would not disgrace a London alderman, a roguish leer of the eye, and a real "laugh

and be fat" expression of the whole countenance. I had never seen him on horseback before, and his awkward and ungainly position, and his ardent endeavors *to hold on*, showed conclusively that it was *new business*. My curiosity was excited to know what had induced Dick to quit *terra firma*, to which he had always adhered with the utmost pertinacity, and to trust his precious neck to the uncertain chances of equestrian speed. But he came as on the wind, and would have dashed by without heeding me, if I had not hailed him, in a cheerful voice. He checked his raw-boned gelding, and looked down upon me from his high estate. But O! how altered was the expression of that face. The fat cheeks still remained in all their glory, and exercise had added a deeper crimson to his usually red face. But instead of the gay, happy, and lively meaning in the eye, which could always set the table in a roar, there was an expression of fear, and anxiety, and despondency, which set as awkward on his phiz as his body did on his horse. "In the name of the seven wonders, what sent you here, Dick?" "Wilson on the Liver Complaint," answered he. "I have a touch of the liver," laying his hand with a mournful significance on his right side." "What symptoms?" "It is not a week since I had a distinct pain in my side. The next day I felt a fulness and oppression after dinner. I luckily had read, a few days before, a few pages in Wilson. I knew my complaint, and my only remedy — 'a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.' But I fear all will not do. The liver once diseased, the whole process of digestion is obstructed, nausea, vomiting, pain in the side, costiveness, paleness in the countenance, all follow. No longer since than yesterday I discovered paleness in my countenance, just under the hair — do you see it now?" "You look, Dick, about as pale as a pickled beet, and as much like

an invalid as ——" Here he interrupted me by bidding me good morning, saying: "I feel the bile collecting, I must ride for my life."

His departure gave me leisure to observe a little wasp of a thing, that was ambulating towards me. The youth was adorned in the extreme of fashion, "neat, trimly dressed," as unsoiled as if just taken from his band-box, and was delicately small, as if just compressed by steam power. His whole appearance proclaimed a dandy of the first water, and his nimble-pamble, indefinite walk, soon placed him before me in all the glory of an animal, half monkey and half man. "And pray, my young gentleman, what disorder belongs to your sweet self?" "Sir," answered he, with a most exquisite lisp, "what disorder do you think becomes a gentleman of fortune and leisure?" "Really, I know not, unless it be a certain disease which shall be nameless." "Sir, it is *dyspepsia*. — dyspepsia is all *the go*, it is quite the rage in the fashionable world." "And what is dyspepsia, I pray your honor?" "Dyspepsia? why it is the most genteel, gentlemanly, delicate, sentimental disease now in vogue. It is very vulgar, 'pon honor, not to have the dyspepsia" I could contain my gravity no longer, but found myself awake, laughing most heartily at the vision of the field of the incurables.

MANNERS.

MANNERS! They are everything — they are nothing. All in them which we can describe or imitate, define, copy, or avoid, signifies very little, compared with that which remains indescribable, but still felt. The eye, the lip, the motion and gesture of every part of the body, may be trained never so carefully in the most polished school of art, and yet there shall remain an electric, atmospheric medium, which shall make everything untoward and objectionable to our feelings. Yet this *felt-electricity of society*, is sometimes characterized as *manner*, and in this sense, manners are everything.

I care not if a man stumble against a chair on entering a room, hangs his head on one side, or even sits on his seat apparently at the peril of life and limb, provided his soul is of that social, kindly nature, which enables me to breathe freely, allows me to be just natural, and so operates upon me, that the best part of my nature is called into exercise. He who places me thus at home with myself, has most excellent manners; — they are everything — they are the whole man; all the rest is the mere binding of the book; it may be in morocco, it may be in coarse paper, but the internal meaning of the pages is not affected by it. This same grateful feeling is inspired by individuals of greatly differing character. I have found it in the awkward student, and even in the affected woman, where that affectation proceeded more from diffidence than vanity. The reserved and the talk-

ative — the simple and natural — the cultivated and acquired manners, have each possessed this charm; and wherever it has been found, my heart has pronounced the manners good, and the presence of those who owned them has been profitable to the soul, while, on the contrary, every social impulse has been checked, frozen, and distorted, by mingling with those with whose external deportment I could find no fault, and whose every word, look, and tone, obeyed the uttermost law of civility. I have seen those whose perfect self-possession, no haste or emergency, no impulse of feeling, or shade of human weakness, could betray into a breach of politeness, an infringement of dignity, or gleam of unconsciousness, yet so far were they from inspiring in me the secure self-possession they themselves preserved, that my wits oozed out at my fingers' ends; more awkwardness than I thought myself capable of, suddenly manifested itself in every attempt at speech or movement, and my natural self departed, leaving a strange, contradictory, affected piece of blundering in its stead. When I have escaped from the presence of such mortals, I have gasped, as though I had just got rid of the nightmare, and the horrible impression of having appeared like a fool, before the most *properly* behaved people, has left an uneasiness, which hours could not remove. I have asked myself if these persons did not possess the evil eye; for perhaps not one word has been spoken, one motion made, of which I felt that I had a right to complain, but the effect of their presence to me had been a spell — a conjuration of all untoward influences. Are not such the very worst of manners; polished, refined, and dignified, though they may be? What can so truly frustrate every advantage of social intercourse, as the diffusing of so luckless an influence over poor, ordinary mortals?

Two conclusions, of some use perhaps, may be drawn,

if these descriptions of manners are correct. The first is, that 't is the *soul* which makes them good or bad. Let that be kind, gentle, loving, and true, and the manners cannot fail to please. The hating, lying spirit will come out. It has a door you can never shut. Lock and bolt will not avail; the only way is to make the soul pure and good, and then let it come and go as it will; you will never blush for it.

The second conclusion follows, that our standard of good manners should be rather in what we *feel*, than what we *see*. If the effect of another's society has been to gratify and improve, quicken the intellect, or make more kindly the pulses of the heart, we need not hesitate to call his manners good, whatever the outward form they wore; nor could all grace and dignity concentrated, prove those good which make us feel constrained, conscious, uneasy, and, above all, unnatural.

Truly, manner is much. It is that which gives force to the preacher, — to the lecturer, — to all public speakers. We watch the eye and feature, and from these, apart from his theme, we inwardly like or dislike, the speaker. The words sink into our hearts, in proportion as they come from his, and we believe the preached word as the preacher himself seems to have faith in it.

In social life, it is this manner which makes the *agreeable* person. It is very marvellous that such persons are so rare. There are many entertaining, many witty, many sensible, many intelligent, many cultivated and refined, but among them all, very few that are agreeable. To be this, one must be more than bright, witty, intelligent or polished. One may be all these, and yet not that, and one may be agreeable, and yet not eminent in any one of these qualities. The agreeable person is one with whom we are acquainted from the first. No interminable layers of dignity, etiquette or reserve, have to be re-

moved from his soul by long acquaintanceship, before we can say we know it — we have it — it is our own. An intellectual quickness to take an idea, and a social quickness to sympathize with it, places him at once side by side with our mind and heart. Such an one is a Mind Philanthropist, — a Home Missionary, whose mission is for every day and for common life. On his approach, the very hour and place grow brighter; and a charm is diffused around which "creates a sphere," as Swedenborg would say, that all feel who come into it. Who would not be agreeable, thus to be a blessing always sought, and welcomed? Aye, we all of us have enough of the love of approbation to desire this enviable distinction, if it did not cost too much, and if we knew how so to be.

That we should prefer another's convenience to our own, underlies all etiquette and ceremony; but etiquette has learned to lie, that selfishness may be indulged, so that it cannot now be taken as the representative of disinterestedness, but still, it points the way where the pleasant and the agreeable are found, and so becomes useful.

Mere laziness, or sluggishness of mould, often injures the manners. Some effort is necessary in order to adapt ourselves to the different natures with whom we come in contact, and the slothful do not feel ambition enough to make it, even when there is nothing within which would prevent success, if attempted, and so a veil remains, covering up the soul which would be acceptable, if allowed to quicken and come out. A stronger sense of the value and use of being agreeable, would be a benefit to such indifferent mortals.

Let not one think he cannot be agreeable, because he has not the abundant gift of words. It is the spirit — the spirit within, and not the flowing speech, which determines our social qualities. I have seen those, who,

by a cordial, receptive manner of listening, and only an occasional word, had the enviable power of so acting upon the beings with whom they associated, as to bring out full strains of that spiritual harmony, which intercourse of mind with mind alone can create.

The cordial heart — the liberal mind — how much they can do, even in circumstances outwardly limited and tyrannical. I think of one now, who, more than any other being I ever knew, exemplified this. When I first knew her, she was in a country village, with a brood of young, active, roguish children, and an invalid husband. Labor and domestic cares pressed upon her, with unwonted rigor. Though educated in ease and affluence, she was then in the possession of little more than absolute poverty. The plainest dress — the plainest house and furniture, of necessity contented her. Without influential relatives, without beauty of form or face, she was, in externals, destitute of all those possessions which usually attach to the first classes in society, and yet no woman in the village had so wide and so strong a social influence as herself. She was admitted and welcomed by all circles, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, the poor and the rich, the sick and the well, and her social duties and pleasures were only limited by the time she could devote to them. Years after I met her in the city, and I found that the arbitrary distinctions of city life were set aside to welcome her, even though a coarse dress and an uncarpeted floor received stylish ladies, when they called on her. And why was all this? Not her merit and worth alone, for merit and worth often stay at home unsought by society; but "he that would have friends, must show himself friendly," and this lady's manner was ever an illustration of that text. Children loved her always, for who like her understood and loved them? The young and the gay sprang to meet her, for whose

mirth was more catching than hers? whose enjoyment of the flashes of wit more keen? whose perception of the ludicrous more quick? The thoughtful and the sad found profoundest sympathy and encouragement in conversing with her, for she too had suffered many ills, and could comprehend those which she had not herself experienced. Gentle and unobtrusive in manner, her countenance always spoke, and the stranger at once felt at home with her. Friend and stranger, childhood and age, women and men, all greeted her with pleasure, all *felt* the presence of the *agreeable* woman. She lives still, and when her mission here is ended, a large place on earth will be the poorer for her departure.

ON HEARING LADIES TOASTED AS THE "POETRY OF LIFE."

THE "Poetry of life," good gentlemen, you style us;—
You 're honorable men, and doubtless right;
But ah! what mournful incongruities
Do sometimes grate upon our sight!

"All honorable men," and so of course we 're "Poetry,"
But Poetry, alas! in wooden shoes!
Our "*feet*" do strangely halt and stumble,
And stub — good sirs, does "Poetry" have toes?

We blush, indeed, to walk, instead of soaring,
But ah! it is because we must;
And then what makes it still more shameful,
Is that we sometimes "raise a dust."

No wonder, for with care's dust and rubbish
Our feet are cobwebbed, goodness knows!
Oh, dust and dirt are shocking sublunary,
And make us seem a deal like prose!

'T is mournful, but we must confess we 've fallen,
And scarce can poesy's high title claim;—
To see, as I did this day, one of the "Epics"
Trying out fat, is such a *burning* shame!

'T was only yesterday I found a blue-eyed "Sonnet"
Frying huge doughnuts with a sputter!
And an hour after, caught a blushing "Ballad"
Spreading corn-bread and butter!

But henceforth we 'll do our best, though fallen,
To make good our lawful claim;
The "Poetry of earth" we yet will prove ourselves,
Instead of blushing at the name!

"Life is real, life is earnest," says some ninny;
He'd keep us in a charming flutter!
But we, being proved life's "Poetry,"
No longer mean to mind life's clutter!

So give us sway, and we will give you "Poetry,"—
Epic, Sonnet, Ode, and Ballad;—
Only when we 're on our loftiest pinions,
Don't ask for Lobster Salad!

THE DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF L. UHLAND.

I DREAMED not long ago
  I stood on a rocky steep —
On a cliff by the ocean's strand; —
And I looked far over the land,
  And down on the glorious deep.

Beneath me, in gallant trim,
  A stately bark lay moored,
The surge its dark side laving, —
Gaily its flag was waving,
  And a pilot stood on board.

And behold there came from the mountains
  A merry, merry band;
Bedecked with garlands bright,
They seemed like spirits of light
  As they tripped along the strand.

"Say, pilot, wilt thou take us?"
  — "What nymphs be ye so gay?"
— "Earth's Joys and Pleasures are we,
From earth we fain would flee,
  O! bear us from earth away!"

Then the pilot, he bade them enter;
And they entered one by one.
"But tell me, are here all?
Are none left in bower or hall?"
And they answered, "There are none."

Away! then;—the bark unmoored
Leap'd gaily from anchor's thrall;
And away she sped with a glorious motion,
And I saw them vanish over the ocean,—
Earth's Joys and Pleasures all.

AN IDLE WORD.

It pass'd away, it pass'd away,
Thou canst not hear the sound to-day;
'T was water lost upon the ground,
Or wind that vanisheth in sound;
Oh! who shall gather it, or tell
How idly from the lip it fell.

'T is written with an iron pen;
And thou shalt hear it yet again!
A solemn thing it then shall seem
To trifle with a holy theme.
Oh! let our lightest accent be,
Fit echo for Eternity.

THE WHISTLING WIND.

Summer's wind, so wildly sighing,
Mournfullest of numbers plying,
Ever loneliest lessons teaching,
Murmuring low, or fitful screeching,
Wherefore Summer wind so sadly?
Wherefore Summer wind so madly?
Earth and sky are bright and glowing,
Fairest hues of beauty showing;
Thou thyself art not in keeping,
Thy complaining harp-strings sweeping;
Thou hast stolen all that's charming
Out of nature with thy psalming,
And all through me while I'm sitting,
All the bluest "blues" are flitting.

I do half believe, a demon,
Vexed that Summer's glories teem on,
Far above us keeps a-mocking,
Whistling, railing, taunting, rocking,
All our spirits so infusing,
That our wits we half are losing.
Oh be quiet with thy raving!
Fiend of air! all Nature braving!
Or if thou must e'en be roaring,
Plaints and murmurs still outporing,
Come in dreary Winter season,
Then thy song had better reason;

Snow and hail, and rain in keeping,
We could bear thy wild o'er-leaping;
But, we pray thee, spoil not for us,
Summer's glories beaming o'er us.

BANGOR, June, 1845.

THE FESTIVAL AT THE CASA DE CAMPO.

It was the birth-night of Sénhor Henrique, the eldest son of Baron P——, and heir-apparent to his title and enormous wealth. He had that day attained his majority, and as the elated and happy father presented him to the assembled guests, they felt that he had cause to be proud of such a son. His figure was tall, considerably above the average height of his countrymen, and, though somewhat too slight, was symmetrical and graceful. His face was pronounced, by the young senhoras, to be "bonito;" his manners were extremely prepossessing, nor were his personal advantages rendered less attractive by the rich military costume in which he was arrayed. At the age of nineteen years, weary of an inactive and monotonous life, and thirsting for renown, he at length obtained the consent of his father to enter upon the arduous and dangerous profession to which he aspired. He repaired to the capital of the empire, and, presenting himself at the royal palace, signified to the king his desire to enter the army, and join the forces recently sent by his majesty to defend the southwestern frontier of Brazil against the encroachments of a powerful and hostile people, with whom the Brazilians were at war. Pleased with the daring and ambitious spirit of the youth, the king granted him a commission, and in every subsequent engagement with the enemy, the young officer was distinguished for his skill and in-

trepidity, and won the admiration and esteem of able and experienced officers, by his praiseworthy deportment and military prowess. His fame had reached the ears of his distant friends, and, at the termination of the war, he was received by kinsmen and acquaintance with the most enthusiastic welcome.

The residence of Baron P—— was in one of the northern provinces of that vast empire. He was the possessor of untold wealth in lands, houses, herds, and slaves; and, better than all these, he was rich in domestic affections, and a benevolent and unselfish spirit.

Though a Portuguese by birth, he loved the country of his adoption; and his vast possessions and moral worth rendered him one of the most respected and influential citizens in that section of the country. Surrounded by all that renders life pleasant and desirable, he dreamed not of the dark and fearful shadows which were already gathering around him.

The Cása de Campo was situated at the distance of a league from the provincial capital; the highly cultivated grounds surrounding it, were laid out with remarkable taste, and embellished with rare and beautiful shrubs and trees, of native and foreign growth. The Orange, the Lemon, and the Linden, mingled their glossy foliage and fragrant blossoms with the stately Palm and the graceful Cocoa; and the strangely beautiful "Jasmine de Cayenne," presenting the singular spectacle of a tree covered with bright flowers ere it has put forth a leaf of green, contrasted finely with the dark verdure and wide spreading branches of the Mango; the walks were bordered with Ananas and Geraniums; birds of gay plumage haunted these delightful groves; and gushing fountains sent forth a pleasing and perpetual music, "as of soft showers on water." On three sides of the extensive mansion were broad verandas, paved and roofed with

tiles, and surrounded by a low wall of great thickness, in which, at the distance of a few feet from each other, were cavities of considerable depth, filled with rich mould, and each containing some shrub, remarkable either for fragrance or beauty. Tulips, Oleanders, white Jasmines, Angelicas, and numerous varieties of the Rose, delighted the eye of the beholder, and all this floral magnificence lighted up by hundreds of colored lamps on the night of the Festival, appeared like a scene of enchantment. Nor was the interior of the building less remarkable for its costly adorning and regal splendor; the walls of the reception room were hung with silken damask — the floor was covered with a carpet of gorgeous dyes from Persian looms; the couches were covered with Genoa velvet, and the pillows were of the softest down; glittering chandeliers, and candelabras of massive silver, shed their brilliance upon proud Senhors and handsome Senhoras, gaily attired, sparkling with gold and precious gems. The banquet was sumptuous; the rarest viands, and the richest wines, attested the munificent hospitality of the entertainer. When the guests were assembled at the festive board, a band of concealed musicians poured forth a strain of soft, sweet music, that thrilled the heart of every listener — suddenly it changed to a wild and spirit-stirring martial air, whose tones had often inspired the young hero of the evening on the battle-field, and gradually subsided again to the plaintive and subdued melody. To these, several popular national airs succeeded, sung by female voices, accompanied by the guitar and mandolin. When the repast was concluded, the host led the way to a spacious sála; in the confusion of the crowd, Henrique heard his name pronounced in a low, but distinct tone, and turning hastily to discover the speaker, saw at his side the lovely Inez Viéra, whom he had known and loved since the days of his boyhood; he saw that she

had that instant arrived, for the dark mantilla she had worn in the cadeirinha that conveyed her from the city, yet enveloped her person; she evidently sought to escape observation, and without waiting to reply to his cordial salutation, hurriedly whispered, "Meet me in the Oratory, an hour hence — I have something of the utmost importance to communicate," and drawing her veil closely over her face, instantly disappeared from his sight. Bewildered with the unexpected summons, and startled by her strange and confused manner, he was on the point of repairing at once to the rendezvous, but remembering that he would be expected to lead in the first dance of the evening, and his absence would excite great wonder, if not alarm, he mentally decided that it would be more prudent to wait till the time specified; ere the hour had elapsed, under the pretext of fatigue, and a slight indisposition, he withdrew from the gay throng, and directing his steps to the Oratory, found the Senhora already awaiting him.

"Amigo minha," exclaimed the maiden, "I ought, perhaps, to apologize for thus interrupting the pleasures of this happy evening, but I know not what to do — my father leaves the city early to-morrow morning, to spend some weeks in the province of M———, and insists that I shall accompany him, and not daring to entrust my important secret to a messenger, I have sought a personal interview. Our country is on the eve of a great political change, which I fear will terminate in a civil war. You are aware that the native Brazilians, in our northern provinces, have long been disaffected towards the king; a conspiracy has been formed against his person and government, and, unless he can be prevailed upon to return immediately to Portugal, he will be deprived of *power*, if not of *life*. I am acquainted with the names of many individuals who are concerned in this infamous plot,

for (with shame I avow it,) they have often assembled at the house of my father, to arrange and mature their schemes. Believing, probably, that I was too young and giddy to notice what was said upon a subject so uninteresting as politics, my father suffered me to enter the sála, whenever I chose to do so; many words of fearful import met my ear, yet I betrayed no visible emotion, but carefully treasured them up that I might, if possible, avert the threatened danger. To-night, as the Senhor Vincent Zura was on his way hither, he called, and finding my father from home, made but a brief stay; after his departure, I picked up this sealed paper, and judging from its size and form, as well as its lack of a superscription, that it probably related to the matter of which I have been speaking, I concealed it in the folds of my dress, and retired to my own room. He shortly after returned to search for it, apparently greatly concerned at the loss, offering a considerable reward to old Diogo, if he would find and deliver it, either to my father or himself. You are, I know, a favorite with the monarch, and I have sought you, to beg you to devise a method to inform him of his danger, and save him from his peril, without involving my only surviving parent in disgrace and ruin."

"Stay, Inez, I have something to say to you in my own behalf; have you forgotten the happy days when you confessed that I was dearer to you than all the world beside? Do I find you changed?"

"Henrique, speak not to me *now* of love; my sentiments towards you are unalterable — but, with the knowledge that my father was in league with traitors, that the life of our sovereign is in danger, and the country threatened with a revolution, there is no room in my heart for softer emotions. I have, with the most perfect trust, confided to your keeping the awful secret

which burdened my soul, and I believe that time will prove that my reliance on your aid was not vain! Senhor, adios!"

When Henrique had somewhat recovered from the surprise which her alarming intelligence and abrupt departure occasioned, he drew near a small lamp suspended from the ceiling of the chapel, and breaking the seal of the paper she had given him, found it to contain a list of the names of the principal conspirators, which had doubtless been drawn up to be sent by the Senhor Raymondo Viéra to their confederates in the Province of M——. To his great joy, it contained not the name of a single Portuguese.

A few moments of reflection enabled him to decide upon the course he ought to pursue, and with a serene countenance, but a heavy heart, he returned to the brilliant assemblage in the sála.

In music, dancing and merriment, the hours sped swiftly, and the night was far advanced, ere the company separated; numerous were the flatteries, congratulations, and kindly wishes whispered in the ears of the happy father, and the envied son; but at length, like the proverbs of the wise man, they were "ended," and the last of the mirthful assemblage departed from the Cása de Campo. The weary inmates retired to their respective apartments. Henrique repaired to that occupied by his eldest sister, Beatriz, and informed her of his intended journey. She besought him with tears to tell her the cause of his strange determination, but this, he assured her, he was not at liberty to divulge; he could only inform her that it was a matter of the utmost importance, and would admit of no delay, but that he hoped to be able to return within eight or ten weeks. Many kind and tender messages to his parents and the younger members of the family were entrusted to her, to be delivered on the mor-

row, and their conversation was interrupted all too soon, by the entrance of his faithful servant Felippe, who gave notice that his horse was in readiness, and daylight at hand. He folded his beloved sister in his arms in a long and fond embrace, vaulted into his saddle, and home and friends were soon left far behind.

They proceeded as far as was practicable, on horseback. Henrique then hired an Indian to take them in a canoe to M——, found a vessel in readiness to sail for the desired haven, and after a passage of three weeks, landed in safety at Rio Janeiro.

The mission of the brave young officer was successfully accomplished. The king and his family were induced to embark secretly in a ship bound to Lisbon, and his treacherous subjects were thus foiled in their murderous designs. Filled with the deepest anxiety for the fate of the loyalists in the North, Henrique hastened homeward, for he judged that the plans of the Provincials must be nearly ripe for execution. At M—— he heard rumors which served to heighten his solicitude, and urge him forward with the utmost speed. After an absence of eight weeks he reached once more the Cása de Campo, and found it desolate and forsaken; an old and faithful slave, named Miguel, was the only human being that remained on the premises, and from him he learned the particulars of what had transpired.

A few days subsequent to his departure, the Brazilians, fearful that the missing paper had fallen into the hands of the loyalists, and thus their design might in the end be frustrated, determined at once to destroy or make prisoners of all the Portuguese residents. In order to execute this diabolical intention, many slaves were induced, by threats and bribery, to betray their masters. One evening, as Miguel was returning at a late hour from the city, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps,

and voices engaged in earnest conversation; he concealed himself by the road-side till they should have passed by; but to his great dismay they halted near his hiding-place, and in one of the number he recognized a fellow-servant, who agreed on the following night to deliver into their hands the keys of the Baron's house, and to receive, as the reward of his perfidy, his freedom and a small sum of money. As soon as they were fairly out of sight, Miguel hastened, as fast as his aged limbs would permit, to inform his master of his danger. The negro was seized and closely confined; the trusty Miguel was then despatched with orders from the Baron to the captain of one of his vessels lying in the harbor, to drop down the river as quietly as possible, under cover of the darkness, and anchor in a small cove, about three miles distant, and from there to send his boat ashore with Miguel, and wait for further instructions. By this arrangement all the plate, jewelry, and other valuables at the Cása de Campo were safely bestowed on board, without exciting suspicion, and the Baron himself, at the earnest entreaty of his wife and children, embarked for his native land, to secure this treasure for their future use, and prepare a home for their future abode whenever it should be practicable for his family to rejoin him. The Baroness then hastened to the city, and placed herself and her children under the protection of the British Consul, where Henrique rejoined them. With mingled emotions of pride and thankfulness the mother listened to the narrative of her beloved son, and for a time their unhappy situation was forgotten in their joy at having secured the safety of two beings so venerated and dear.

Many scenes of wanton cruelty and bloodshed were enacted during the period of anarchy and misrule which the people were pleased to term the "revolution." The hand of the son was raised against the life of his father,

and all the ties of kindred, and even the common claims of humanity, were totally disregarded; it was truly a revolution, but its tendency was from bad to *worse*. Political factions multiplied to an alarming degree, and each clamorously insisted that their respective leaders should be promoted to the highest office in the misnamed republic. At last, the people, weary of tumult and dissension, with one voice demanded a ruler and a government; they professed themselves satisfied with their revolutionary experiment, and recalling the eldest son of their late king from the banishment into which they had driven him, he was crowned and enthroned with joyful acclamations, and assumed the title of "Pédro the First." The embryo republic was gladly consigned to oblivion, and a limited monarchy established in its stead.

The Senhor Viéra was assassinated in the city of M——, and shortly after, Inez returned to her solitary home. When peace was once more restored, Henrique collected the wreck of his father's vast fortune, purchased a suitable residence for his family, and the fair orphan became his bride.

For a long time no tidings were received of the Baron, and their inquiries concerning him were fruitless. At last they became convinced that the vessel was lost at sea, and all on board had perished. Many years afterwards, a sailor in the hospital at M——, in his dying moments, confessed that he was one of the piratical crew that plundered the missing vessel, destroyed the lives of all on board, and afterwards burned their prize.

Not one of the survivors could ever be induced to live again at the Cása de Campo, haunted as it was with the memories of happier days. It became a neglected and unsightly ruin, the habitation of owls and bats; and at the present time not a vestige remains of the splendor which has forever passed away.

LENORA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Lenora, just at blush of morn
  Arose from dreams opprest;
"Art dead, my love, or faithless grown?
  Oh, how long lingerest?"
He had with royal Frederic's force
Been borne along in battle's course,
And had no tidings sent
Of health in banishment.

At last the Empress and the King,
  Tired of dissension's tone,
Their ruthless spirits softening,
  A final peace made known.
And now each host, with merry twang,
With kettle drum, and clash and clang,
Adorned with branches green,
Approaching home is seen.

And old and young from every way,
  Each road and bridge along,
Come forth to meet the jubilee
  Of the returning throng.—
"Thank God!" the child and consort cried,
And "Welcome!" many a joyous bride;
But for our hapless maid,
No kiss or greeting staid.

She searched the gallant ranks throughout,
And asked for every name;
But none from William tidings brought,
Of all that homeward came.
And when the shining hosts had passed,
Herself upon the earth she cast,
And tore her raven hair,
With gestures of despair.

The mother ran with haste to see;—
"God, pity the distressed!
Thou darling child, what ailest thee?"—
And clasped her to her breast.
"Oh, mother, mother, gone is gone!
Now may the world and all be gone!
With God no mercies be!
Oh, woe to wretched me!"

"Help, Father, help! Look kindly down!
Thy Paternoster, child!
What God does, that must well be done!
Pity, oh God, thy child!"
"Oh, mother, vain the thought must be!
For God has not well done to me!
What did my prayer avail?
Now all things else must fail."

"Help, Father, help!—Whoe'er Him knows,
Knows that he helps the child!
The sacrament will bring repose,
And make thy sorrow mild!"
"Oh, mother, mother, to my woes,
No sacrament will bring repose!
No sacrament will make
The shrouded dead awake!"

" Hear, child! What if the faithless youth
In Hungary's far off land,
Has pledged again his perjured troth
In a new marriage band?
Oh, let, vain child, his heart go free!
No gain to him 't will ever be!
When soul and body part,
His crime will scorch his heart."

" Oh, mother, mother, gone is gone!
And lost is quite forlorn!
Death, death's the gain *I* count upon!
Oh, had I ne'er been born!
Go out, go out, my earthly light!
Oh, die away in void and night!
With God no mercies be!
Oh, woe to wretched me!"

" Help, Father, help! Judge not in wrath
This erring child of thine!
She knows not what she madly saith;
Charge not to her the sin!
Oh, dwell, my child, on sorrow less,
And think on God and blessedness!
Then shall thy lifted mind
The living Bridegroom find!"

" Oh, mother, what is blessedness?
Oh, mother, what is Hell?
With *him*, with *him*, is blessedness,
And without William, Hell!
Go out, go out, my earthly light!
Oh, die away, in void and night!
Without my love, no bliss,
In earth or heaven is!"

Thus raged despair with demon power
In whirling brain and vein!
And still she dared each passing hour,
The will of God arraign.
She wrung her hands, she beat her breast,
Until the sun had sunk to rest,
And in the vaulted sky
The golden stars went by.

And without, hearken! tramp! tramp! tramp!
As hoof of steed were there;
And clatter! clatter! with the tramp,
A horseman treads the stair.
And hark! and hark! a stealthy ring
Goes lowly, slowly, kling, kling, kling!
Then through the portals barred,
These accents clear are heard.

"Who's there? who's there? The gates undo!
Dost wake, my love, or sleep?
How fares thy William with thee now?
And dost thou laugh or weep?"
"Ah! William, thou! At night so late?
I've wept for thee, and I have waked;
Forlorn has been my plight;
Whence comest thou to-night?"

"I saddled but since yester eve,
And from Bohemia come;
I've made it late, and with thy leave,
Will take thee with me home!"
"Ah, William, first come quickly in!
For through the hawthorn howls the wind!
Come in, within mine arm,
Dearest, thyself to warm!"

"Then let the wind its dirges sing,
And howl through hawthorn sere!
The steed does paw! The spur does ring!
I dare not linger here!
Come robe thyself, and mount with me,
Upon my courser fleet and free!
To bridal bed, our way,
A hundred miles ere day!"

"A hundred miles ere day dost go,
With me to bridal bed?
And hark! the clock is sounding now!
Eleven hours have sped."—
"See there! see there! The moon shines bright!
We and the dead ride fast to-night!
To-night, I wager thee,
Our nuptial couch we see!"

"Where is thy nuptial chamber, where?
And where thy bride's repose?"—
"Still, cool and small, far, far from here,—
Eight boards my home compose!"
"Hast room for me?"—"For thee and me!
Come, robe thyself, and mount with me!
The bridal guests do wait,
And open stands the gate."

Then robed the maid, and bounded light
Upon the steed behind;
And round her dear and gallant knight
Her lily hands she twined.
And whizzing, whirring, splash! splash! splash!
In whistling gallop, on they dash!
And sparks in merry rout,
And pebbles wheel about!

To right and left their glance before,
How flies each heath and hedge!
How flies each waving green and shore!
How thunders every bridge!
"Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright!
Hurrah! the dead ride fast to-night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"—
"Ah no! but leave the dead!"

What sounds of wail are borne along?
Why flits the raven past?
Hark! tolling bell! hark! burial song!—
"Now take we dust to dust!"—
And funeral train draws slowly near,
Bearing a coffin and a bier.
Like the frog's evening moan,
Is the hoarse requiem's tone.

"At midnight's hour inter the dead,
With wail, and clang, and song!
Now bear I home the bride I wed;
Come, join the nuptial throng!
Come, sexton, here! come with the choir,
And sing the bridal song before!
Come, priest, the blessing speak,
Ere our repose we seek!"

Hushed song and clang;—fast fades the bier;—
And to his call resigned,
Whiz, whiz, and whirr, the hosts appear,
His horse's hoofs behind!
And ever faster, splash! splash! splash!
In whistling gallop, on they dash!
And sparks in merry rout,
And pebbles wheel about!

How flies t' the right, how flies t' the left,
Each mountain, hedge, and tree!
How to the left, and right and left,
Each town and village flee!
"Dost fear, my love! The moon shines bright!
Hurrah! the dead ride fast to-night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"
"Ah! leave to rest the dead!"

See there! see there! on gallows height,
Revolving round the wheel,
Half seen beneath the moonbeam's light,
An airy rabble reel!
"Holloa! ye phantom crew, come down!
Ye rabble, come and follow on!
And dance our bride-dance gay
When we in slumber lay!"

And lo! the rabble, brush! brush! brush!
Come clattering on behind,
As whistles in the hazle-bush,
Through withered leaves, the wind!
And faster, faster, splash! splash! splash!
In whistling gallop on they dash!
And sparks in merry rout,
And pebbles wheel about!

How flies whate'er the moonbeams eye,
In distance fading far!
How flies the vaulted heaven on high,
And every golden star!
"Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright!
Hurrah! the dead ride fast to-night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"
"Oh, leave to rest the dead!"

"Barb! barb! methinks the cock crows clear;
Soon will the sands be run;—
Barb! barb! I snuff the morning air;—
Forward! the goal is won!
Our race is done, our journey o'er,
The bridal bed yawns wide before!
Hurrah! the dead ride fast!
We've reached the spot at last!"

Headlong upon an iron-bound gate
With furious speed they went;
One gentle touch upon the grate,
And lock and bar are rent!
The portal, clattering, open flew,
While they o'er graves their course pursue,
And tombstones glitter white,
In the moon's lonely light.

But look! but look! a moment's space,
And lo! a marvel great!
The rider's doublet, piece by piece,
Falls mouldering at his feet!
A hairless skull his head became!
A naked skeleton his frame!
Wielding a scythe in hand,
Counting an hour-glass' sand!

The steed reared high, he snorted loud,
And spouted sparks of fire;
And lo! beneath the maid he bowed,
And melted into air!
Howls, dismal howls, fill air around,
And deeper groans convulse the ground!
Lenora's heart and breath
Struggle 'twixt life and death!

Now underneath the moonbeam dim,
In circles gliding slow,
Pale ghosts join hands in dances grim,
And howl these words of woe;—
"Be patient! and tho' heart may rend,
With God in heaven dare not contend!
Of body dispossessed,
God grant thy spirit rest!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

A GENTLEMAN who was addressed by one of the compilers, requesting a contribution for the ——, replied as follows:

* * * * * * *

"You ask for something in the shape of an essay, a tale, or a poem.

"Had you asked me to swim the Penobscot river crosswise, lengthwise, or otherwise, at any given angle, with or against the current, I should have answered, 'sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,' I will make the *essay*. Had you even imposed on me the harder task of assigning a good reason for the Mexican war, I might have made, as others have, a hopeless essay to find out and set forth some rational, some national, or some philanthropic motive therefor. Not that I deem myself equal to such Herculean feats, or indeed believe that the last is morally possible. But they might at least be attempted, whereas in the case at hand,

> 'The attempt, and not the deed
> Confounds me.'

"So much for an essay. As to a story, I never wrote one in my life. O, that I had never told one! A young lady being asked whether she could speak French, replied with logical precision: 'I do not know, sir, for I never tried.' My late sad experience deprives me of even that poor reply. I was lately travelling with a lit-

tle boy who has such a mania for stories, that he haunted me in steamboats, cars, and hotels, with ceaseless petitions for 'original stories founded on fact.' Placing himself in a listening attitude, he would say, 'I am all ready! Come, once there was a boy — now do begin!' Such importunity was of course irresistible, and I was thus betrayed into several attempts to beguile the time by extemporaneous fiction. But, upon my word, some incongruity in the plot, some inconsistency of character, anachronism, or other absurdity, was always sure to afford the boy vastly more entertainment, at the expense, too, of my reputation as an author, than the choicest and most brilliant passages I could invent. Finding it impossible to come up to a standard of excellence so diminutive, I resolved that to the like request hereafter, by any child more than seven years old, I would make but one reply —

'Story! God bless you,
I have none to tell!'

"But why should I refuse to write a *poem*?

'Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd.'

And since, O heavenly muse, for all my disinterested love thou hast never, from my youth upwards, vouchsafed a single feather from a wing of thine to waft my soul to thy serene abode, or even to fan its murky aspirations into poetic flame, grant me at least the gravity of Minerva's bird, while I make solemn protestation of thy unkindness. Lest thou be left to deny the charge,

'I call the phantoms of a thousand hours,
Each from its voiceless grave,'

— to bear witness how long and how hopelessly I have

wooed thee. Never again shall thy oft-rejected lover dare 'to call thee from thy sacred hill.' No! not even to aid this heavenly cause, which should be dear to thee and all thy sisters. To thee, ungrateful muse, I offer no apology for the coldness and hardness of a heart which thy own cruelty alone has congealed. But to thy sisters here below, I submit the humble plea of despair, trusting that they will commend the alienation of that love which has never been encouraged by a smile of thine, and applaud my final resolve to abandon the hopeless pursuit of thy favor."

* * * * *

These excuses, though certainly very acceptable, were in one sense not accepted. The gentleman was written to again, in behalf of the managers, and informed that unless he sent them something else, they were determined to publish his letter. This drew forth the following rejoinder. After acknowledging the receipt of the letter, and alluding to the alarming sentence aforesaid, he goes on thus: —

"An alarming sentence did I say? I should rather call it terrific. Had it been a sentence of death, I would not have opened my mouth to complain, or pointed my pen to reply. I should have welcomed the opportunity

> 'In some good cause, not in my own,
> To perish, wept for, honored, known.'

But instead of a consummation so glorious, a sentence of perpetual ignominy stares me in the face. Is it possible that I read it rightly, and that a private letter of mine is condemned to public disgrace, 'unless I send them something else,' for a sacrifice. 'Is this the opinion of the whole court, and do you mean to print it?' That is the question; the same that was once put to the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court by a member of

the bar, in his utter dismay at hearing an unlooked-for decision against his client. Well may it be repeated with variations on the present occasion. Dare you print it? Though bent on punishing me, have you no more regard for your own literary reputation than to print it? If you are reckless of that and of the credit of the city too, have you no more pity for the little orphans than to print it? Nothing but the testimony under your own hand and seal, would make me believe that tender hearts could harbor such revenge. But there stands the fatal sentence, so plain that he who runs may read, and so startling that he who reads must run. In hopes to detect some other meaning, I have gazed at it till 'my eyes are dim with childish tears.' O, that they could wash away the words. But what would that avail? 'Not all the water in the rough rude sea.' No, nothing but a Bangor ice-freshet could obliterate the memory of them.

"It was quite unnecessary for you to add that 'this affair is no joke.' I believe you, or, if it be a joke, it has but one precedent in authentic history. To that precedent I will for your sake briefly advert, with some hope, that by contemplating a true picture of the war you are waging, your hearts may yet be softened, and your cruel sentence be unconditionally revoked. I allude to the celebrated siege which called forth from the expiring representative of the afflicted inhabitants of Frogpondom that heart-rending protest against their tormentors, which has justly acquired a world-wide fame, by no means limited to his own race. I sincerely hope I am no *croaker*, but in the present emergency I should adopt the immortal language of that remonstrance, were it adequate to express my own more desperate fate. 'It may be sport to you,' ladies, but it is worse than death to me.

"A variety of moral and political reflections are suggested by that historical passage, upon which, were I in

a calmer mood, I should delight to expatiate. Even now I cannot forbear to remark, that their memorable remonstrance may justly occupy in the archives of that people a niche as conspicuous as that which in English history is assigned to Magna Charta, and in our own, to the Declaration of Independence. It would be difficult to decide which of these three great efforts has accomplished the most for the cause of liberty. Precisely the same thing that was effected in England by a dignified and temperate assertion of popular rights, and in America by the enumeration of public wrongs, and a soul-stirring defiance of tyranny, was brought about in Frogpondom by a simple and touching appeal to the hearts of all boykind. In a literary point of view, it is equally difficult to decide between the merits of these invaluable documents. The language of the English charter is the most logical, correct and perspicuous; that of the American declaration the most bold, flowing and energetic; while the appeal of the great Frogpondian so far surpasses either in conciesness, simplicity, and pathos, that I am more than half inclined to pronounce it the best. The most signal proof of its superior merit is the impression it has made upon the language of the race. They all have a plaintive semitone, so peculiar, that if you meet one of them in the darkest night, you are sure to detect his nationality by the clear, resounding, nasal twang of the first word he utters. Some authors attribute this peculiarity to the effect of strangulation during the siege. Allow me to remark, that such paltry critics, in attempting to show the delicacy of their ears, only expose the enormous length of them. They do not distinguish the guttural sound, which, of course, was caused by water, from the plaintive, nasal tone, which is wholly due to the moral effect of that pathetic expostulation.

"I cannot suppose that speculations like these will

interest you. But having seized upon the subject, as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I cling to it with desperation, as my only refuge from the contemplation of the dire alternative to which you have doomed me. Moreover, I agree with Emerson, that

> 'The politics are base,
> The letters do not cheer,
> And 't is far in the depth of history,
> *The voice that speaketh clear.*'

I will therefore indulge myself at your expense, if you read on, in a consideration of the remarkable changes which the appeal aforesaid has effected in the condition and prospects of that interesting race. The commencement of the siege lies buried in the shadowy depths of a remote and obscure antiquity, unfathomed by the sounding-line of history, unheard from even in the echoes of tradition, which have all fainted and died on their weary way, and as yet unexplored by geology itself, with its huge antennæ stretching far beyond the Flood. I therefore leave that point to the researches of the Bangor Antiquarian Society, suggesting to that learned body, as a possible clue to the mystery, that as

> 'We see mankind the same in every age,'

we may not unreasonably infer the same of boys. On this hypothesis, the true date will be found a long time previous to the siege of Troy, even when Adam was a little boy. It is well known, that up to the period of their emancipation from the siege, the condition of the Frogpondians was one of universal submersion, and that consequently their prospects were extremely limited. Indeed, as to their having any extensive views or agreeable prospects, they might just as well have been buried alive. Their liberty, also, was equally circumscribed.

To take the air and to take a pelting, were with them synonymous expressions. Even their constitutional right of grumbling was lost. The voice of complaint was drowned. The most vigorous choir of croakers could only raise a few extra bubbles, which burst unheard into empty air. Their sufferings were intolerable. Some swelled and burst with smothered grief or rage. Some took to hard drinking, and so ended their miserable days. Whoever dared show his head above water, instantly became the sure mark and victim of the besiegers. The whole race must have become extinct, had it not been for the anonymous hero, patriot, and martyr, whose dying words, 'It may be sport to you, boys, but it is death to us,' sent horror and remorse through the hearts of their natural enemies, the Urchins. The siege was forthwith abandoned, and as often as it has been renewed, the echo of those words has paralyzed the urchin's arm, and 'let the oppressed go free.' It is true, that during the tender period of their minority, they are still confined to the ancient, fish-like life of their remote ancestors. But when they graduate from the school of tadpoles, they receive the degree of L. L. M., which is, by amplification, *Legûm* et libertatis magister, and by interpretation, master of legs and liberty to use them, or, according to some critics, master of liberty, with legs to abuse it. And now, with a jump of joy they leave behind them their minority, together with their puerile integuments, and leap about on land, or dive, or swim, or sit at leisure under their own bulrushes, with none to molest or make them afraid. Sometimes, in full caucus they 'startle the dull night' by the vociferous exercise of their constitutional right of croakings. Sometimes they delight

> 'To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
> To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been.

"You may detect them in these day dreams by the solitary, melodious twang, — like the vibration of a single fiddle string, or, according to the minstrel's age, like that of a base-viol string, — which, ever and anon, betrays the spot

'Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever musing melancholy reigns.'

In short, their liberty might be said to be perfect, were it not for one abatement, which is all they now have to croak about. They want wings. But let them study the theory of 'Vestiges of Creation,' which traces the rise and progress of our race from mud to manhood, and draw from it a lesson of faith in their own manifest destiny. Looking down from the elevation they have already attained, upon their former low pursuits, let them cease croaking, cultivate their musical notes, and persevere in their convulsive efforts to fly, until they learn to soar and sing in the highest circles of larks and nightingales."

THE FLIGHT.

"I WILL ride with thee, bold rover,
Tho' my lover thou may'st not be;
I will ride with thee of the fiery steed,
Afar over land and sea.

"Or the convent walls, — e'er to-morrow's sun
Shall sink from yon mountain tall,
Will shroud me from the sunshine fair,
To pine in an endless thrall.

"But the convent walls less gloomily
Frown in the sunlight fair,
Than my father in his stately pride,
His grave and solemn air.

"I will ride with thee for freedom's sake
Afar over land and sea;
But gaze not thus! for I say, sir knight,
That my love thou may'st not be."

"So ho! so ho! my gallant steed
A throne for a queen thou art —
For Beauty's queen! now ladie fair
We 'll speed like the feathered dart."

Away! away! thro' the ringing air
Not swifter the tempest's flight,
Away from the cloister's threatened shade
Away from the father's might.

But alas for the maiden! too late she found
There are deadlier ills than those
Which a father's iron will may forge,
Or the convent walls enclose.

"Nay, recreant knight! I spurn thy suit,
And I scorn thy boasted power!
Fearless, I fled thro' the midnight drear,
And fearless, I meet this hour."

Her hand defiance proudly waved, —
Her eyes with triumph shone, —
A blade gleamed bright in the torch's light; —
With the *dead* was the knight alone.

DIRGE.

Make me a bed, mother,
Little and narrow,
For I must go, mother,
Go ere to-morrow.

Here you have made, mother,
Often my bed,
Softly the pillows have
Smoothed for my head.

No more again, mother,
Can I lie here,
Hard must my rest be
On the low bier.

How, by your side, mother,
You've smiled to see,
In the bright morning,
My face turn to thee.

You must not weep, mother,
When you look there,
Silently seeing no
Child needs your care.

Oh, it is sweet, mother,
Here by your side,
Can it be pleasant with
Death to abide?

Ah! thou *wilt* weep, mother,
Nor canst refrain,
To smooth the dear place, where
I lie not again.

Then you will think, mother,
Of that cold bed,
The grave, far away, where
Your darling is laid.

Take then away, mother,
The cot by your side;
Your fond love could never
Its stillness abide.

But let us pray, mother,
That we may be given,
Where nothing shall part us,
A soft bed in heaven.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"And so, Mrs. Benson, it seems you have some new neighbors. Pray, what sort of people are they?"

"I really cannot say, Mrs. Hart. They have not been here quite two weeks, and that is hardly long enough to form an opinion of their characters."

"Well, I don't know how it is," said Mrs. Estes, "but *I* always form an opinion of people, the first time I see them; and I must say, that I seldom see occasion to change it."

"And have you seen these Ryleys?"

"I have. They were all at church last Sunday, and I called on Mrs. Ryley the next day, when I saw the family again."

"And how did they strike you?"

"Oh, I should think they were people of some property, and who had moved in good society. The parlors had a very genteel air — rather grander than any of us can afford — but all very well for people of wealth, if they are so. Mr. Ryley looks like what the men style 'a good substantial citizen,' but like what I should call, a 'good easy sort of a man,' who would let his wife do as she pleased, provided she only gave good dinners, and a prime cup of coffee in the morning. And say what we will, the way to most men's hearts is through their palates. Mrs. Ryley is intelligent, well bred, and good looking. She has a very decided manner, as much as to say, 'this is my house, and I am mistress of all that is in

it.' You may depend, she rules the roast, as the saying is, and rules with a stiff rod, or I am greatly mistaken."

"From what could you draw such conclusions," said good Mrs. Benson, in some surprise, "upon so slight an acquaintance?"

"Oh, I saw it all perfectly plain. The children were present, and if ever *step-mother* was written on any woman's face, it is on hers."

"Step-mother! Has Mr. Ryley been married twice?"

"Of course he has. He is evidently as much as fifteen years older than his wife. And then, too, the difference in the ages of the children; the two eldest are seventeen and fifteen, with light hair and eyes, and look no more like Mrs. Ryley than they do like me, while her children are five and two years old — with dark hair and eyes precisely like their mother's, whose, I must say, are a little sharp. I pitied those two oldest children — they have a hard time of it, I know. That poor Louisa is a meek little inoffensive thing, who scarcely dares to look up under her eyebrows, or to speak above her breath, without glancing anxiously at Mother to see if she approves. I *do think*, Mr. Ryley ought to stand up for his own flesh and blood better. I declare, if I was a man, and married a wife who would not be kind to my children, I would soon show her that my house had two sides to it, and that she might take the *outside* as soon as she pleased. I like to see a man know his own rights."

Mrs. Benson, who was one of the kindest and most truly courteous women in the world, could scarcely refrain from returning Mrs. Hart's meaning glance, at hearing this declaration on the part of Mrs. Estes, whose husband, poor man, was well known to be one of those henpecked mortals, who hardly dare breathe, except by permission of their wives. She, however, did refrain, and only answered —

"I understand Mr. and Mrs. Ryley have always borne good characters in the place they came from, and were both respected and beloved, where they were best known. I trust, therefore, that your suspicions, Mrs. Estes, will prove incorrect."

Mrs. Estes replied, with a slight toss of the head, "I hope so too — but we shall see. I know I am apt to judge hastily, but I have great faith in first impressions, and I find I am generally in the right about such things."

A few months served to make the Ryleys very well known at Westford. They were considered worthy, staid, substantial people, who belonged to the church, and who always gave their influence in favor of good manners, good morals, and religion. They lived liberally, were public-spirited, and generous to the poor. Still, the rumor gained strength, that Mrs. Ryley was not kind to her two step-children. It was asserted that she kept Louisa at home from school, and refused to suffer her to join any parties of young persons of her acquaintance, that she might assist in taking care of the younger children. Henry resented this, and it was said that violent altercations on this subject often accrued between himself and his mother. Many were the exaggerated stories which were circulated from house to house — and many were the lamentations over this deplorable state of things by the good people of Westford. Everywhere, Louisa and Henry were met with looks, and frequently with expressions, of sympathizing compassion, which they could not understand, and which were sometimes excessively annoying.

One afternoon, the ladies of a sewing-circle met at Mrs. Benson's, to work for the children of the poor who belonged to the parish. The day was rainy, and so small a number collected, that the conversation remained general, and soon turned from considering the wants of des-

hildren, to sympathizing with "the more affecting
s," as one lady pathetically expressed it, "of those
l not want indeed a covering for the body, but
spirits languished for the fostering arm of a moth-
e," — the young Ryleys. Various anecdotes illus-
of the subject, all greatly exaggerated, and most
ı without any foundation, were related by one and
, and the exclamations — "Too bad!" "shame-
'abominable!" etc., passed around among those
ok the most active share in the conversation. One
ıclared that she herself had seen enough to con-
ıer, that all they had heard was but too true; for,
e, "as I was one afternoon entering Mrs. Ryley's
I heard Henry say in loud tones to his mother,
ouisa is but a poor spirited thing; any girl would
was always kept in the nursery. I wish she had
er who *was* a mother,' and then he bolted out of
ır, throwing it to with a slam that shook the room.
rse, I found Mrs. Ryley a little discomposed, but
s too well bred not to endeavor to conceal it, as
ıs possible." This looked a little more like proof
ıything which had yet been related, and it made
rful impression upon the assembly.

ın the excitement had a little subsided, the pa-
lady aforesaid laid down her work, and gently
g her hands upon her lap, and casting up her eyes,
d with great gravity and emphasis, "Well, ladies,
know what *you* may think about this matter; but
that it is a very serious thing — an awful thing
ıne woman to abuse, in this manner, the children
her — the precious treasures which her husband,
God, you may say, has committed to her charge.
of you can imagine how many anxious thoughts
had about it — how heavily it lies on my heart; I
ept over it, and prayed over it, till I am convinced

that we have a solemn duty to perform in the case, and my conscience will not let me rest till it is done."

"Indeed! ah! how! what is it?" were exclamations uttered by several of the circle, while all dropped their work and gazed upon the speaker in wondering surprise, curious to hear what would follow this startling announcement.

"Yes, ladies, I wish to ask you one question. Do you consider Mrs. Ryley a sister in Christ, or not?" Most of them immediately replied in the affirmative, and added, that, with the exception of her treatment of her husband's children, they knew nothing to object to in her walk and conversation since she had been among them.

"Then is it not clearly our duty as fellow-christians, to admonish her in this matter, and endeavor to awaken her slumbering conscience by 'speaking the truth' to her 'in love.' I have no doubt, myself, what duty demands, and my husband, the deacon, perfectly agrees with me. He says we ought to give ourselves no peace, until two or three of us have been to her, and talked with her faithfully, as directed in the Gospel of St. Mathew. Indeed, he says he is not sure, that it ought not to be brought before the church. At any rate, we ought to talk with her not merely on account of these poor suffering children, but for the sake of her own soul; perhaps we shall have the happiness to convince her of this sin, and so we shall gain our sister. I know that to do this will be a *great cross;* but I for one, am willing to take it up and bear it, according to the best of my ability."

It was amusing to observe the mixture of awe and admiration with which this oration was received by some of the ladies, who had always been accustomed to regard the speaker as an oracle; while others drew in their breaths, and looked quite aghast at the idea of taking upon themselves such a responsibility. Among the lat-

ter was Mrs. Benson, who had in vain endeavored to stem the tide of prejudice against Mrs. Ryley, and who being now directly called upon for her opinion, said she should not object so much to the course proposed, if they had any proof that the accusation referred to was just, — but this she did not think was the case; that though she had lived very near the Ryleys, and had been much with them since they had been in town, she had never seen a single instance of ill treatment of the children, or heard of one well-authenticated case.

"That is just like Mrs. Benson," said Mrs. Estes, sharply, "she never will believe anything. I should like to know what more proof can be required?"

Mrs. Benson felt a little hurt at this attack, and she replied with some dignity, "Of course, ladies, you will follow your own judgment rather than mine, but I greatly fear we shall make ourselves ridiculous by any interference with Mrs. Ryley's family affairs. Besides, if I rightly read the instructions of St. Mathew, one alone should expostulate with an offending member of the church, and only in case this appeal be unheeded, should the presence of two or three witnesses be required."

This could not be denied, but no one felt willing to bear the brunt of such a battle alone; so the former plan was adopted, and the ladies who were to compose the committee of visitation were designated by the rest. Of course the "oratorical lady," Mrs. Bascom, was placed in the front rank, supported on either hand by Mrs. Estes and Mrs. Hart.

The next day they called on Mrs. Ryley, not without some trepidation, but braced up by the thought, especially "our orator," that they were discharging a difficult and most solemn duty. But somehow they found it even more difficult than they had anticipated. The lady was so quiet, gentle, and dignified; her "Louisa, my love,"

as the latter left the room, seemed so genuine, that it was not easy to suppose a harsh, unkind nature could be at the bottom when the surface was so fair. At length, Mrs. Bascom finding her delicate innuendoes either all skilfully parried, or really misunderstood, was obliged to state in plain terms the cause of offence which Mrs. Ryley had given to her Christian brethren and sisters. Her face assumed the expression it generally wore when she prepared herself for an unusual burst of eloquence — the gentle wave of her hands kept time with the tones of her voice, which became softly pathetic, as she commenced a labored speech on the beauty of the family relation, when it was sustained with forbearing affection; — the duty of receiving deserved rebuke in a meek and humble spirit, and the difficulty of administering it. She was going on in glowing terms, to describe how sore a trial it was to her companions and herself to be obliged to address the language of reproof to one whom in most respects they had so much reason to esteem — but Mrs. Ryley, who was in no humor to listen to an oration, cut this short, by saying in a decided manner,

"I'll thank you, Mrs. Bascom, to waive all apologies, and tell me at once of what I am accused."

Mrs. Bascom did not like to be interrupted in her speeches; it annoyed her; put her off her track; she could not resume gracefully the thread of her discourse; especially she knew not what to do with such directness of manner as Mrs. Ryley's — but the question being repeated, she found herself obliged to come to the point.

"In truth, dear sister, it is universally reported and commonly believed, that there is not that state of harmony between yourself and your husband's children, which the sacredness of that tie that binds you together should ensure."

"My husband's children! Why not my children?"

"Oh, we were only speaking of your two step-children, Henry and Louisa."

"My *step-children* — ha! But no matter — what of them?" and a smile broke through the hitherto puzzled, and it must be confessed, somewhat indignant expression of Mrs. Ryley's face.

"It is said that they do not receive from you that perfect justice and kindness to which they are entitled, as the children of one you are bound to love and cherish, and on account of their tender age and motherless condition, which ought to appeal to every better feeling of your heart."

"Really, my friends! I am obliged to my neighbors for their charity, which certainly in this case 'believeth all things!' but you are aware that a charge of this nature needs to be sustained by some proof; and pray let me ask, what evidence have you that I am not just and kind to my — to Henry and Louisa?"

This very natural demand the ladies were scarcely prepared to meet. They had not considered the wide difference between believing a story and being able to substantiate it. Each looked at the other, expecting her to speak, but neither did so, — their faces grew blanker and blanker, — at last Mrs. Estes urged "common report."

"But," said Mrs. Ryley, "common report is a common liar, — I shall not plead guilty on such evidence."

The ladies looked extremely confused, even Mrs. Bascom was non-plussed — all at once she remembered the language which Henry had been overheard to use. This she triumphantly repeated. But Mrs. Ryley, who had evidently of late found it difficult to retain a grave countenance, scarcely heard this story to the end, ere she fell into a hearty fit of laughter, which was again and again renewed.

Mrs. Bascom looked very much shocked at this irreverent reception of her solemn appeal. Mrs. Estes' countenance flashed with anger, while Mrs. Hart could only gaze from one to the other, with an expression of simple wonder and astonishment.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, for my seeming rudeness," said Mrs. Ryley, still laughing, "but really, your impressions of my conduct are founded in a mistake so ludicrous, that I cannot avoid being extremely amused. So it seems I am accused of being unkind to my *step-children!* And pray, who told you they were step-children?"

"Who told us! You don't say — why — why — you are a step-mother, are you not?"

"No, surely."

"Is it possible! Are these children adopted, then?"

"Oh no."

"Are you not Mr. Ryley's second wife?"

"Not that I am aware of. I always thought I was his only wife. If he was ever married before, he has kept it a profound secret from me."

There was now but one conclusion to be drawn, and Mrs. Bascom fairly gasped as she stammered out,

"Then Henry and Louisa are *your* children?"

"Certainly. I never heard that fact questioned till this moment." But her mirth now became uncontrollable, in which her visitors would certainly have joined, but for their intense mortification. As it was, they could only stare at each other with faces which said as plainly as features could speak, "What geese we are."

"How could we be so mistaken?" at length murmured Mrs. Hart.

"How could all Westford be so mistaken?" chimed in Mrs. Bascom.

Mrs. Estes said nothing. She had some glimmering

consciousness of having herself something to do with setting this ball in motion, but she was not the less indignant that fact should presume to contradict her "first impression."

"I think I can resolve the riddle," remarked Mrs. Ryley, still smiling, though pitying the confusion and embarrassment of her guests. "I was married very young, and my husband is several years my senior. For a long time after the birth of Louisa I was in feeble health, and none of the chlldren born during that period lived more than a few hours, until Mary and Willie, who happened to bear a strong resemblance to me, both in looks and constitution — while the older ones have the fair hair and eyes of their father. Willie, you are aware, is a sickly infant, and I dare not leave him to the care of such servants as I am obliged to employ. My health suffered so much from care and confinement, that Louisa begged hard to be allowed to aid me this summer, instead of attending school, and I reluctantly consented. She is very devoted to her little brother, and he very fond of her; and she often refuses my urgent request that she would join in the social pleasures suitable to her age, pleading that she cannot leave Willie. This accounts for Master Henry's speech, who, though a pretty good boy, is sometimes wilful, and insists very strongly upon having his sister go out with him. His wish, that 'she had a mother who *was* a mother,' meant, that he should like to see me exert a mother's authority, and compel her to go. These circumstances, I presume, fully account for the mistake into which you have fallen. As to what remains of the charge of unkindness, it may probably be set down to the exaggeration arising from the prejudice against step-mothers."

Had Mrs. Ryley wished for revenge, she would have felt that she had already had sufficient in her enjoyment

of the ridiculous position and unconcealed chagrin of her accusers, and she now strove to smooth matters over. "Allow me, my friends, to congratulate you and myself that the painful impression of my unchristian conduct is so happily removed." But nothing could relieve the awkward constraint of the party, and they took their departure as quickly as possible.

As soon as they were in the street, Mrs. Estes exclaimed, "How mean in Mrs. Benson not to tell us Mrs. Ryley was own mother to those children! I don't believe but she knew it the whole time."

"It makes no difference now, whether she did or no; but I believe we are indebted to your infallible 'first impressions,' for this awkward blunder."

"Indebted to yourself, rather. Who would ever have thought of making this visitation if you had not proposed it, and persuaded us by setting it out as 'a case of conscience.'"

"Don't let us accuse each other," said Mrs. Hart, "I am sure we have all been foolish; and I hope it will teach us not to be so ready to credit idle tales."

"Good advice!" said conscience to each of the ladies.

A few months afterwards, as Mrs. Hart and Miss Rand were making a morning call upon Mrs. Estes, Louisa Ryley came in to see her daughter Mary about some music they were practising together. As she was going away, Mrs. Estes said, "My dear Louisa, do stay and spend the day with Mary — I shall be delighted to have you."

"Indeed, I could not to-day, I thank you. Willie is sick again, and I should not like to leave mother to take care of him alone all day."

"Oh, I suspect your mother would be quite willing. I will send John to let her know, if you will stay."

"Do, Louisa, do," said Mary, again and again.

"I know mother would be willing, but I should not like to do it, she is so feeble. I will come as soon as Willie is better — good bye."

"What a dear good girl that is," said Mrs. Estes, "to be so devoted to her little brother, and so considerate of her mother. I fear there are not many girls of her age that would be so thoughtful."

"Yes," remarked Miss Rand, with a bland smile, "Louisa Ryley is a sweet girl."

"And her mother is a most excellent woman — 't is a pity she is so much out of health."

"I am truly glad to hear you say so — I supposed you thought so differently."

"Me think differently! Why should you suppose so?"

"Merely," replied Miss Rand, with the same sweet smile, "because I heard you say something of the kind some time since, and you know that you 'seldom *change* your opinions.' I suppose, however, you may *sometimes* find yourself mistaken in 'first impressions.' Good morning."

"There is at least one opinion that I have never changed," replied Mrs. Estes — first taking care that her visitor was beyond hearing — "and that is, that you are a cross, crabbed, disagreeable old maid! That is my *first* and *last* impression!"

May creep away, and vigils keep,
When honest men are all asleep.
For all up stairs and all below,
Is fitted for the jam, you know.

* * * *

The clock strikes eight. Ah! luckless pair
Who chance to be the earliest there!
In fashion's world no longer they
Shall stand the first, whoever may.

Howe'er, *they're in* — fine words are passed,
But conversation flags at last;
Who sit, or stand, in solemn state,
Waiting on company to wait,
Feel something of an anxious mood,
Nor can be social if they would.

Now the poor guests can at their leisure,
Look round upon this scene of pleasure;
They fain would "drive away dull care,"
And *seem* at least delighted there.
In vain! for still they only sigh,
And hope for pleasure by and by,
And now with greetings soft and fair,
Our hosts receive another pair.

They come — they come — short greetings now,
A word, a smile, a hurried bow —
Oh easy manners! none shall fear,
To act the part he chooseth here.
Oh! happy moment, every mind
Shall here its fellow-spirit find!
Lift up thine eye, poor clown, attend!
Here stands one fit to be thy friend.
Thou lady bright, refined, and fair,
Behold thy counterpart is here.

Thou, who dost wisdom's page explore —
Here's a deep freight of learned lore.
Thou, disappointed, who hast come
To chase away thy spirit's gloom —
Here 's one who brings a heavy heart;
Commune ye well before ye part.
It may not be — 't is mixture all,
Each stands where'er his lot doth fall,
Each his own character aside has thrown,
And in a crowd, is still alone.
Some nonsense talk, some stand and hear
Their neighbors' fooleries, with inward sneer —
Some glance around with curious eye,
Each face, and form, and dress to spy —
Now laugh at finery made anew,
So that "for evening it will do" —
And now, at those in clothing gay,
Who turn the beggar's prayer away.

"The combat thickens," in by scores,
The multiplied assembly pours.
Our hostess sighs, "they *all* will come!
Have none the grace to stay at home?
It is a jam! a squeeze!! a rout!!!
Indeed, I wish we 'd ne'er set out."

A serious aspect things assume —
'T is no mistake, this want of room;
"Miss, will you please to let me pass?"
"I would, but cannot move, alas!" —
"Excuse me, that I rudely speak,
Remove your elbow from my cheek."
"There is no place to put it ma'am;
I hope it will not do you harm." —
"I cannot stand it long, can you?"
"Come here, here 's room enough for two."
But here 's the hostess of the night.
"You have a splendid party, quite." —

"Why yes, indeed, we could not do
Aught less, when we invited *you*."
"There'll be a reason, when I'm caught
Again in such a crowd," he thought.

"Think you," a damsel said, distressed,
"That I could reach the other side?"
"I know not, but I'll do my best
To help you there," a friend replied.
He took her hand, they pressed along,
He pushes with one arm the throng,
"Be not discouraged! hold on fast,"—
The crowd have parted them at last,
And there they stand, with arms spread wide,
Nor onward move, nor backward, nor aside.
So stood of old poor Lady Lot,
Full firmly fastened to one spot;
So fishes sometimes caught at play,
The crevice of a rock inside,
Get fastened in, and there do they,
Wait ages to be petrified.

* * * *

There is a motion—"What now friend?"
"You'll please on supper to attend."
Our congregation now repairs,
A noun of multitude, up stairs.

Behold fantastically laid
The evening tables are displayed!
Oh what a multitude of sweets
Now breaks on the delighted eye!
While each gallant invites, entreats
His lady something rare to try.
"I think," said one, "don't you," aside,
"Here's much less taste displayed than pride;
I would not try, if I were they,
To emulate the rich and gay."

" Do see Miss Lady-like behind the door!
She eats as ne'er she eat before —
Now pray attend her, cousin John,
With custards, cakes, and urge her on.
She 's a fit subject, I am sure,
For mirth — a female epicure."

Some poor wights stand, their bosoms stirred
With all the pangs of hope deferred,
Wedged into a neglected nook,
Doomed only on the feast to *look*.
In vain they conversation try —
Still you can see it in their eye,
" Alas! indeed our lips are dry."
— The tide has turned, and all must go,
Whether they will or not, below.

Soon secret thoughts begin to come
Of those who have remained at home;
Of parents who so anxious wait,
Grieved that their daughters stay so late;
Of infants, who so sleepless moan,
That they are left so long alone.
— " I cannot longer stay." — " Nor I.
Think you we can get out?" " We 'll try."
The fount is broke — the waters flow —
The door is opened — and all go.

A rainy night! The mud! Oh dear!
" Good friends, sweet friends," we leave you here.

* * * *

Now round about the ruins lay
Of the assembly passed away —
Our host and hostess, sad, retire,
Sweet refuge! to the kitchen fire;
Tho' some confusion yet is there,
There is no company to sneer.

"Well, they are gone! — 't is over, dear,
Now no more parties for a year!"
"Indeed," she said, "I 'm glad 't is o'er;
It was a melancholy bore."

And *this* is *social intercourse!* the ray
That heaven has given to cheer our way!
This the attraction which doth bind
As into one all human kind!
This the communion of the heart!
The meeting where we dread to part!
This the bright stream, whose singing clear
Is sweetest music to the ear!

Oh! say not so. These scenes where art
Usurps the empire of the heart;
Where pride and envy, though restrained,
Lurk under gentleness, well feigned,
The social genius shuns. If this were all
That social intercourse we call,
Whose countenance would brighter shine,
Cheered by the human face divine?
Who turned in error's path to stray,
Would hear a voice enchanting, say,
"Come hither friend — this is the way."

1834.

A SIMPLE SKETCH OF SIMPLE THINGS.

"WAKE up! wake up! little wife. I whistled home from the field, foolish enough to believe I should be quite a recognizable object in the home kitchen, after a day's absence. It is well that I am a peaceable man, or the bread would taste sour, and the butter rancid, as I eat and watch you devouring in another way the cradle and its contents. The baby may have *one* eye; I'll yield that, though time was, when both were mine. Let its round face stay painted there forever; but, Molly mine, give me the other."

The injured master of the premises did not often make so long a speech. Whether he paused, surprised at the pathos of his appeal, or for the critical survey of two very fine Daguerreotypes, just then visible in the eyes of Mrs. Molly Hines, may be left to the learned investigation of commentators. Ah, Caleb, you may well be quiet and peaceable. No wonder that your brown face twinkles all over with merriment as it spies a double image in such a looking-glass. The heavy coffers of your neighbor over the way could buy none of so high reflective powers. True, it was a fair young bride that he led to the marriage altar, that bright June morning. True, also, that as an innocent, uncorrupted child, holy affection shone often from eyes of clear violet, that knew no "masking nor diguise." It should not have been true, that, as the priest pronounced the words, "what God hath joined together," in that uninspired voice (he felt, alas,

depths, prattled past the house, contented with their mission, though not possessing tones so musical to a parent's ear as the lisping ones of the beloved. That life flowed on in harmony with its waves, and three years, garlanded by bright and gladdening reminiscences, numbered themselves with the past.

"Hatty shall be just such another rosy-cheeked dumpling as yourself, Molly. Only teach her the wise things in your own little head, and God bless the happy man that shall have a second Molly Hines to keep sunshine and plenty in his house all sorts of weather."

"No, Caleb," said Mary, slowly and musingly, "Harriet must bring wisdom to us both. Sometimes, as now, when I look upon her, I feel that she will teach all who will hear, high and wonderful things."

Caleb's twinkling eyes grew thoughtful for a moment, as he observed the subject of their words surrounded at the door step by doves and chickens, apparently attracted by crumbs escaping from her fingers; but again his cheeks dimpled with merriment as he answered,—

"She will be a darling, any way. But all mothers are so wise; only don't begin to think her too good to live, because that is an 'old woman's whim.' You, who were a most wonderful baby, are now a most wonderful wife, having lived and grown up despite the uncommon babyhood."

The next morning, the sunlight rested as though it loved to abide upon the white floor, and Harriet stood by her father's knee. A remark struck him as somewhat odd to come from the lips of so young a child, and he playfully asked,

"What makes you so sensible, little Harriet?"

"Love," was the reply, clear and low, as if an angel had spoken through her lips. Caleb raised his head with a strange feeling that he stood in another and more real

world. His glance was rivetted to the still depths of his daughter's eyes. Repose sat upon the infantile brow; the repose of deep and beautiful joy over the whole face. Again he repeated his first thoughtlessly-asked question; and again the response was, "Love." Her eyes had been raised to his, beaming with glorious humility, but as his gaze grew more intense, a faint flush visited her cheeks; the golden lashes drooped — a laugh, glad and happy, but withal, so soft and subdued that it hardly stirred the perfect tranquillity, and she moved away.

There Caleb, the hitherto boisterous man, remained motionless, his spiritual sense pervaded by delicious beauty. He thought not — "feeling was deeper than thought." The sunbeams playing upon a mark in the floor, brought consciousness that the hour for labor had arrived, and lighter than usual he stepped from the threshold. He neither sang, nor whistled, as his plough turned the soil, and the oxen, missing the accustomed animating exclamations, moved dreamily along.

"Love — love — is that what makes every one sensible? O, Harriet's look! that beautiful look makes me see it clearer now, than if it were read out of a sermon in a high pulpit. What else *does* make Molly wise, if it is not love? She never went much to school, but she stands so womanly before those that have, and speaks her own thoughts so simple and plain, that learned people think themselves richer for listening. Sick neighbors send for her, instead of old women. What is it but compassion for suffering that makes her hand upon their foreheads ease their pain, and lets her know just what roots will make them strong and well? She never studied into it, like the doctors, and they make queer mistakes. Plants certainly whisper so that she can hear what sickness God made them to cure, because she is so bright and loving. If she goes among the flock to take a sick lamb home

to nurse, no sheep stamps its foot. And but yesterday, Tabby, who can growl, bristle her fur, and be as stealthy as any other cat in the presence of others, came from under the wood-pile, where no one could reach her, and laid a live robin at Mary's feet — she only speaking gently and soothingly to her not to hurt the bird.

Then, never one night, since the wedding one, except during a week of sickness, has she failed to open the door for me when I come home from work, always looking so fresh and young in her smooth gown, blue, too, reminding me of the truth in her own blue eyes. The minister and other pious people talk about duty. She works with heart and hand from morn till night, without thinking of duty. It is all from love. Were there nothing but the bare walls, a house could not be desolate, if Mary stood inside. And, too, our babe, our Harriet, who finds a nestling-place in every one's heart, and even in her bright glee makes me still — does she not tell me it is *love* that makes *her* sensible?"

We will not follow longer with Caleb the arcana of wisdom involved in the inspired word breathed from the lips of his child. It covers the whole ground, for is it not the "Alpha and Omega" of Christian doctrine? The pages of theologians, perhaps, look dark and heavy, and benumb our spirits; this simple word-utterance is breathed from the home of angels, and they bloom into heavenly life.

Perhaps Harriet wonders why the Lobelia Cardinalis, Jewel-flower, and wild rose-buds and blossoms, that lean over the bank, nodding prettily to their images in the dancing brook, and the blue and white doves that fly from holes in the barn down to the wet gravel on the bank, and daintily wash their feet in the frolicksome wavelets, are not very excellent teachers. It was no mystery to her, that a dove should have alighted upon the bowed

head of Him, who eighteen hundred years ago stood by the baptismal river. She could not speak the rustling language of those vibrating wings, as they, too, walked up from their baptism; but the cooing from their swelling throats had angel teachings. She may have wondered if school-mistresses had voices as pleasant as these, her early friends, but her hands were laid trustingly in those of the neighbors' children, who called to lead her to the village school. They loved her childish prattle, and tenderly lifted her over mud-puddles, anon pausing to fasten butter-cups and daises in her hair and bosom, because they looked brighter and prettier upon her. It is true, that "Pa," "Ma," "lamb," and "bird," were pleasant names to spell, but the book had no constant fascinations like the open one from which she had been wont to read, and it was easy to sleep upon the long bench. Then rude boys stepped softly, forbearing to push their way to the desks, lest she should awaken.

"Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do."

Even the teacher paused from her monotonous questioning in Spelling-book and Grammar, to wonder at the light upon the sleeper's face. Had she, in adult years, striven like the great Schiller, "to keep near the visions of" her "childhood," or could she have entered into the young child's dream-land, and have seen the calm rivers that flowed before the inner eyes, with their banks of living green, and the light over all, so glorious and bright, that never dazzled like the sun of the world, she would have known no sense of wonder.

At the ringing of the recess bell, girls in scant frocks and checked aprons gathered around the youngest scholar, and strove gently — for in her presence they forgot shrill tones and coarse behavior — to lead her to the grove. Happy were those fifteen minutes of sporting time, with

their important launchings of birch-bark canoes and moss rafts. Some disappointment there was, that holes dug round the trees and softly lined with moss, never enticed any winged occupants to keep house in ready built nests; but such things seldom amounted to absolute grief. Pleasant was all this, but happier than school hour of study or play, was the one when Harriet again occupied the low chair at her mother's side.

At night, when that mother laid her child's head upon the pillow, and left her with moon and stars peeping in to tell of loving angels' eyes that watched the household's darling, yearning visions of something more beautiful in her own youthful slumbers than she had since known, came back to her heart; but they were very shadowy, and feeling truly that it was better to go on in her woman's path, than back to the innocence of childhood, she sought her husband's cheerful converse and pleasant evening tasks.

Then, little Hatty, after looking calmly at the moonbeams upon the walls, would draw the sheet over her head, and see colors brighter than those about her dove's necks in the sunlight, or any that streaked the cups of wild flowers. She looked upon beaming faces as upon familiar friends, though more radiantly apparelled. The golden light still shone, and forms of life were yet visible, as she lost herself in slumber. Nightly had she thus turned from the outward world, hardly knowing it — certainly wondering none, never troubled by philosopher's or sceptic's query as to what she saw being "subjective or objective," enjoying all as unquestioning as the air she inhaled, or the love in her heart. At times she considered for a moment, whether the pleasant images in her memory were seen by day or night. If it was obscure, the thought passed as easily as it came.

She observed the bee, covered with golden dust from

the flower-cups, whither she knew it had not gone to *rest*, stop in its flight, to draw from its abundance, and impart the sweet honey in its own mouth to its hungry companion just flying from its labor of constructing the waxen cell. Considered, also, was the bird flying more swiftly, because it bore food to beloved ones in a woven cradle. If she strewed crumbs for the hens that at night covered their broods with motherly wings, she saw the soft chickens hastening at the familiar cluck, while a hungry parent walked around in matronly dignity, pecking up a crumb but to drop it into the opened mouth of some chicken more tottling than its companions. All ever sang to her spiritual ear, that a "life happy and glad" could not be separated from loving and giving.

No little maiden was ever handier, rubbing dairy-pans bright from the cleansing water, dust from chairs and cherry-wood table, pulling vegetables from the kitchen garden, and washing them for the noon-day meal.

When the spring came round again, "the humming bird," as the father delighted to call her, often startled him in the field with her joyous laughter. She too must aid in dropping shining beans and corn into the earth, prattling the while in her simple way.

"Father, will the yellow kernels always stay in the dark mould? What use will that be, if they never peep out any more?"

Caleb spoke of the sunbeams that would warm them day by day; of the pure rain-drops that would bathe them in their snug home, 'till the expanding growth of the true life within the outer covering, needing more room, would burst its enclosure, and work upward to a higher freedom.

"Must everything *die*, father, before it can *live?*"

Caleb thought, as he covered the golden grain and looked at the earnest eyes of his daughter, "Except a

corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Butterflies were flitting over the moist earth. The thoughts of his daughter, always "winged and free," came fresh to his heart, with a foreboding voice, that other sunlight would aid her expansion than that which warmed his fields.

One day a great grief visited a neighbor's house. An infant must be borne to the grave, and heavy was the mother's heart, while to her vision the world was clothed in mourning. Her wail of agony at the grave, as she begged to see the child's face once more, drew tears to many eyes which never beheld the sundering of dear ties in their own midst. Men, lowering the narrow house, drew it up again, at her imploring cry.

"My own precious babe! my heart's darling! I *cannot* let you go!" she sobbed, clasping her arms convulsively around the small coffin, till gently forced to yield it to other hands.

"Does Mrs. More think it is *her* little *Georgy* they buried," said Harriet, as Mrs. Hines related the touching event.

"Perhaps if she did not wear such a black gown and bonnet, and other people's faces were not so sad, she would feel happier."

"We will go this afternoon and place flowers upon the grave; they will speak to her more truly than black garments," said the mother.

After a few hours they visited a moist nook, where sweet violets had bloomed, and carefully removed many roots to a little basket. High rocks were climbed, that scarcely nourished a blade of grass, but there the deep blue hare-bell waved in beauty to the breeze. Further on in the wood the perfumed air warned them that the Linnea's rose-tinted bells were near, and its vines in-

creased their store. In the church-yard, a three-year-old sister of the glorified babe was digging with her hands into the newly heaped-up earth, that she might "take dear brother Georgy home to Mamma." Placid looks and words quickly soothed the little one, who then watched with interest the flowers fresh blooming as it were from the grave, and prattled pleasantly of her angel-brother, who was not lying at all stiff in the ground, but growing fast in the sunshine of Heaven.

That evening, yearning for the babe that had nestled in her bosom, drew the bereaved mother to the church-yard. There, in the light of moon and stars, the delicate blossoms, which had themselves sprung from the dark mould, spoke of resurrection and life. She bowed over them, and inhaled their sweet breath. No wail passed her lips, but calmly and trustingly she uttered aloud their written evangel. "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, he is risen." The bitterness of death had passed away.

"What are you gazing into the east room for, Mary. Is it because the bed-spread is so snowy?"

"Only thinking it would be nice could old Mrs. Petty lie there."

"What!" said Caleb, in consternation, "the quiet guest-room, in which every one that sleeps once wishes to stay another night. Put a woman there so cross, that her own relations wish her dead!"

"O, Caleb, they have returned bitterness for bitterness. No food can carry a relish when accompanied with harsh looks, and, if they speak at all, with harsher words. She lies panting and burning in the unwholesome air, with no one to bathe her face and limbs. It would be dreadful to die with hatred in one's heart."

"But Mary, what can *you* do, with house and children to mind, and no one but Harriet to assist?"

"I shall be tired sometimes, but it will be the easiest thing in the world to forget all about that when you come home from the field. Perhaps she will not always be cross. She spoke this morning of Harriet's coming yesterday with the moss basket, you saw her making, lined with green leaves, and filled with fresh berries; daisies, rose-buds, and leaves peeping out among the fruit. She said the bunch of flowers tied with ribbon-grass, that Harriet laid upon her pillow, when she was asleep, brought sweet dreams of cool winds fanning her cheeks, and her mother, who died in her early girlhood, bending over her with love. She was more peaceful for the dream. Surely, Caleb, if such very little things as Harriet did can make her mild for a few minutes, there is good encouragement to try. Such blessed privileges must not be thrown away, because we are poor in money, and can do but little."

Caleb whistled more blithely than ever as he arranged a bed in a convenient cart, on which to remove the old woman, who, many pathetically asserted, "was too ugly *ever* to die," to his snug, healthy home. Mrs. Hines gently mentioned to the family her convenient little bedroom, that would just suit the old lady. No one occupied it; she was fresh and strong, and would be glad of the care, if they were willing. Perhaps they felt in secret that other people were bound to relieve them of the burden of their diseased relative. At any rate, readily assenting that the change would do her good, they, more attentive than usual, assisted in the removal.

Those who have never known the utter desolation of one who felt herself but an object of aversion to the world, cannot look into Mrs. Petty's heart. She almost feared it was another delicious dream, and from a dream like that she dreaded to waken. But as day after day passed, and the wonderful sense of contrast in degree

passed likewise, old irritation was not always magnetically laid to rest by words and deeds of kindness. The "peace of Jesus" was no abiding guest in a breast so long the lurking-place of dark thoughts. Racking pains produced hasty ebullitions of anger, and other lines than those of years again furrowed her brow. But a gossiping neighbor, who marvelled at the patience of Mary Hines, brought the quick flush of pain to her cheeks. "A poor thing would it be for me, with whom the Father in heaven and all earthly friends have dealt patiently to this very hour, if I, with my happy home and perfect health, cannot bear with this one woman, so lonely and suffering."

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it," and a love so enduring will heal in time the most diseased moral nature. When the subdued tones of Caleb in the next room, inquiring what he could do for her relief, reached Mrs. Petty's ear, and she saw her unreasonable words receive only the silent rebuke of increased assiduity and forbearance, every emotion of unselfishness quickened into animated life. The placid expression, at last no fitful wanderer to her face, was gratefully hailed. Pure air, fresh clothing, and simple, nourishing food, had due effect upon a frame that had failed to perform its functions unsupported by these natural allies. Repulsive coarseness of manner gave way to a mild refinement, more in harmony with her outward environment. Others could not realize that she, the ungainly and unloved, possessed a human heart; invisible had it remained, though concealed by neither bolt nor bar. The quickening spirit had pined therein during long years, for no one without used the magical watchword that could alone unlock its frowning citadel. Seeds buried in catacombs from light and air, when laid in the kindly bosom of the earth, burst from their cerements

into a freer world; and innocent remains of childhood, unrecognized for half a century by mortal eyes, showed by corresponding buds and blossoms their still vital power. It was easy to speak to the quick sympathy of Mary Hines, who led the weak pilgrim so gently "in the path of life;" and by snatches she looked into a record traced by conflicting years, that found no parallel in the joyous spontaneity of her own existence. How mournful, but that the hour of redemption was near, to know that even in infantile years, the freshness of opening life was unknown. Eyes looking coldly upon one endowed with no natural beauty, induced an awkward restraint of manner, that only repelled still further from love the lonely little girl, who learned prematurely to repress every impulse of affection, too proud to encounter the expected derision of looks or words. A heart aching for tenderness found only the unnatural aliment of feeding perpetually on itself. A spirit, often crushed and hiding its wounds, will become the blackened thing it is deemed to be. A weary world for a *hopeless* pilgrim, growing each year more cold and selfish. It *was* a weary world to Mrs. Petty; her heart had "stifled its mighty hunger," till it well nigh ceased to hunger. The thousand amenities of society lavished freely upon the possessor of blessings who gives as freely as he receives, are withheld too often from the needy and perishing. Those threescore years could hardly compute as many hours of enjoyment, to answer the desponding query of the bard — but thou, dear Mary Hines, hast the charity that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;" and so in the winter of our sister's years, we joyfully hail her spiritual spring-time.

"The sweet-smelling room, nice meals brought into it, and gentle nursing, were enough to make the sickest mind and the sickest body well, but it took something

more to cure me," said Mrs. Petty one day, as she sat braiding husk mats, a smile in her eye lighting up a warm tear upon her withered cheek. Mary looked up gratefully and gladly from her own work, and the speaker continued — "When Harriet came in daily with her bright posies, and, while arranging them just where I could look at them best, told about all the beautiful things they reminded her of while gathering them, such a feeling of freshness and youth would come over me as cannot be told. They carried me out to the open fields and woods, that soothed fifty years ago my childish grief, and took bad feelings from my mind. There was some use in trying to grow better, if an innocent girl like Hatty did not shrink from the room that held me, but brought every thing angel-like as herself to minister to my hardened heart. It softened me to see that she expected one so wicked to love what she did. I considered upon that bed, fed often as I needed them with her pleasant thoughts — you *all* fed me by doing every thing which was disagreeable so cheerfully, and never talking about it. O, my friend, it is worth the price. I am glad to have suffered sixty years to be so happy now."

Reader, are you weary? I am not, though the vision of a few heavenly days may be dimmed when clothed in earthly language. Fifteen years ago, the cradle of the first-born child stood in this same cottage. That welcomed infant is now budding into womanhood. The walls are darkened, but she brought no shadow at her entrance; — she will leave none in going forth. The walk has often seemed long to Harriet from the schoolhouse home, though but a quarter of a mile. Sometimes the opened page upon her desk grew strangely dark, and sketches of lambs and birds, though a favorite pastime, were again and again left uncompleted. One day upon her return she paused, gazing dreamily upon

the brook murmuring at her feet its ever new song. One hand supported her side, but she regarded for a moment the loved faces of the nodding flowers, and passed in at the open door. The low chair was already at her mother's side. Perhaps had it not stood there, she could not have moved it to the wished-for place, but she occupied its familiar seat, and leaned her head upon the maternal arm.

"You are not well, dear Harriet?" said Mary, with a pang in her heart, as she smoothed the hair from her child's forehead, and saw tears trembling beneath the closed lashes.

"I am very weary, mother, sing to me and I shall sleep."

Mary contended with her emotion and sang, but the breath of the sleeper fluttered, and her cheeks, so pale as she entered, glowed with the burning blood. Caleb entered, and her voice ceased as she met his questioning glance.

THAT time the door was opened; were it not, he himself must have lifted the latch. He raised the unconscious sleeper, and laid her upon her own bed. As he bent over the beautiful head, she stood life-like before him, as in the fields years before she dropped the yellow corn. He had told her of the removal of a little girl to another world, and she, lifting her meek eyes to his face, said, in her touching way, "I must go, too, pretty soon." He heard her voice as then, and felt its foreseeing truth. The fulfilment of the child-prophecy was at hand. Her smile was full of love as she awoke; she stretched her hand kindly to Mrs. Petty, who wiped her eyes at the foot of the bed; said again, "sing to me mother, and I shall sleep," and passed into another uneasy slumber. Kind schoolmates walked sadly from the door to inform grieved companions that Harriet Hines was sick, and could not go that day to school. During "intermission"

they threaded the woods to find the flowers she loved best, but which for several days, they now remembered, she had ceased to gather for herself. She recognized the blossoms, and said, upon hearing the names of the donors, "They are very kind; give my love to all. Take some to Mrs. Petty's room, and tell her the children brought them and love her."

Poor Mrs. Petty sobbed and spilled the water in which her trembling hand was placing the blossoms, for now she perceived delirium in the affectionate words.

"Father and mother are sad. I cannot go with you if they are unhappy," whispered she again with quivering lip.

"We will not fetter her spirit by our grief," said Caleb, as he wound his arm around the waist of his wife; and if any taint of selfishness shadowed the purity of their love, it was dispelled by her words. Before long the delirium passed away. She looked gratefully in the calm faces of her parents, spoke cheerful words, and asked for many companions to be admitted to her room. The nicely-kept treasures of books and ornamental articles, given her from time to time, were brought by request to the bed. These she distributed with endearing language and looks of inward peace. The beloved village pastor, who came to mingle his sympathy, stood not in his teacher's office, but as a learner at the death-bed. His voice lifted to the Father in heaven was at first broken with sobs, but as he rose with the ascending spirit of the dying girl, it grew strong and full. The day before her departure she exclaimed, with radiant eyes, "O, mother! the bright flowers!"

"Where? dear Harriet, I see none save those by your bedside."

"O, not the pale ones, mother, here. *Those* will never wither if we keep Heaven in our hearts. I have seen none so blue and golden since I was a little one, and you, dear mother, laid me nightly upon the pillow."

The clear, gushing notes of a robin that swayed by the motion of a branch towards an open window, again quickened her spiritual sense.

"Sing with the robin, dear mother, and let it sing to you when I go away. I hear such sweet warblings sometimes, and cannot tell to which world they belong. Father, you will miss me in the field, but believe that 'they who sow in tears shall reap in joy,' and the Comforter will come unto you all, by and by."

At last all stood raised above tears and grief around the bed. They marked the spirit stamping each moment a more heavenly peace upon its outward shrine, and breathed more inwardly, lest the holy calm should be disturbed. Had her eternal birth-day already commenced? she lay so motionless. The watchers feel as it were the "cool fanning of wings," and raise their eyes from the placid face below. Lo! a white dove, the tamest of the brood, perchance, has missed its gentle mistress; perchance it has an errand to the silent group. It shook fragrant fruit blossoms through the opened window, made a circuit around the beautiful head of the sleeper, and having uttered its note of celestial language, flew higher into the blue sky. A waving lock of hair rose lightly upon her breast. It was the breeze alone, though it looked like the heaving of another breath.

When the teacher announced from his desk in a tone of manly sympathy the departure of their companion, a hush pervaded the apartment, deep, as though Harriet suddenly stood glorified in their midst. The sun, which had just come round by the western windows, as they sat so motionless, poured in upon them a flood of golden light. It was a baptism of celestial truth upon their young hearts. The spirit garments of many will be more bright and heavenly for the influences of that holy hour.

The first coffin borne from Caleb and Mary's door was

followed by no anguished mourners. They passed under an apple-tree planted by Caleb the day of their daughter's natural birth, and a shower of the delicate blossoms covered it like a bridal robe. A little girl, with bare feet and loving face, gazed earnestly after the group of friends, and said to her companion, "Harriet Hines always spoke kindly to me."

Two days in the year are kept as holy festivals in the hearts of Caleb and Mary. They are the birth-days of Harriet. At the return of the first their spirits rise in grateful worship for the gift of that blessed babe. At the second, they rise yet more freely and joyously to greet her in her eternal home.

Is it very weary to linger so long, and still hear of nought but withered old women and funerals?

My friend, perhaps since the opening of the new year we have met in the mirth of worldly revelry. But also our hearts have bled in sympathy, not for the child of a few years, removed in its bright bloom, but for the stricken hearts of the parents, from whose embrace was thus taken this cherished boon of Heaven. Beautiful would it have been for the mourner in that hour of bitter bereavement, to lie down with the beloved remains, and lose succeeding days and nights of mental anguish. But it is more beautiful for that mourner to live and suffer — for even now it is found that a few hours "can outweigh in rich experience the knowledge of years." The wife of a few months, the mother of not as many days, was but yesterday in our midst, so loving and beloved, so beautiful and young, that not kindred alone, but all who were blessed by her angelic sweetness and innocence, clung to her life with yearning love. The bridal robes that clothed her at the marriage festival and those that shrouded her form in its death loveliness, were pure and fair, but the spirit amid the allurements of wealth clothed itself "with

light as with a garment," and we rejoice in our desolation that "Heaven has one such angel more." We are not utterly desolate. That most beautiful image is shrined in our hearts. We will bear it on through our earthly life, and let it purify us also for a life which shall be eternal. "For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create."

*

BANGOR, MAY 25th.

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Upon a flowery mead, alone,
Itself retiring and unknown,
A dainty violet grew.
A shepherdess of graceful mien
And sprightly mind, was passing seen
Lightly — lightly
Skipped she singing along.

Could I one moment be the flower
Most beautiful in Nature's bower,
The lowly violet thought,
Then, plucked, the gentle little maid,
Might place me on her breast to fade,
In only — only
A quarter of an hour.

But when the maiden came at last,
Ah! careless was the step that passed,
And crushed the violet down.
She sank and died, yet did rejoice;
"I die," she said, with latest voice,
"Beneath, beneath
Your feet, gentle maid."

VENERATION FOR THE PAST.

From an Oration on Conservatism and Reform, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Cambridge.

VENERATION for the Past must not be confounded with that slavish attachment to ancient uses, into which, it must be confessed, the conservative spirit too easily degenerates. Here, as elsewhere, a good principle is dishonored by excess, and here, as elsewhere, it is common to visit the excess on the principle itself. The true veneration for the Past consists in a vivid sense of what we owe to the Past, — a devout acknowledgment of the good amassed by the ages which preceded us, and the influence which they have on our own well-being and doing. This acknowledgment is particularly incumbent on the scholar, for he, above all men, is most indebted to the Past. Him all the ages have conspired to mould and to train. His education comprises the flower of all time. How many minds have gone to educate that one! What wealth of genius and of toil has been spent in rearing the harvest which he reaps! The legacies of nations compose his library. The whole of civilization is condensed in his text-books. For him Athenian Art and Roman virtue. For him the victors at Corinth and Olympia won their crowns. For him ancient Tragedy composed her fables. For him Herodotus observed, and Plato mused, and Cæsar commented, and Cicero plead. His culture, — which who of us does not feel to be our better part — the life of our life? — the whole astounding difference between the ripe scholar, and the naked

savage, — what is it but the concentration, in one individual, of unnumbered minds?

And not the scholar only, but the individual in every walk of life, is the product of all that has transpired before his day. His ancestry comprise the whole family of man. All ages and men unite in every influence which goes to form his character and to shape his destiny. He is born into certain relations, traditions, opinions, institutions, all of which, if we trace their growth through all preceding generations, will be found to involve the larger portion of the world's history in their formation and descent. To select one instance out of this complex mass, let us look at language, which affects so powerfully the character and life of civilized man. The individual is born to the use of a certain language, we will say the English. That language is compounded of how many races and climes! It comes to us through how many channels of Roman, Saxon, Norman history! All the nations whose dialects have emptied into this vocabulary, have imparted to it some peculiar trait. Had there never been a Hengist or a Cæsar, there never could have been an English tongue. We cannot open our mouths without commemorating, in the very sounds we utter, events and names of distant renown. The household words, which first strike our ear, are echoes of another age and a pagan world.

But this is not all. What more particularly concerns us in this connection, is the fact that language is thought, fixed and crystallized in signs and sounds, conditioned by all the peculiarities, historical and organic, of the nation which uses it. The mind of a people imprints itself in its speech, as the light in a picture of Daguerre. The English language is the English mind. We who use the language partake of this mind. Our individual genius, be it never so individual, is informed by it, and

can never wholly divest itself of its influence. It may be doubted if the most abstract and original thinker, in his attempts to construct an absolute system of philosophy, can so abstract himself in his speculations, can reason so absolutely, but that the *genius* of his *language* shall appear as a constituent element in his system. For the words he employs are not algebraic signs which every new speculator may employ at pleasure, to express ever new relations. They are constant quantities; they have a fixed value imparted to them by other minds, which he who employs them must accept, and which will go far to modify the results of his speculations. Hence the difficulty of expressing the poetry or the metaphysics of one nation in the language of another. The most successful efforts in this kind, are but a compromise between the native and the foreign mind.

Again, the individual is born into some particular church or form of faith, which, whether he accepts it or not in after life, must needs exert a very important influence in the formation of his mind. He is born, for example, into Christianity — into a Protestant Christian Church. Here too, we notice the same confluence of relations extending through all regions and times. Besides the doctrine and the life of Jesus, how many systems and traditions, creeds and facts, have gone to make or modify that church. Jewish theology, Pagan philosophy, Romish councils, Gibbelline factions and Protestant reforms. These influences again are connected with others and still others, and so on, through a boundless complexity of cause and effect, reaching back to the Flood.

Such is the individual; so compounded and conditioned he comes into life. He is the product of all the Past. However he may renounce the connection, he is always the child of his time. He can never entirely shake off

that relation. All the efforts made to outstrip time, to anticipate the natural growth of man by a violent disruption of old ties and a total separation from the Past, have hitherto proved useless, or useful, if at all, in the way of cautions, rather than of fruit. The experiment has often been tried. Men of ardent temper and lively imagination, impatient of existing evils, from which no period is exempt, have renounced society, broke loose from all their moorings in the actual, and sought in the boundless sea of *dissent* the promised land of Reform. They found what they carried; they carried what they were; they were what we all are — the offspring of their time.

The aeronaut, who spurns the earth in his puffed balloon, is still indebted to it for his impetus and his wings: and still, with his utmost efforts, he cannot escape the sure attraction of the parent sphere. His floating island is a part of her main. He revolves with her orbit, he is sped by her winds. We who stand below and watch his motions, know that he is one of us. He may dally with the clouds awhile, but his home is not there. Earth he is, and to earth he must return.

The most air-blown reformer cannot overcome the moral gravitation which connects him with his time. He owes to existing institutions the whole philosophy of his dissent, and draws, from Church and State, the very ideas by which he would fight against them, or rise above them. The individual may withdraw from society, he may spurn at all the uses of civilized life, dash the golden cup of tradition from his lips, and flee to the wilderness "where the wild asses quench their thirst." He may find others who will accompany him in his flight; but let him not fancy that the course of reform will follow him there, — that any permanent organization can be based on dissent, — that society will relinquish the hard conquests of so many years and return again to original

CHILDHOOD AND THE OLD ELM.

THERE is something very interesting in the whole family of trees. In all there is beauty, and to a great extent, individuality of character, from the hardiest, most time-defying, to the tenderest sapling. Among the most admired of our own region, is the elm, the noble, graceful, heaven-aspiring elm; exhibiting the unwonted union of exquisite proportion, with strength and with age. Strength, sustaining during a long succession of years, exposure that would wither man in an hour, and age, which might smile derisively at his frailty. Not inappropriately may the sentiment of veneration arise, as we gaze upon the form that has borne the storms of a hundred years, a silent spectator of continual change, unmoved alike by the petty contentions, turbulent grief, or tumultuous joy of the multitudes who rose up beneath its branches, busied themselves for a little, and then passed away, leaving the veteran to welcome another generation.

In the home of my childhood stands an ancient elm, which is identified with almost every recollection of my early days. None seemingly marked its origin, and therefore I know not how long since, or by whose hands, the little germ from whence it grew was deposited in the earth, or what motive led to its sepulture. Perhaps some saddened invalid derived a mournful pleasure from placing it there, cheered by the thought, that though *his* eye should not behold its greatness, yet would others rejoice

in its beauty, rest in its shade, and perchance bless the hand that had planted it. A dawn of hope stole, it may be, over his troubled spirit, as he thought of himself faintly imaged in that small seed-bud, hid now from the pleasant light of the sun, but only as a step to future glory.

Some youthful student, peradventure, set the slender twig, carefully watching it all his school-boy days, and bidding it a fond adieu when forced to seek his fortune in far distant climes. But by what means soever placed there, we know that it flourished well, attaining at length immensity of stature, and profusion of delicate, wide-spreading foliage.

That dear old tree! Varied and stirring associations cluster, as I have said, around its giant trunk. The first walk in the new village, when the verdant patriarch was espied, and honored with the full meed of infantile awe; the holiday afternoons spent merrily at its base; the bounding step, the joyous laugh of those lightsome days, how they all come back with the freshness of yesterday, till the same blithe heart beats again within us, and involuntarily we start for another frolic at the favorite spot. But the youthful sharers of those sports, where are they? Ah, that query dispels the illusion; the golden thread is dropped; and the sedate matron is herself again. But a truce with time,—we would linger awhile midst these sunny memories, and hold converse with kindred spirits of bygone scenes.

Foremost in the gay circle stands little Nancy Grey, a bright, sprightly child of twelve summers, the pet of the group; who never gave or received a harsh word. A sad day was it for us, when sickness laid its wasting hand upon her fragile form, and in anxious suspense we waited the result. Weeks passed, and how were we shocked when told that Nancy, though recovering, was entirely

blind! She would never more look with us upon the blue sky, the fresh fields, and beautiful flowers. In very bitterness of spirit we wept for our young playmate.

Then there was Helen Lee, the victim of a single fault, affectionate, generous, but passionate; how often did that unrestrained temper break in like a black cloud upon our glad sunshine; and in after life, dark and heavy has it lowered over her own head; blighting, in its whirlwind course, the sweet buds of hope, and tarnishing the choicest jewels of the heart.

Jamie Wilson, the young artist, who used to make us sit for our portraits, and take chalk sketches of surrounding scenery, — I well remember him.

And Edwin, the Reverend, a fine lad, some years our senior, whose lofty brow and intellectual eye established his rightful claim to the title, even before one had seen him mounted upon a bench, holding forth as our minister. His first juvenile discourse comes up to my mind at this moment. It was a fine Saturday afternoon, and our boisterous merriment being with some difficulty checked, all joined in singing "Gently, Lord," and Edwin, stepping upon the unique rostrum, gave us a youthful comment upon the text, "But to do good forget not." He left us not long after to prepare for a collegiate course. The flame of love then kindling, made perfect by the renunciation of home, friends, and every endearing tie, now glows on the benighted plains of Africa.

Years sped; and we stood around the old tree, no longer as children, but as dignified maidens and consequential young men. Sunset stroll and moonlight walk superseding childish gambols.

Cupid's dart sometimes lodged in the vicinage of the veteran elm; and *once* we had a wedding there; a right joyous one, too, as was ever consummated within the glittering halls of wealth.

Alice Loring came to our village when she was seven years old, an orphan, still clad in habiliments of recent woe. An uncle, having no children to gladden his hearth-stone, took her as his own, and for six years she was our constant companion. At that time her aunt, who had been as a mother to the lonely one, was removed by death, and Alice, though young, was installed as housekeeper; for the failing fortunes of the family rendered compensatory assistance unattainable. The small rooms of her uncle were neatly kept, his meals punctually prepared, and every domestic service performed with alacrity and skill far exceeding her years. But by and by we noticed that Alice grew pale and very sad. She did not ask us, as usual, to come and see her; and sometimes when we met, the big tear, spite of her efforts, would start, revealing some great sorrow within. In answer to repeated inquiries she only said, "I am very lonely now aunt is gone;" but the truth ere long became apparent. Her uncle was an inebriate, and his home the abode of impurity and loathsome excess. Calamity, unaided, unpitied, had wrecked a mind once strictly upright. Year after year rolled on, and faithfully did that young girl discharge her duty still; while her unhappy relative sunk continually deeper in degradation, unmoved by the silent eloquence of a pure life, with its unwearying kindness, or the gentle words of persuasive entreaty, forced at times upon his ear. In delirious desperation he not unfrequently dealt out harsh abuse; but he was her uncle. He had sheltered her, a helpless orphan, and she would not leave him now alone.

Jonas Sawyer, or old Joe, as was his more customary appellative, never was visible in our sober community on the Sabbath; and a blessing indeed to his oppressed niece was that weekly absence. One day in seven she could lay aside laborious toil, and from its hallowed influ-

ences derive comfort for the present, and strength for the future.

Alice was always beautiful, and her sweet face lost none of its attractiveness in consequence of the subdued, pensive expression resting upon the finely-moulded features. She was a general favorite among us, and when on Sabbath morning she made her appearance, neatly attired, and taking her seat with the choir, mingled with theirs her silvery voice, every heart yearned towards her, and none failed to honor the self-sacrificing spirit of the noble-hearted girl.

Among the worshippers at our church one Sunday, was a young lawyer of some eminence, from the neighboring city. I am not writing a love story — but truth compels me to say, he saw and admired our dearly loved Alice. On the evening of that day he met her with a friend, lingering beside the old tree, and discovered that beneath the beauteous exterior dwelt a spirit as refined and lovely as itself. A few Sabbaths more and he was with us again; and before many months had passed, with an independence seeking only true worth, his hand, heart and fortune were at the disposal of the portionless girl. A loving spirit was Alice Loring's, and a warm current of grateful affection flowed back upon the generous wooer. But with her, duty was the highest consideration, the impartial criterion to which every fond wish was submitted; and in the present instance, it pointed still, in her estimation, to the forlorn being whom none would receive or care for but herself. She ought not to leave him, she would not, in his utter desolation. In few and faltering words her final decision was given.

We will not say that Arthur prayed for the death of the old man; but intemperance, combined with disease, had well-nigh done its work, and die he *did*, before the close of that self-same year. It is fearful to think of the

transition of such a soul to that world where change comes never more, — but for Alice, who could help rejoicing?

In due time the lover came to claim his bride; he had taken her with no worldly endowment; no home to her so dear as the rude seat beneath the spreading tree; and there, at the favorite spot, did they choose to be united; with the broad o'erarching canopy, glittering with ten thousand diamond lights, above them; and the full summer moon bathing in softened radiance every surrounding object. All the village was present at that rural nuptial festival; and as our good Pastor gave to another the gentle creature we had so long known and loved, tears for our own loss would mingle with abounding joyfulness in her promised felicity.

So much for wedding reminiscences. But it was not joyous scenes alone that transpired in days of yore. The elm stood directly in the passage to our simple cemetery, with its neat white paling, and nicely-gravelled walks. Many a sorrowing train has paused at its base in uncontrollable grief, as the loved haunt of the departed awoke stirring associations of happier days. That still, sure destroyer, Consumption, ever marking for his own the fairest blossoms, held among *us* a fixed residence; and one after another of our cherished ones bowed to his resistless touch. The fading away of my own dearest friend, how vividly it rises before me! Bound to life by every conceivable tie; the idolized daughter, sister, and affianced bride, no wonder it was hard to leave all, and go down alone to the silent tomb! Hope lingered long around the confines of earthly bliss; and the eye of faith turned, while yet her sky was bright, to the *better land*, became dim in the hour of conflict, through the brightness of sublunary visionings. The bitter cup, however, passed at length, and in the sweetness of unquestioning

submission she quietly murmured, "Thy will be done." Supported by the strong arm of the compassionate Saviour, she entered in perfect peace the dark valley, and a smile of celestial radiance resting upon the beautiful features, betokened the full fruition of hope, in that emancipated spirit.

Full often were our youthful circle thus reminded that life is but a vapor; its surest prop only a broken reed. Earthly streams of pleasure were seen to fail; suddenly, entirely; but the fountain of *living waters* was ever open; and many repairing thither, drank, and were athirst no more.

Yes, old tree! around thee are entwined tenderest recollections of many hearts; joyous and sad, they meet, entrusted to thy faithful care. Not often do I see thee, as in the olden time; for mountain, river, and weary mile intervene; but thine image is with me still; receiving as ever the tribute of reverential affection.

Fair tree! long may it be thy lot to stand, unharmed by the rage of conflicting elements, or the rude hand of human foe; and when those who now greet thy vernal buddings, rejoice in thy summer loveliness, and sympathize in thy wintry loneliness, have forever passed away, may the children of another generation play around thine aged trunk, and look up with awe at thy lofty, spreading drapery. We know thy day must at length close; may its record tell of many, who, touched with thy beauty, turned them with lowly adoration to the Author of all loveliness. Thus shall thine errand be one of love, and not in vain shalt thou have lived, a *solitary, speechless elm.*

BANGOR, 1847.

THE HUMAN HEART.

THE human heart — Oh! cherish it,
'T is the holiest thing on earth;
Not all Potosi's glittering ore
Can match its priceless worth.
Forego the stately palaces,
The cherished pomp and show,
And find in the beat of a grateful heart
What these may not bestow.

Low, gentle words, and loving looks,
And acts, which freely spring
In the living fount of noble thoughts —
Oh! these rich treasures bring;
And pour them, — as the wine and oil
The ancient Syrian poured,
And bind the bruised and bleeding heart
By torturing passions gored.

The strength which God hath given to thee
As freely thou must give —
The fullest use of all thy powers
Is truest way to live.
Though breathing still — thou art but dead,
While wrapt in idle dreams —
Then shrink not from the labor stern
Which good to conscience seems.

The goods which God hath given to thee,
Are means to heaven or hell,
As they flow forth in bounteous streams,
Or pride and avarice swell.

Oh! turn them from thyself away,—
If dammed, they stagnant grow,
And breed the blue miasma foul,
The seeds of death to sow.

Give all unto the aching heart
Its pressing needs demand;
The loving word—the aiding strength,
The fireside, board, or land;
Nor let one cold or selfish thought
Retard the gushing spring,
And sweetness indescribable
Shall angels to thee bring.

THE SECRET OFFERING.

the evening of the 7th of October, 1847, a lady, closely veiled, called at the
e of the secretary of the Bangor Female Orphan Asylum, and left an envelope
ssed to the secretary, which contained merely these words. "A donation to
Bangor Female Orphan Asylum, $200." The author of this generous deed is
own.

FULL eighteen centuries ago,
Robed in a form of clay,
There came, to lull the pulse of woe,
A Being pure as day.

Though veiled from ken of grosser mind,
The wise and spiritual
Beneath his aspect saw, defined,
The true Emmanuel.

Nor courtly train, nor proud array,
Ushered the sinless one;
But stricken spirits felt the sway
Of heaven's lowly Son.

Awhile, our sorrowing vale he trod
With love too vast to tell;
Then, reascending unto God,
His stainless mantle fell.

It wrapped the early martyr-band,
Who every lure withstood,
And like their Head, with life in hand,
Went forth in doing good.

And e'er since then, its sacred fold
Has draped the spirit's form
Of those, who gave, or strength or gold,
The freezing pulse to warm.

It covered Howard like a robe,
Until his being glowed
With flame, encircling half the globe;
Such love to man he owed.

And still, though avarice rules the sight
Of ostentatious pride,
Evading law, o'erstepping right,
By desolating stride;

Though vain ambition's carnal eye,
Unblushingly will lift
Its gaze, the honor to descry
Of Pharisaic gift;

Godlike in purposes, are those
This holy mantle shrouds;
Who like the angel of repose,
Show heaven between the clouds.

O'er bleeding hearts, all crushed and sore,
With noiseless step and fleet,
They come, the balm of peace to pour,
And light the doubting feet.

With such, although no earthly scroll
Shall trace the unknown name,
God will the *Orphan's Friend* enrol
In all-enduring fame.

A recompense awaiteth, where
The orphan's wail is hushed,
When earth rejuvenate, shall share
The wak'ning of the just.

THE RESOLVE.

"And yet it is the wasted heart,
It is the wasted mind,
Which seeks not in the inner world,
Its happiness to find."—L. E. L.

MARIANNE Mendon was seated in her parlor, fronting the street, into which the bright morning rays of a June sun struggled for admission, through blinds and curtains, not closed to quite the mark which fashion dictates as the test of gentility. She was engaged in transferring to the canvass before her an image of the flowers she loved so well, when her brother Edward entered to give her a letter he had just taken from the office.

"Where are your wits straying this morning, brother mine? This letter is for you, not me."

"Ah, true. I mistook, this is the right one."

Marianne broke the seal, and while she was reading, Edward amused himself with putting into a snarl her balls of floss, overturning her frame and pacing the floor, but apparently unable to throw from his mind the burden, not of sweet, but "bitter fancies," he finally seated himself by the open window, and began pulling the leaves of a Golden Haired Acacia, which sat "smiling" on the piazza, within reach of his hand.

"Oh, do not, brother, pray do not," said Marianne, folding up her letter, "quite demolish my beautiful flowers. It will take me an hour to repair the mischief you have already done at my workstand."

Edward ceased his depredations on his sister's pet plant, and seated himself by her side.

"Marianne! I did not particularly admire the set of young ladies you collected here last evening. Nor, indeed, can I commend your taste, in the choice of many of your present intimates."

"Ah! and may I ask which of them falls under your *especial* censure? Is it Catherine Tracy?" she answered, looking archly up at her brother.

"Yes," said he, slowly, and with a firm contraction of the lips. Marianne opened upon him her full, black eyes, in astonishment.

"What, are you really jealous?"

"Jealous! no! there must be a real or fancied sentiment of love, to found jealousy upon, and I am not in love with Catherine Tracy, nor do I imagine myself to be. It must be something more than a frivolous coquette, that will ever awaken love in my heart."

"This from you, Edward!" exclaimed Marianne, with emotion, "who have been so long looked upon as the ardent admirer of Catherine, and the *almost* suitor for her hand."

"Yet, that suit I have never urged, and shall not, though I confess that she is capable of being all that any man might desire, in the object of his choice. But I am greatly disappointed in her. Two years since, when she left school and came out in society, I thought she bid fair to outshine most, if not all, the young ladies of my acquaintance. Her talents were certainly of a high order, her manners more than pleasing — they were fascinating — and her disposition as amiable as her person was lovely. What is she now? The contrast is most melancholy. Trifling in her pursuits — fickle and insincere in conduct — empty and frivolous in mind, — her highest ambition is to be admired by the most worth-

less part of her acquaintance. No, Marianne, whatever romantic dreams I may have once indulged in, relative to her, have proved dreams only. You need not smile so meaningly. I can never link my fate to one who would much prefer winning the heartless adulation of a tribe of idle fops, to securing the genuine attachment of one true heart."

"Nay, brother, you are angry with Catherine, because last evening, when you attempted to instruct her in your philosophical speculations, her eyes and thoughts seemed wandering over the room, in search, you would say, of objects to play her artillery upon; and that, as I noticed, she cut you off in the midst of one of your most eloquent passages, when Messrs. Carleton and Morse made their appearance."

"True, and though for the moment, it might be mortifying to my vanity, yet I thank her for the deed. Her own hands have broken the last links of my chain. Often have I endeavored to show her, with all the plainness which my position allowed, how unworthy of herself was her present career; but she received my well-meant efforts either with derision or resentment. I shall cease all such vain attempts — she has chosen her path where I cannot follow her. I can have no contest with mere shadows of humanity like Carleton and Morse. If she prefers such compounds of broadcloth, starch, and perfumery, I shall not dispute with them the honor of such preference."

"You must not be too severe upon Catherine. She is yet quite young, and though now very fond of admiration, I 'll allow, yet in time she will learn to estimate it at its true worth."

"Do not look for such a result. The girl who at eighteen, is so practised in all the tricks of coquetry, will not grow more simple-minded, or true-hearted as years in-

crease; she will rather double her arts, as she finds her native charms on the wane."

"Catherine is not a coquette at heart," said Marianne, earnestly, "only a little giddy in the head, just now."

"What else," exclaimed Edward, "can be her evident intention, in keeping me chained to her car, a serious suitor, to be taken up when her life of pleasure grows stale; while she lavishes all her smiles upon these 'mere ephemera of to-day — these insects of nonentity to-morrow?' What is this but *heartless coquetry?*"

"Why, she really prefers you, and would never think of one of these danglers as a future husband."

"I have not a doubt that she means to retain me," replied Edward, with a slight sneer, — "witness her exceedingly cordial manner of receiving me, when no newer or gayer favorite is present to attract her regard; and her very frequent visits here." Marianne looked vexed.

"Indeed, brother Edward, your *charity* is only equalled by your *modesty*. And so you really have the *vanity* to think that her visits here are solely on *your* account?"

"Indeed, Marianne," retorted Edward, mimicing her manner, "your blindness is superior, both to my charity and modesty. And so you really have the fond credulity to suppose that her visits here are solely on *your* account?"

And having indulged in this mutual sally, they both laughed. At this moment, they caught the sound of a light step and the rustle of a dress in the entry.

"Hush," whispered Marianne, "'t is herself."

They listened breathlessly, expecting every moment to see her enter; instead, however, they heard rapid footfalls down the flight of stone steps which led to the piazza.

"Is it possible she can have been in the entry?" exclaimed Marianne, looking aghast.

"Is it possible?" echoed Edward, as both rushed to the door. Their worst fears were confirmed. They saw

Catherine retreating from the house in such eager haste, as proved she had heard but too much.

"Oh, Edward! What have we done?" cried Marianne, confusion and distress pictured upon her face.

Edward looked pale and deeply agitated, as he muttered — "She must have heard it all! Can she ever forgive? Suddenly a new thought seemed to call a sparkle to his eye, and a flush to his face. "It cannot be helped now, and perhaps accident has accomplished what I have so long wished, but never yet found means to do. The truths she has just heard, harsh though they be, may have touched a conscience which parried all direct appeals?

"But she will think *me* so ungenerous, so cruel, to join in your censure."

"If she heard all you said, she heard you defend her," replied Edward.

"She will dislike and despise us both," continued Marianne, unheeding her brother's attempts to comfort her; and really grieved at having even in appearance been unfaithful to her friend, tears started from her eyes. "She shall forgive me — I can, I must, I will convince her, that I love her still," and she rushed to her chamber, to hide the chagrin she could not control.

But what of her, the unhappy object of all this condemnation! How came she there?

Accustomed to visit Marianne in the most familiar manner, she often entered unobserved, and notifying her approach only by a slight tap, immediately presented herself. Proceeding this morning as usual, she was just raising her hand to knock on the open door, when the sound of her own name arrested her movement. Yes, it was no illusion; — that voice was Edward Mendon's, and he was uttering anything but flattering truth of her. To retreat was her first impulse, but a spell seemed to

enchain her footsteps, and confused and mortified, she remained rooted to the spot. Alternately agitated by grief, shame and resentment, she yet drank in each word they uttered; and it was not till that laugh of derision fell upon her ear, that she roused herself, and fled precipitately homeward. Her step was firm and her face calm, though pale. Unobserved by any of her family, she reached her own room and locked herself in. Once secure from interruption, she gave way to the tumult of feeling which oppressed her heart almost to bursting. Passions hitherto but little known to her, by turns swayed her mind with a power that spurned control. It would be difficult to say which ruled the hour, mortified pride, resentment, grief, or the disappointment of a softer feeling. Long, long she permitted them to reign over her without seeking to interpose a check.

When the dinner hour arrived and Catherine did not make her appearance, her elder sister Elizabeth quietly observed that Kate had probably stopped to dine at Mr. Mendon's.

"She goes there too much," said Mr. Tracy, with a slight frown.

"She and Marianne love each other so well," interposed Mrs. Tracy, — who ever sought to shield the censured.

"But Marianne has a brother," rejoined Mr. Tracy, "and this is a gossiping world. Catherine must be more cautious."

Elizabeth secretly resolved to give her sister notice of her father's wishes, but for the present suffered the subject to be dropped. The day wore away, but still Kate did not appear. Elizabeth, having occasion to go to her sister's room, was surprised to find the door fastened.

What can this mean, thought she. Has Kate returned without my seeing her? She spoke — "Kate, are you

there?" Receiving no answer she again called — "If you are there, dear Kate, do unlock the door." A few minutes passed, the door slowly opened, and she saw before her the pale and haggard face of her sister.

"What is the matter? Pray tell me what has happened? When did you return?"

Catherine essayed to speak, but emotion checked her utterance. Elizabeth threw both arms around her — "Dearest sister, pray tell me what grieves you?" For a few moments Catherine silently wept. Her sister was equally moved, but she did not cease urging Kate to tell her why she suffered.

"Come sit here, and I will tell you all." They seated themselves together, and Catherine poured into her sister's sympathizing ear the story of her affliction. Elizabeth could scarcely hear her patiently to the end. Indignantly she exclaimed,

"What, Edward Mendon say this of you! The false! ungrateful!"——

"Oh do not say so. Do not blame him, I beseech you, for I feel that it is but too true."

"True! what! true that you have been a heartless coquette?"

"No, not that! He might have spared me *that*. And Marianne, too! I did not deserve *she* should laugh at me,"— and her tears fell afresh. "But it is true, dear sister, that I have been a giddy, useless, and frivolous being. I have been examining my life for the last two years, and what a retrospect! I have absolutely nothing to record either useful to others or honorable to myself."

"Not so, Kate. I acknowledge that you have been rather gay and thoughtless; that your spirits are naturally wild; but you are young."

"Oh do not, dear Elizabeth," said Catherine, in a tone gently reproachful, "seek to comfort me now, at the ex

pense of my future good. Let me take this lesson to my heart, hard though it be. I cannot cheat myself longer. My past life presents nothing to satisfy my conscience. In mental improvement, all the bright promise which my girlish precocity gave, blighted in the bud. At home, where you are so exemplary in the performance of domestic duty, a little embroidery, a little light reading, a little drawing and music, are nearly all that I can boast of doing; and abroad, what a career of thoughtless folly have I eagerly run."

The amiable and excellent, but far less forcible character of Elizabeth was borne down by Catherine's vehemence. She was silent.

"And now, my dear Lizzie," continued her sister, "I have formed a resolve, and let me beg of you not to oppose, but help me to keep it. It will, I know, require some sacrifice on your part, but I think you will be willing to do as much, and more even, to promote my happiness and welfare."

"Let me hear your resolution. If it be possible, I will do as you wish."

"It is this. Two years of my existence have I thrown away; misapplied my powers and degraded all my faculties. The next two years I am determined to spend in self-improvement. I will endeavor, as far as possible, to redeem my wasted time. I shall devote myself to hard study, that I may acquire that mental discipline so necessary to future advancement; and to learning under mother's and your tuition those domestic employments, which it is my duty to understand and to share with you."

"If this is all, dear Kate, we shall rejoice in your resolution; and you may be assured, no one of us will give you anything but encouragement in such a course."

"This is not all, Elizabeth. Knowing well what temptations I shall meet in society, and how ill I am prepared

to resist them, I am resolved to give it up wholly for two years. I hope, if I should live to the end of that period, that I shall be better fitted to answer its just claims. I wish you to communicate this to father and mother, and endeavor to gain their consent, for of course without their approbation and coöperation, I cannot adhere to my design."

"I doubt about your giving up society for so long a time. But perhaps you are right. At any rate I will consult our parents, and if they do not object, I will give you all the aid in my power."

"Do so, dearest Lizzie, and I shall love you better than ever," rejoined Catherine, affectionately kissing her cheek. The affair was communicated to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, together with Catherine's resolve. Surprised and grieved at the cause, but pleased with the result, the parents, although sympathizing with their suffering child, were ready to give every assistance to her newly-found virtue. They had long looked upon her career with pain, but fond and indulgent in the extreme, they had offered no decided opposition to her wishes. They pleaded youth and buoyant spirits as a palliation for her thoughtlessness; and the flattery she received, as an excuse for her vanity. Considering it almost certain that she would one day marry Edward Mendon, though they were well aware that no engagement subsisted between them, they looked forward to that event as the turning point in Catherine's life; and trusted that her native good sense would then make her all a husband could desire. Now that they learned how groundless were such expectations, they could not but feel disappointed, for he had always stood deservedly high in their estimation.

CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth Tracy was teased, on all sides, for an explanation of the unwonted seclusion of her, who had hitherto been considered one of the highest ornaments of the gay circles of the city. Though she frankly communicated the nature of her sister's determination, yet, as of course, she was silent as to the impelling cause, conjecture was still busy, and as usual, far from hitting the truth. Many were the jests perpetrated at her expense by the would-be wits of her acquaintance. The ban of exclusion, it was suggested, would not be rigidly enforced against *all*. The "Fair Nun," as she was generally nicknamed, would doubtless occasionally be found talking through the grate, at least, to *some* of her former admirers. And it was confidently prophesied, that a few weeks at farthest would see her emerging from her retreat, gayer than ever. Many observed that Edward Mendon not only did not seek to constitute himself an exception to her rule of prohibition, but that he never expressed surprise, or was heard to inquire into a matter so mysterious to others. Was it indifference that kept him silent? Ye who have cherished some fond youthful dream, till it became part of your existence, the more deeply imbedded in your heart the more rudely it was assaulted from without, answer the question.

In spite of the innuendoes and prophesies of her former friends, Catherine persevered in refusing to see all visitors, however agreeable they might be. One individual alone was excepted from the application of the rule; this was her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harris. When he heard the story of her vow, he claimed the right, as her appointed spiritual friend and counsellor, not to be excluded from

her society. However reluctant at first Catherine might feel to take even one step beyond the boundary she had assigned to herself, she felt that his earnest solicitation, backed as it was by the request of her father, could not with propriety be refused. Well for her that it was not, for though when she felt her courage flag and her interest in her studies abate, she had only to call to mind the words of Edward Mendon, — "Trifling in her pursuits, empty and frivolous in mind," to send her back to her books and work with fresh vigor, yet the sudden change from a life of excessive gaiety to one of deep seclusion might have engendered sickly fancies, and made her the victim of morbid feelings, had not some social stimulus been substituted for that she had so entirely abandoned. Mr. Harris was at once friend, instructor, and confidential adviser. He guided her studies so wisely, that a genuine love of knowledge was soon revived in her mind, and thus she reaped the best reward of mental application, — a constant pleasure in the acquisition of new thoughts. It was one of the peculiar merits of Mr. Harris, so always to appear so filled with the spirit of his office, that those he addressed were compelled to forget the accomplishments of the man, in the zeal of the servant of God. He was naturally accessible to all, and his heart so overflowed with the common feelings of humanity, that he never met any one with whom he could not find some points of sympathy. From his first introduction to Catherine, he had felt great interest in her, not merely because she was fitted to inspire such interest, but because he looked upon her as one over whom he was more specially bound to watch, as she was in danger of so widely straying from the true path. Such was his command over all the topics of conversation likely to attract her lively fancy, that he had never been without some hold, even over her volatile mind, and he felt that the

present opportunity must not be neglected of endeavoring to win to a true life one whose powers however wasted, could never be inefficient for evil, and might be most effective for good. A devoted Christian, he had embraced his profession from the purest dictates of his religion, a deep reverence and love of the human soul, and an earnest desire to lead that degraded soul back to its maker. "Do not," wrote he in one of his frequent letters of advice to Catherine, "do not, my friend and pupil, fall into the mistake of supposing that *intellectual* culture alone is that improvement of the talents which is enjoined upon you. No; every social, moral, and religious faculty are talents which God has committed to your trust, and commanded you to occupy till he calls you from this world. It is not the storing up of mere information which is to be the highest and best result of your present studies, but it is the powers you are acquiring, the habits you are forming, the tastes you are perfecting, that will prove the incalculable benefit. See to it, then, that those powers be directed to the pursuit of good; those habits, such as may make the path of virtue easy; and those tastes, such as will lead you to the source of all virtue." "You know," he remarked on another occasion, "that I am in general far from being an advocate for seclusion from the world, yet when we have run too fast and too far in one direction, it is necessary to turn a short corner, to regain once more the medium path. I entirely approve your temporary withdrawal from the companionship of your equals, but you must not suffer the social principle to become dim for want of use; and there is a kind of social intercourse which would be to you free from all temptations — that with the poor, the young, the ignorant. Go then to the homes of poverty. There are secret springs of feeling common to all human hearts, and you will perhaps be surprised to find how

much there may be even in those lowly abodes to call forth your best affections."

But the nature of the influence which Mr. Harris exercised over the mind and heart of Catherine, was best seen in its results. Before her two years had nearly expired, she cherished in her heart the faith and hope of a Christian, while she strikingly exhibited in a life of active usefulness, the renovating power of divine truth.

CHAPTER III.

"Did you ever see that handwriting before, brother Edward?" gaily exclaimed Marianne Mendon, as she held up before his eyes a billet she had just received. A bright flush rose on his cheek and mounted even to his temples, as he gazed on the paper and sought to take it from her hand. His sister playfully withheld it. "Do you think I shall let such an ungallant arraigner of my friend see this precious document? No. I always thought you deserved punishment, and now it is in my power to administer it. You must do a seven years' penance, at least." And if I do, thought Edward, it will "seem but as a few days," if I can be blessed with Rachel at last.

"Ah, poor fellow," continued Marianne, provokingly unfolding the note, and displaying to his eager eyes the well-known characters, "what would you not give to be allowed to read the words on this wee bit of paper?"

"Do not trifle with me, Marianne, it is unkind. If it contains anything that would give me pleasure, pray let me read it." She could not resist his pleading look and

agitated voice. He took the note, and with deep emotion read as follows:

"I can, my dearest Marianne, no longer refuse your earnest request to see you. I blame myself for doing it so long; and the only atonement I can offer, is frankly to confess the motives which influenced me. At first I own I did feel resentment against you, though I had no right to do so, for you said not one false word of me; but in my heart I wished you to say, what indeed you could not justly maintain. Above all, that last deriding laugh wounded me to the quick. I ought to have remembered, that in similar circumstances I should have been far more unsparing; for rank as were my own faults of character, they did not prevent me from readily perceiving those of others. Soon resentment gave way to grief, and a pensive regret that I had forfeited your esteem and love. I could not bear to see you while I felt I was so unworthy your friendship. Added to this, was the fear that the sight of you, the sound of your voice, would call my mind too vividly back to those scenes from which I had so hastily fled, and which still dwelt so freshly in my memory. I dared not so soon expose myself to a danger from which I had so narrowly escaped. But it was not until I learned, through the instructions of one to whom I owe a lasting debt of gratitude, to look upon my heart through a new medium, that I became aware how much of pride and wounded vanity was mixed up with my sorrow for broken friendship. Now that I know more of myself, I am better able to appreciate the patience with which you have borne my neglect, and the tenderness with which you have sought to soothe my feelings. I have even become grateful to you as one of the instruments to call back my steps from the dizzy brink on which I stood. You perceive then that I cannot, as you request, say, 'I forgive,' for you have done nothing to deserve forgive-

ness; I alone have been in fault. Come to me, then, dearest Marianne, I shall receive you with open arms. You will not, of course, expect me to visit you at present, but here, in my own home, it will glad my heart once more to fold to my bosom my early and long tried friend. Ever thine, Catherine Tracy."

Edward sighed as he returned the note to his sister. "What! do you regret that the breach is healed which gave me so much pain?"

"No, Marianne, you mistake the nature of my feelings. I sincerely rejoice in this reunion, and still more in the change of character which this note indicates."

"Then you are sighing because you are not yet included in the amnesty?"

"I presume," replied her brother, "that I must consider her declining to visit you *at present*, as having some reference to me, whom she is not willing to meet. No matter," added he, pettishly, "I shall soon be gone, and then you can enjoy her presence here as formerly."

"Nay, Edward, now you are most unreasonable. After your sneer about her frequent visits here, you surely could not expect she would come when you are at home. Besides, she does not call on any one, and why should she favor me more than others?"

"I said not that she should, but only that when I am out of the way, she can call on the sister without fear of meeting the obnoxious brother." And Edward, who could not have told why the letter made him feel uncomfortable, unless it was the allusion it contained to Mr. Harris, abruptly left the room.

"Poor fellow," said Marianne, looking after him half laughingly, half pityingly, "no man in love was ever yet a reasonable being, and why should I expect my brother Edward to be? That he still loves Catherine is undeniable." The next morning she found he had quite recov-

ered his equanimity, for as he was about to jump into the stage that was to bear him on his way to New Orleans, where he was to pass the winter, he whispered in her ear as he imprinted his parting kiss, "Make the way as smooth for me as you can, dear sister. Good bye."

Months rolled on. Spring returned, and Catherine, her two years having expired, was still found engaged in those pursuits which had yielded her so rich a harvest, much to the disappointment of all those who had prophesied her speedy return to a life of fashionable gaiety as soon as her vow was accomplished. Gradually she so far emerged from her seclusion, as to see company at her own house, but as yet took little part in more general society.

Edward Mendon had accomplished the object for which he had left home, and had returned to his vocation in his native city. He had never met Catherine since that memorable morning, so full of interest to them both.

"Come Marianne," said he, a few evenings after his return, "get your bonnet and let us walk." She noticed that he drew her towards the abode of her friend; he even stopped a moment opposite the door. "Dare you go in?" said she, in a tone of badinage. "May I dare so much?" replied he, in the same manner. "I really don't know, for she never mentions your name to me, but I fancy the old proverb respecting 'faint hearts' is not yet musty."

"No, nor never will be, so I will venture. If she refuses to see me, it will at least end my long suspense."

It was a bright June evening. Catherine was seated at a window of her own room. She had just dropped a book from which she had been reading an impressive description of that life of man which is by faith, and not by sight. Her face was turned towards the western horizon, as, pensively leaning one cheek upon her hand,

while the abundant blossoms of a beautiful China Rose shed over the other a deeper than its natural tinge, she became absorbed in the thrilling contemplations which the beauty of the hour was so well calculated to induce. The sun had just sent up his parting rosy smile — the sweetest but the last, investing every terrestrial object with its own hue: not a breeze was stirring — but every branch and leaf was wrapped in that mysterious repose, which sometimes suddenly comes over the face of nature, as if the Creator, by an instant exertion of omnipotence, had commanded every object into the sublime hush of worship. There is something peculiarly attractive to many persons, in the doctrine of spiritual and natural correspondences, and Catherine's poetical mind was largely imbued with such ideas. In sympathy with nature, she freely welcomed to her soul the influence of that unseen power which had said to the breeze "be still," and which spake to her own heart in a "still small voice." Hushed was every passion to rest, and unconscious of human feeling, unconscious almost of life itself, she remained a long time in the enjoyment of that devotion which was becoming daily, more and more, the love and habit of her soul. The light faded slowly away, and gradually her mind came back to earth and its scenes. She thought of the last two years, of the changes they had witnessed in her feelings, her character, her future hopes. She thought of all she owed to her friend Mr. Harris. What purifying principles, what glorious anticipations he had been the means of making her own. Edward Mendon! too, was it strange that in this review she should revert to him, the first cause of all this change? She asked herself on what terms they were likely to meet. And what change his return would make in her intercourse with Marianne.

At this moment a servant announced that Mr. and Miss

Mendon wished to see her in the parlor. She started with a movement so abrupt, as almost to throw down her favorite plant, and even in the waning light, her cheek showed a tinge deeper than its blossoms had given it.

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed, when once more alone. All the pride of woman rushed into her heart, and dilated her eye and form. It was but for a moment; the principles she had imbibed, the occupation in which she had so lately been engaged, her own more youthful reminiscences, all conspired to subdue her disturbed features into an aspect of quiet dignity. In this mood she descended. Marianne she greeted with her usual cordiality, and extended her hand to Edward, but as she did so, her manner wore a sort of frigid reserve, that to him seemed to say, "from the Christian, you have forgiveness, but from the woman, you have nothing to hope." This appearance so chilled his heart and deprived him of his self-possession, that he could not appear in his usual character of an accomplished gentleman, — agreeable in manner, rich in thought, and pure and elevated in sentiment. Catherine observed the spell she cast over him, and she may be pardoned thus much of human weakness, if the conviction that she still could sway him at her will, gave her no trifling gratification. In their after interviews, Edward often left her with the flattering belief, that her reserve had worn off, and that she had really overlooked his offence, but he did so, only to find himself thrown back upon his former ground, when he next encountered her. Many reasons might be given for this besides remaining resentment. She feared perhaps that he might again accuse her in his heart of courting his attention. Was it not strange such an idea should have entered her brain? Are men ever thus *vain* and *ungenerous?* Edward observed, that while conversing with him, her features generally preserved a calm, and, as he fan-

fancied, a cold expression; yet, whenever her friend, Mr. Harris, appeared, her face would light up into radiant smiles, and her eye wear a softened meaning, which he himself would have given worlds to have called there. "She thinks," muttered he one evening, as, unable longer to endure the contrast between her reception of himself and Mr. Harris, he abruptly departed, leaving them together, "she thinks she owes everything she now is to him, and her gratitude is equal to the obligation. She does owe him much, I allow, but did not I pave the way for him? How long would it have been before he could have gained access to her then volatile mind, had not I inflicted a necessary wound, while he stepped in to heal the injury. Like many a faithful friend, my services are disliked and unappreciated, because it was my misfortune to use a harsh instrument, while it was his office to soothe and direct, and therefore he is loved and honored. Better, perhaps, I had never stirred conscience from its sleep, but no! I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have aided, however accidentally, in rescuing a noble nature from debasement. But she loves him."

Was Mr. Harris beloved? Edward Mendon was not the only one who thought so. The nature of their friendship had long been food for the gossips, and malicious witlings said, "Miss Catherine Tracy is preparing herself for the ministry." Fortunately, her hitherto secluded life prevented her ear from being pained by such insinuations.

A pic-nic party was proposed one bright day in July, to visit a large pond or lake, distant about five miles from the city. Edward dared not ask Catherine to ride with him alone, but he procured a carriage and invited the Tracys, Mr. Harris, and his sister, to take seats in it. Yet they had scarcely left the city behind them ere he was sorry he had done so — for the perfect self-possession

and ease of Mr. Harris, contrasted with his own reserve, gave the former entire command of the conversation. He was at all times strikingly agreeable, and Edward thought that he had never known him more so than on this very morning, while he himself grew every moment more moody and abstracted. In truth, thought he, a man may as well afford to be "free and easy," when he is assured of success — while I, poor dog! have not only thrown away my own chance of winning the game, but have played into the hands of my rival.

His discomfort was either unnoticed, or unheeded, for his companions were unusually animated, and kept up a constant interchange of those light shots which are always current coin with those who see much of each other, and are blessed with mirthfulness of character. The spot to which they drove was one of great resort for fishing and shooting, as well as every other rural amusement. A cottage had been, the preceding season, elegantly fitted up for the reception of visiters, and on their arrival they found "all appliances and means to boot" of enjoyment, prepared for their use. Sportsmen's apparatus, horses for equestrian excursions, sail boats and row-boats, music and athletic games, all offered their various claims to satisfy the tastes of the candidates for pleasure.

After the company had pursued these different amusements in groups for some time, small parties began to draw off from the rest, to follow the bent of individual inclination. Catherine, who entered into the enjoyment of the hour with all her former vivacity, sprang into a small sail-boat, and gaily called her companions to join her. Edward and Mr. Harris did so, but Elizabeth and Marianne were afraid to trust themselves to one of these frail barks, and preferred joining some friends who had taken a row-boat.

. The sun was slightly shaded by light fleecy clouds, a gentle breeze just rippled the surface of the lake, and the sail among its deep-wooded islands, and flowery coves, was to two of the party, at least, a scene of unmixed enjoyment. "Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Catherine, a glow of enthusiasm lighting up her face, as her eye rested with intense admiration, alternately on woodland, sky, and water. "Surely, the 'Minstrel' was right, and there can be no hope of forgiveness for him who would 'renounce' all this 'bounteous store of charms.'"

"True," said Mr. Harris. "Yet I scarcely know which is most to be pitied, the anchorite, who flies from his fellow man and from duty, to Nature's solitudes, or the wretched slave of gain, who chooses his horizon should be bounded by brick walls, rather than by high mountains, and prefers forever the pent-up effluvia of the business mart, to the free breath of heaven."

"If I must choose the life of either," replied Catherine, "give me the anchorite's — for he, at least, has the excuse, that men often deceive, repulse, and disgust loving and noble souls, — while nature never offends. She is kinder in her ministrations, and more constant to those who love her not, than are most professed friends to each other."

Edward's eye rested for a moment on Catherine, with a glance of enquiry. Had she any special meaning in that last remark? His cheek glowed, but he spake not.

"I have often thought the passage to which you have alluded one of the finest descriptive stanzas in the English language," remarked Mr. Harris.

"I do not remember it," said Edward, rather abruptly. "Can you repeat it — I should like to hear the 'finest descriptive stanza in the English language!'"

Apparently without noticing the implied sarcasm, Mr. Harris repeated with fine tone and emphasis —

"Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland; the resounding shore;
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning yields;
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountains sheltering bosom shields;
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven;
Oh, how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven!"

Edward listened to the close, with a slight curl on his lip, and then remarked, sincerely, but not in the blandest tone, — "It is certainly musical in expression, but I must think some of Byron's have greater fire and force."

"Greater force, perhaps — but in artistic beauty, I think this passage of the 'Minstrel' superior to any similar one in Byron. It is not merely musical in expression, but complete. There is nothing superfluous, and nothing wanting — while a succession of beautiful images are introduced, themselves suggestive of nearly everything grand or pleasing in the whole circle of natural objects."

Edward was about to reply, that the polished harmony of the passage was one reason why it had never made so much impression upon him as many other descriptions had done, which, though perhaps less finished, were more striking and original, he thought, — but he caught the expression of Catherine's face, and it was one of such evident assent to the opinion of her friend, that he felt too much annoyed to continue the conversation. He pretended that the management of the boat required his strict attention — and he *so managed* it, that he brought it quickly to land. Mr. Harris suffered both his companions to step on shore — and then said, "I am going to yonder cove, off at your right, where I observed the other day a great quantity of pond lilies. If you will walk round there, I will greet you with flowers that rival the rose, in

all but the memories they leave behind." He pushed off; and Edward found himself for the first time since the rupture, alone with Catherine. Yet could he not avail himself of the opportunity to end his suspense — for Catherine seemed in a moment to drop all her animated gaiety, and to return to her former frigid reserve and dignity. The transition was too sudden not to look forced, yet she adhered to it so pertinaciously, that her companion, in spite of ingenuity and perseverance, found it impossible to break through the ice with any allusion to his personal relations with her.

They kept Mr. Harris continually in sight, as he shot along in his light pinnace, before the breeze, now considerably increased. He reached the cove, however, without difficulty, and easily secured a large quantity of the favorite flowers — some of which he playfully attempted to throw at the feet of Catherine, but the wind wafted them far from their place of destination. The bank here being much too muddy to effect a landing, he was compelled to round a sharp point called the "Giant's Boot," from its peculiar shape. "Take care of the Giant's heel, Mr. Harris. It is rough shod with rocks, and if you should strike, it will dash the boat," called out Edward, as he and his companion followed the shore around to the same spot. The caution was not ill-timed, for the sky had grown more overcast, and, in a few moments, one of those sudden squalls, so common to inland seas, took the boat as it neared the point, and drove it rapidly towards the rocks.

"Take in the sail, Mr. Harris," shouted Edward, as he hurried Catherine along, that he might render assistance. Before Mr. Harris could reef the sail, another and more violent gust overset the boat, and he found himself struggling in the water. Catherine was scarcely aware of the accident, ere Edward had rushed to the shore and dashed in after him, for it seemed that for some reason he could

not rescue himself. The boat was not far from land, and in a few moments Edward dragged him on shore, and laid him on the bank, but he was insensible.

"Oh, he is gone," cried Catherine, clasping her hands, as she bent over him in agony.

"No! no! Miss Tracy, he is not, he has only fainted," rejoined Edward, all thoughts of self generously lost in sympathy for others. He looked around for assistance, and saw that two gentlemen of their party had witnessed the accident from a neighboring bank, and were now hurrying towards them. Meanwhile, he and Catherine endeavored to use all the means in their power, to restore animation, and before any one else arrived, had partially succeeded. Once Mr. Harris slowly opened his eyes, then closed them again. "Mary! my poor Mary! what will become of her? She will follow soon. We shall not be long separated," were some of the expressions he muttered slowly, and at intervals.

"What does he say, Miss Tracy?" asked her companion.

"He thinks himself still in the water, and is speaking of his betrothed, Mary Liston," replied Catherine, still bending over him, and rubbing his brow and hands.

"His betrothed! Mary Liston! I thought — and you do not — But here come our friends."

The two gentlemen referred to, with several others, now came up, and after many questions as to the cause of the disaster, and many contradictory directions as to the proper treatment of Mr. Harris — he was borne to the house, when he soon revived — though it was found he had received a wound on the head, from one of the rocks around the "Giant's Boot," or from the boat, which was probably the cause of his remaining so long insensible. Why did not Edward, who had so gallantly exerted himself for his rescue, lend a helping hand to bear him

to the house? And why did he linger so long on that walk?

"Stay, Catherine, one moment," said he, detaining her on the bank. "You spoke of Liston as the betrothed of Mr. Harris. I thought that you were 'his chosen one.'"

"Me," she exclaimed, looking up with a simple stare of astonishment, which was succeeded by a deep blush, as she encountered his fixed gaze.

"Yes, I did think so, but I see I was mistaken. You do not love him."

"Not love him! yes! love him as my friend, my more than brother — to whom I owe more than I can express," she replied enthusiastically. "But I have from the first known that he was betrothed to Miss Liston, whom he would long since have brought here as his wife, but for the state of her health."

"You have taken a load from my heart. You do not love your friend with such a love as I madly dreamed. You are yet free. And now shall I dare confess to you the extent of my own presumption — that *I love* you?"

"Stop, Mr. Mendon," interrupted Catherine. "I cannot listen to this language from you — you, whose opinion of my character I have long known."

"I thank you, Catherine, for referring to a subject on which I have wished, but dared not, speak to you. Shall I confess that, as soon as I perceived you had overheard the harsh and exaggerated strictures on your conduct, which I expressed to my sister on that eventful morning, I joyfully accepted the position in which it placed me; dare I confess that I was willing to risk your favor, for the sake of rousing your attention, fully relying on the innate nobleness of your nature, to produce all the fruits I have since witnessed? Tell me not now, I trusted with an overweening faith that the time would come, when you would learn to forgive one, whose deep offence was

born of his deep affection. Oh, tell me not, that the dream of my youth, the hope of my manhood, is baseless."

Catherine stood a few moments irresolute. The many conflicting feelings which recorded themselves on her speaking face, gave way at last to a beaming smile, as she said — "The time has been, Mr. Mendon, when I could not have heard these declarations with patience. I trust I now know how 'faithful are the wounds of a friend.' I long since accepted the lesson, I now forgive the teacher," and she frankly extended her hand.

Mr. Harris, who lay propped up with pillows on a sofa in one of the parlors of the cottage, thought the time long ere his friends made their appearance. He was impatient to see and thank his preserver. When at last the door opened, and Edward entered with Catherine, he gave them a searching, inquiring glance, which broke into a smile of significance as he extended a hand to each.

"Mr. Mendon, I am happy to learn that it is to your exertions I owe my life, for you are one of the few men to whom I would willingly owe so great an obligation."

"Indeed, you owe me nothing, nothing whatever, I would gladly do as much for any human being — much more for one whose life is so valuable," returned Edward, cordially grasping the extended hand.

"But how is this, Mr. Mendon? You still have on your wet garments! Catherine, was this a woman's thoughtfulness, not to remind your friend of the duty of taking better care of his own health?"

Catherine blushed deeply, as she felt conscious that in the excitement of her feelings, the circumstance had entirely escaped her recollection.

Edward consented to leave the room in search of dry garments, and when he returned and found Catherine bathing the aching head of Mr. Harris, he smiled to think with what different feelings he should, a few hours before,

have regarded the circumstance. They were joined by Elizabeth, Marianne, and others of the party, and Mr. Harris seeing Catherine occupied in answering their questions about the events of the morning, once more beckoned Edward to his side.

"I need not ask," said he, in a suppressed tone, "if all is right? There is no mistaking the look of joyful anticipation of assured happiness, which lights up your face. I long since guessed your secret — though I am unacquainted with its history. No one knows better than I, how much you are to be envied — though *I* am not the man to envy you, whatever you may have foolishly thought. All *that* has passed away. Henceforth let us be friends." Their hands met, and in that warm pressure was cemented a lasting friendship.

STANZAS.

When the night is softly stealing
O'er the calm and stilly earth,
Rousing many a buried feeling,
Giving many a new one birth, —

When the spells, which Fancy braided
At some former twilight hour,
Dim through day, but still unfaded,
Wake with fresh nocturnal power, —

When the forms thou lov'st are vanish'd,
And the hearts that love thee, rest, —
Think of one whom day had banish'd
— Not forever, from thy breast; —

Think, while Hope displays before thee
Sunny gleams of joys to be,
That my spirit hovers o'er thee,
Happiest still, when nearest thee.

When the full-moon's dreamy lustre
Glimmers on the white snow shed,
Like the unborn smiles that cluster
Round the pale lips of the dead, —

When the earth is girt so brightly
With the stellar zone of night,
That the day were vain — if nightly
Heaven would give us smiles as bright, —

When the pine-grove's song, at distance,
  Draws, with soft Eolian strains,
Hopes from fears of past existence,
  Future joys from former pains:—

By those charms so dear to lovers,
  Think — and sweet the thought will be —
That my spirit o'er thee hovers,
  Happiest still when nearest thee.

When — as Earth renews her bridal
  With the emerald-girdled spring, —
Birds of song, through winter idle,
  Wake to joyous welcoming, —

When that welcoming is over,
  And, as Summer closes too,
Grove and plain again recover,
  Autumn's amaranthine hue, —

When o'ercome with music's sweetness,
  When caressed with love and praise,
When thy hours have rapture's fleetness,
  When thy moments seem like days, —

O! still think of one who found thee
  All he wished thy sex to be,
One to whom affection bound thee,
  And whom passion bound to thee.

A GARDEN, a shadow, a brook, and a tree,
Divided the house of my friend from me.
My heart was on fire, — through the garden I flew —
Leapt over the brook — the shadow crept through, —
And stood in a moment beneath the lov'd tree; —
And the friend of my heart was standing with me.

We said not a word, for there fell from above,
Such a brilliant appearance of glory and love;
We thought it a sin, if that hour should depart,
And not leave its image impressed on the heart;
So we opened our hearts to the influence there,
And we silently breathed in the language of prayer.

And softer and softer our spirits were growing,
Like the river which peacefully by us was flowing.
Oh! have you a friend, that is dear to your heart,
Go forth ere the glories of Autumn depart —
And while you are drinking the bliss of the scene,
Remember the land that forever is green.

A SKETCH.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, thought I, as I heard the piteous cries of a child, writhing under blows dealt with more than southern rigor. Shorn indeed, thou frail and lonely one! Are there none to pity as thou liest there, fast bound lest thou should'st escape the grasp of the amazon, who bends over thee with such angry looks?

The mother, whose weary head thou so often hast essayed to support with those tiny hands, now quivering with pain as the cord lacerates the tender flesh, the "mother" is not here to pity or relieve. She has "fallen asleep." But the grass has not grown upon her grave since this woman, whose heart methinks is colder than the frozen earth above that mother's form, promised that she would take thee to her home, and give thee her name and wealth. *Love* she promised not; *love* she had not to bestow; she knew it only by the name.

Ye who are mothers, when the time draws near for life with you to close, should it be yours to consign children to stranger-hands, remember, that better for them is love with poverty, than riches without affection's gentle words and deeds. Let not costly mansions and gay apparel deceive you, and prove the ruin of your heart's cherished ones.

But this woman is a Christian, a member of a visible church; and but yesterday partook of the emblems of the body and blood of one, who, were he now to appear

would say to her excited passions as once to the troubled sea, "Peace, be still;" or rebuke, as anciently he did the disciples, saying, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." "Suffer the little one to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Yes, there is one to pity the orphan — Jesus, "the lambs of whose flock are his tenderest care." The great Father-spirit, too, who heareth the young ravens when they cry, and without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

But what offence, crime, think you, had this child committed, that she should receive stripes without mercy? She had played truant on her return from school, and that, when she had been bidden to "come immediately home!" This was her offence, "specially aggravated;" so was she told, "by being committed against those who had taken her in, who gave her food, clothes, and books." We will not excuse her fault, save by suggesting that if her home had been more attractive, it would, perhaps, have drawn thither her wandering steps. But what, woman of the "iron rule," would be *thy* fate, should the Giver of thy daily bread and of all thy blessings deal with thee as thou hast dealt with the helpless one at thy feet? Well is it for thee that God is "slow to anger, and ready to forgive." Would that we might all reflect upon our sins against the Holy One when we are tempted to apply the lash, with tongue or hand, to an offending child or brother!

Fearful must death prove to such as have by folly or crime estranged kindred and friends, leaving thus the couch of pain unsoothed by the voice of love, and their dying words to fall unheeded by affection's sympathizing ear. Years have flown, and now alone, in infirm old age, must the poor victim of ungoverned passion, whom we saw contending with the helpless orphan, herself strug-

gle with the conqueror death. Unkindness has banished from her home those who would have ministered to the wants of her declining years. An evil temper has cast a shadow over all the brightness of her life. Simply to annoy, to disappoint another, she adopted the orphan child. *Temper* was her only guide in its correction, and sadly did the bereaved one mourn for love and kind words.

As an oasis amid the burning sands of the desert, as sunlight on the darkened wave, as life to the dying, was the first flash of light which revealed that Father's love, "who keepeth constant watch in heaven," to the lonely heart of the orphan. Thenceforth the world was no more a wilderness, with thorns to impede each step of the darksome way, for flowers sprung up in her path; flowers which imparted lessons of faith and hope, and strengthened continually her trust in God. Her early sorrows chastened her spirit, her early sufferings made her strong; her views of providence inspired her with noble aims and desires; and thanks to the Father of the fatherless, her life bloomed again with the happiness of early youth.

Friends of the orphan! ye would bestow food and raiment upon those bereft of parental care; forget not how much the heart of the child seeks for some object on which to pour out its own rich treasure of affection, claiming your love in return. Let, then, kindness be in your speech and deed to those whose "angels do always behold the face of God," and live in his smile. Above all, fail not to direct their young minds unto the love of the Father on high. So shall ye open to them a fountain of bliss, whose waters shall refresh and strengthen for all life's conflicts and trials.

BANGOR, OCT. 13TH, 1847.

SOFTLY, WOMAN.

Softly, woman; thou forgettest
That thy words should tender be;
Softly, woman; how thou lettest
A very trifle anger thee!

Reason, woman; He who formed thee
Empress of the world he made,
By the law of kindness bound thee;—
Is that law by thee obeyed?

Notice, woman;—what is sweeter
Than to smile and be content?
Try it, and each feeling bitter
Will unto the winds be sent.

Where's the spirit, meek and holy
Of the slighted Nazarene?
Go—and let that spirit lowly,
Woman, in thyself be seen.

THE ARCHER AND THE MAID.

A PARODY.

"Will you try my bow and arrow?" said the archer to the maid;
"With prettier bow and arrow, I'm sure you never played.
It has a silken cord, and the shaft, if you will try,
The lightest little arrow will speedily let fly."
"Oh no, no," said the little maid, "to me you sue in vain,
For they, who with your arrows play, may never play again."

"Oh lady, in a charmed cup I pledge my love to you,
The draught is sweet and pleasant, the ray of rainbow hue,
It will bring you, lovely lady, the visions that are mine—
Then drink from out my glittering cup, and taste my charmed wine."
"Oh no, kind sir," the lady said, "for I've often heard them say,
That from your dreams we only wake to Sorrow's heavy day."

"Then take these early flowers, they're beautiful and bright,
I culled them in my garden, by the silvery moonlight;
More beautiful are they, who my fairy flowers wear—
Place them, lady, in your bosom, and twine them in your hair."
"Nay, keep your lovely flowers, sir, for often I've been told,
That the poison and the thorns, in their glittering leaves you fold."

"Oh, lady, here are silken cords, a fairy web I weave,
And a spell within its folds, and a charm for all who grieve,
Then take the brilliant threads, and let the warp and woof,
Throw around a magic spell, that shall be to sorrow proof."
"Nay keep the warp and woof away, for oft 't is said to me,
That they who weave your tangled web, will never more be free."

So the lady answered "no," but she did not go away —
While still the boy would warble his soft and wily lay,
Singing ever of his silken cords, his bright and shining bow.
Oh, why did not the maiden from the cunning archer go?
Why did she listen to his song, and at his tokens look,
Till she tasted of his sparkling wine, his poison'd flowers took?

With his glittering dart she played, till it rankled in her breast,
And the roses on her cheek grew pale, as his were cheek of priest.
The sparkling cup she tasted made dim her lovely eye,
And from those soft and brilliant dreams she wakened with a sigh.
Too late the maiden found, as life's current ebbed away,
That they who would the wile escape, with *Cupid* must not play.

SEQUEL TO THE "VISION OF BANGOR IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY."

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

One day happening by chance to peep into a gentleman's escritoire, I discovered a "Vision of Bangor in the twentieth century." To my shame be it spoken, I did not resist the temptation thus spread before me, but allowed my curiosity the gratification of reading it from beginning to end. The same night having supped on oysters, *I*, too, had a dream, and what was very singular, it appeared to *join on* most remarkably to the one which had amused me so much in the morning. I seemed even to have entered into the person of the quondam dreamer, and to be actually the same individual. I shall plead therefore the extravagance of a dream, as my apology for merging my identity in his, as I relate the scenes which passed before me.

I stood by a building of very singular and imposing architecture, constructed of hewn stone, and adorned with magnificent paintings from the top to the bottom, which on nearer examination, I foundto be emblematic and exquisitely beautiful representations of the triumph of the spirit of peace over that of strife and conquest, among the nations of the earth. I turned to ask the name of this building of the individual who had hitherto acted as my guide, but to my surprise he had disappeared, and in his place stood a hale, hearty old gentleman, with a right honest countenance, and an eye wherein a spice of rogue-

ry was bewitchingly blended with a deep, manly earnestness. He seemed to be aware of my situation as a stranger, and as one who had long been absent from these sublunary scenes, and answered me with the utmost good nature.

"That," said he, "is a building wherein are kept the weapons of war, (so far as they could be obtained,) which have been used in all ages of the world.

"They are preserved both as curiosities, and as affecting memorials of the atrocities which the indulgence of evil passions, and the imagined necessity of maintaining what was falsely called 'national honor,' once led the human race to commit."

I had scarcely expressed my congratulations upon the great moral advance of society which the existence of such an edifice for such a purpose argued, when I espied in a neighboring street, in the midst of magnificent piles of stone and marble, a ruined structure, which looked as if it might have been a church, but was so fallen into decay and covered with the "moss of ages," that one could hardly distinguish its original form.

"And what ruin have we here?" I asked. "That was once, I believe, an Episcopal church, although the Episcopalians hardly acknowledge it now. Their present structures are all so splendid, they are unwilling to believe that there was ever an Episcopal church built of wood in this great city. There is an old organ in this building, which report says sometimes sends forth strange sounds at the 'witching hour of night.' The rumor may perhaps be founded upon a tradition, representing it as a most wonderful organ in its day, — being determined to 'go,' with or without hands, unless it was constantly watched! What strange power the eyes of the 'three watchers,' who, the legend says, sat by it day and night, were endowed with, that they could '*hold*' the heavenly harmonies, I

know not; but that they had some such power, the fact that whenever they were careless enough to fall asleep, the 'troublesome thing *would* go,' strongly intimates."

"What is the present state of religious sects here?" I asked. "Have they, as some prophesied in my day, been merged in one universal church?"

"No, they have not, but they have done what I think is quite as well, 'agreed to disagree.' Each still maintains some distinctive doctrines, but with so much Christian harmony, that a stranger might think them one united body, divided for convenience into distinct congregations. There has been a great change in the specific items of faith held by some sects since your time, and others have disappeared entirely. But the greatest change has been in the *spirit* which pervades the religious community. Where once all was rancor, misrepresentation, and hostility, now all is forbearance and love. The great secret of this change has been, and is, that sects have ceased *to set themselves in antagonism with each other.* They go on quietly in their own course, teach, preach, and live the truths which they think the gospel inculcates, and *let each other alone.* The hateful voice of religious controversy is now scarcely heard in our land. Sects do not, even by implication, or by the application of exclusive titles to themselves, condemn each other. Calvinists no longer proclaim their '*evangelical*' distinctions, nor do Unitarians plume themselves on their '*liberal*' tendencies. The word 'Orthodox' is obsolete as applied to a sect, and a Unitarian would stare in astonishment if you should call him a 'liberal Christian.' Baptists have opened their arms wide to welcome the Christian world to the communion of their Lord, and, what is the greatest triumph of all, Episcopalians have done talking about '*the church*,' and Swedenborgians have conceded that somebody besides

Swedenborg *can* have a new idea! Thank God, the times of religious *cant* are over!

"So soon as sects ceased to place themselves in a controversial attitude, so soon they began to see that really there was 'some light' in their neighbors.

"Trinitarians found it possible to believe that Unitarians '*might* be saved upon a pinch,' and Unitarians that Trinitarians were 'not such fools after all,' (as, in spite of their '*liberality*,' even the most intelligent of their body were apt to think a hundred years ago). The next step in reform, after they had come to *see* clearly the good and truth existing in their neighbors, was, in all Christian humility to adopt it, which they have done, and are daily doing. Thus renouncing their own errors, and receiving others' truths, they are becoming constantly more similar, although whether some great points will ever be harmonized so as to merge the various sects in one church, remains a matter of doubt."

I mused awhile on the delightful state of things I had heard described, and then my thoughts turned to an institution which had always ranked in my estimation next to the church.

"Can you tell me, sir, how many lodges of Odd Fellows there are here?" He put his hand to his head with a bewildered expression — "Odd Fellows," said he, "Odd Fellows — I am sure I have heard the name, and yet I cannot imagine where. Ah! I have it! I have read of them in a volume in the Antiquarian library. I had forgotten the *name* only, for the history of the decline of the institution I remember well. I think they disappeared about the year 1868. The circumstances were not a little peculiar.

"A parcel of wags, bent on finding sport for themselves, having bored a convenient number of holes in the ceiling of the Odd Fellows' assembly room, resolved to

look in upon them, and what is more, to *break* in upon them, should they not be discovered before the 'fulness of time' in the execution of their project had arrived. Accordingly, being disguised in grotesque costumes, and armed with the various utensils suited to their purpose, they repaired to their observatory. The scene that was exposed to their view was quite worth describing.

"The chief officer, (his round and sleek proportions would forbid that *he* ever should be accused of being the 'elongature of a point,') who had patiently gone through all the grades of office, until he had reached the highest, was standing upon a rostrum, slowly bowing, until his head touched the ground, waving his arms majestically to and fro, and swaying his body from side to side, with a graceful undulatory motion, while he slowly pronounced a Greek oration. This exercise was intended to promote ease and dignity of manner! Another 'brother' was lying on his back, with his mouth extended to its utmost dimensions, while a third was pouring water down his throat! If he could bear a certain quantity of the fluid, he was to be advanced a degree in the honors of the lodge! A fourth was swinging upon a rope suspended from the ceiling, and at every backward swing receiving from a staging above him, the contents of an immense tub of iced water upon his shoulders! This was a punishment for betraying some of the secrets to his wife! It was such an 'unheard of thing for a *man* to reveal a secret,' as the chief officer remarked, 'that the punishment was rendered more severe than it would otherwise have been.' They did not wish to be cruel, however, and had appointed an officer to read a poem in praise of Odd-Fellowship to him, as an alleviation of his sufferings! A group of six or seven young men, (as yet uninitiated), were standing huddled together in a corner, making wry faces at each other. The fortunate one who

could make the worst face, was to be exempted from the ceremony of 'riding the goat' in the coming initiation! A portion of the 'brethren,' (*Odd Fellows* indisputably), were squatting on the ground in a circle, with bare feet, while one stood in the centre with a red-hot iron, which he cautiously approached towards the pedal extremities of one and another of the company. It seemed that whoever bore this test of courage without shrinking or winking, was allowed to leave the circle, and thenceforward to be a candidate for the highest office; while those poor devils whose flesh winced at hot iron, were condemned to be branded with it in the centre of the left foot, and to endure other tests, until they attained the requisite degree of firmness. Another group were lying prostrate, with their faces downward, drinking sweetened water from *thimbles!* (which were filled by an attendant as fast as they were emptied). This was an exercise calculated to increase the holy virtue of patience! And as they were condemned to drink a *gallon each* of the liquid before relaxing their exertions, it was certainly most admirably adapted for its purpose! One member, who was often a speaker in the meetings of the Lodge, was seated in a sort of prisoner's box, while another was *pulling his hair* with great violence, causing a series of short, piercing shrieks to proceed from his mouth! To this he was condemned in order to obtain *command of voice*, the operation upon the hair having a tendency to increase the volume of the tones!

"A curious circumstance now caught the attention of our observers, which was, that the walls of the room were lined with men, lying one upon another, neatly packed, from the floor to the ceiling! These were in the process of being 'cured' of a disposition to worry and torment each other in matters of business, which had been reported to the Lodge, and as, by the least motion

of hand, foot or muscle, they would inevitably incommode their neighbors, and unquestionably be incommoded in return, they were fast learning to 'forbear one another in love.' This last scene threatened to be quite too much for the fast-failing gravity of the conspirators. Deciding therefore that they had 'seen enough,' they shouldered their tools, and repaired to the doors, which, assailing with all their strength, and with accompaniments of howls, groans, hollow noises, and ghostly vociferations, they soon removed from their hinges, and rushed into the midst of the frightened assembly; when, suddenly coming to order, one of their number, accoutred as a ghost, exclaimed in sepulchral tones, 'There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known.'

"Such a tumbling and sprawling from the walls as followed this announcement, such a scattering of gathered up limbs, such a scrambling for the door, is not easily imagined. Suffice it to say, that in a much shorter space of time than the enunciation of the fearful sentence had occupied, the hall was deserted by all but the intruders.

"After this, there was not such a thing heard of throughout the country, as an 'Odd Fellow.' If any who had been *supposed* to be members of the institution were interrogated about the order, they were entirely innocent of any knowledge of it whatever, 'having never been an Odd Fellow,'—oh no!

"After a while, however, some of the old members began to recollect the good deeds that had proceeded from the institution, (and, notwithstanding the laugh raised against it, no one could deny that they were numberless as well as noble,) and formed themselves into a benevolent society, under a new name, which still exists, and exemplifies as beautifully as did the 'Odd Fellows' of old, the quality of that mercy which 'droppeth as the

gentle dew from heaven,' without the drawbacks of secrecy and ceremony."

Just as my companion paused in his discourse, I observed a lady approaching us, on whom my eyes were immediately riveted. Grace and dignity were blended in her mien with a noble simplicity; and the expression of command enthroned upon her brow, was chastened by the winning sweetness which distinguished the lower part of her expressive face.

"Do you know her?" I eagerly asked. "Oh yes, very well; and if she enters the gallery of paintings, whither I think she is bending her steps, we will go in, and you shall know her also."

Our hopes were realized, and in the space of a few moments, we all found ourselves together in the gallery. After an introduction, some cursory discussion of the pictures, and going through some of the commonplaces with which I was familiar in my day, I began, as my contemporaries were much in the habit of doing, to express the admiration I really felt for her, but in a style respectful and delicate. She appeared surprised and embarrassed, but spoke not. Presuming she did not understand me, I endeavored to make my language more unequivocal, and thinking it might seem in better taste than the more personal adulation I had commenced with, I included her whole sex in my expressions of admiration.

She turned her large earnest eyes full upon me, and remained lost in astonishment. Determined that I *would* make an impression upon her by my gallantry, I returned to the attack with increased vigor, and begged that she "would not be offended or imagine that I was flattering her, for upon my honor I was truly sincere in every word I had uttered. That woman had been all I had described her, to *me*, during my pilgrimage on earth, and that even if I had had no experience in the matter until now, I

should be equally sure of the truth of what I had said, for who could look upon the incomparable being before me, and doubt that woman was to man the 'morning star' that shone through his youthful dreams, the 'day-star' that gilded his manly prime, the 'evening-star' that shed a halo over his declining years, and — and —"

"You might add the 'dog-star,'" quietly remarked the lady, with an expression about the mouth which plainly revealed the struggle that was going on in her mind, between politeness and mirth. The struggle was but for an instant. The beautiful lips parted, and out came a peal of uncontrollable laughter. Again it was checked, — the "eloquent blood spoke" in her cheek, and pleading "shopping," while she gracefully apologized for her rudeness, she left us. (So the women "shop" yet, thought I.)

"Now in the name of wonder, tell me what is the meaning of all this," I ejaculated, turning to my friend. To my great vexation, I found him laughing as heartily as she had done. As soon as he had recovered himself a little, he replied, "*I* was in as much of a maze as the lady, to hear your style of conversation, until I remembered having read in worm-eaten volumes of something similar. But talking to ladies after that fashion was obsolete many years ago."

"What? Obsolete, do you say?" "Yes, truly so. Woman is no longer considered as a mere object for caresses and pretty words. Men might as well attempt to cut away the Andes with a penknife, as to carve themselves a place in her esteem by flattery. She is not now petted and pacified with adulation, while her true dignity is forgotten, nor does she obtain 'sugar-plums' when she only asks for *justice*. *Your* age *fondled* woman. *Ours* honors her. You gave her *compliments*. *We* give her *rights*.

"Your contemporaries, if I have read rightly, looked

upon woman as a mere *adjunct* to man. As merely the 'companion to cheer *his* pathway,' the 'angel to soothe *his* sorrows,' the 'wife to adorn *his* fireside,' etc. etc. With you, all things in woman had a reference to *man*. We think not so, but regard her as *complete in herself*. (Not indeed independent of man, nor man of her, but both, in a high and noble sense, created for each other.) Not needing man to *eke her out into an individual*, but in *herself* the 'image of God.' Not 'God's last, best gift to *man*,' but *with* man, not *next* to him, or *before* him, 'God's last, best gift' to creation. Man is not thought of as the solid masonry of life, and woman as the *gingerbread-work*, but both together, as the solemn and beautiful architectural pile of humanity; which, without either, or with either subordinate to the other, would lose half its majesty and harmony.

"Admired, woman may be, and *is*, in these latter times, but not for the fair hair, or the azure eye, nor yet for the graceful manner, or elegant accomplishment alone, but for the *soul* that burns within her, and now only has freedom to show itself. Nor, much as we elevate and reverence her, do we aim to abolish the difference in the intellect and constitution of man and woman. On the contrary, we acknowledge and cherish it, only waiving the worn-out question of the intellectual *rank* of the sexes.

"The old-fashioned notions about woman that prevailed in your day, are now scarcely remembered as having existed, except by the antiquarian and the scholar. Some ancient books, with whose lore *they* alone are conversant, still preserve the recollection of them. 'T is well that my memory has been recently refreshed by one of these very books, as well as by a 'History of the manners, customs and opinions of the past,' or I should be lost in astonishment at the light in which you contemplate the sex. There is one book, however, whose almost inspired

pages are open not alone to the scholar, — I refer to Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' in which there is an allusion to some such ideas as your contemporaries had. It is in this remarkable address from Eve to Adam: 'God thy law, thou, mine.' There has been an immense amount of controversy upon this passage, but I believe commentators at length agree in considering it a false reading. Although of course aware of the condition of woman, at the time in which Milton lived, they believe him to have been incapable of putting a sentiment into the mouth of his ideal of womanly perfection, which makes God a God to *her*, only *through her husband.* They are the more confirmed in this, as in another immortal poem, 'Comus,' he makes his heroine a model of all that is free and noble, and as a still more ancient and world-famed poet, Shakspeare, represents woman in quite a different way."

"What is the standard of intellectual cultivation among women now."

"Culture of the broadest kind is considered necessary to both men and women, to fit them for their entrance into the cares and toils of life."

"But how do women find time for this? They could not do so in my day."

"You know the old adage, 'where there's a will, there's a way.' Since woman has awoke to the importance of self-culture, the means are found quite practicable. And besides, there are the increased facilities for domestic labor, to be considered in this matter. The household arrangements of this age are somewhat different from those of yours, I imagine. At this moment, you may see an exemplification of it, in the gay groups of people which you notice yonder, just filling the streets, as they go to their eating houses."

"Eating houses! Ah, it seems to me that looks a little like Fourierism, but the tall individual whom I met in

the morning, told me that the community system 'died out' long ago, and that people lived in families, and women cooked and scrubbed, baked and patched, as of old."

"And so people do live in families, and always will, I reckon; Ah! your tall friend! I know him like a book! A cross-grained, conservative old creature, who cannot endure the modern improvements which leave woman freedom to pursue her individual tastes. He spoke of things as he wished them to be, rather than as they are. Never believe a word he tells you on this subject. Poor fellow! he was once of goodly proportions, fully rounded out, sleek and fair; one of the most popular men in society. In early life he possessed a wife, a most exemplary woman, who devoted herself unusually to the promotion of his comfort; but having had the misfortune to lose her, he could find no other so docile and obedient, and he has really become the melancholy, attenuated being you saw, by venting his indignant ire against the progress of the sex in these days. 'Woman's rights,' as he sneeringly terms them, are the constant theme of his discourse, and the rich old fellow having been refused by at least a dozen ladies, revenges himself by slurs upon the whole woman part of creation."

"Rich! is he? and will not his long purse procure him a wife?"

"Riches procure him a wife here! You forget, my dear sir, that women are not bought and sold now, as in your day."

"Oh, they were not exactly that, in my day, but then, as now, I suppose, they found it necessary to be clothed and fed, and to move in genteel society, and what would you have them do, if they had no money of their own, the father bankrupt, perhaps, and a homeless old age before them? What better *could* they do, than marry a

rich husband, and so provide for themselves, and destitute sisters perhaps? For my part, I always pitied, more than blamed, when I saw them doing so."

"'Pitied!' 'blamed!' Let me tell you, my good friend, that things have indeed changed with woman. As to 'clothing and food,' she provides them, (when necessity or inclination prompts) by her own hands or head, and what is more, can follow the impulses of her heart, in maintaining a feeble brother or sister, or an aged parent. She is therefore not obliged to enter the marriage state, as a harbor against poverty. And as for 'genteel society,' riches neither admit nor exclude from that, but man and woman both mingle in the circle for which talent or cultivation fit them, and take their places as easily as flowers turn to the light, or fold their leaves in the shade And for this progress, we are mainly indebted to the genius of Charles Fourier, who, by his profound insight into the evils of society, induced such changes as gave due compensation to all industry, whether in man, woman or child. Coöperation substituted for competition, has in a great measure removed indigence from society, and division of labor in domestic art has increased the facilities of housekeeping as much as electricity has that of conveying news. Yet the labor of woman was lightened more reluctantly than other improvements, and the natural patience of that sex, and the selfishness of ours, might have made the eternal track of household labor go on as of old, but for the impossibility of getting female domestics for an occupation which brought so much social degradation and wear and tear of body and clothes! The factory, the shop, and the field even, came to be preferred before it, and men found that they must either starve, or contrive some better way of being fed.

"True, there are no 'Associations' properly, and many things that the genius of Fourier dreamed of, have never

been realized. The reformer's plans seldom *are* fulfilled, as he foresees them, but much that that great man taught has been heeded, and men now bless his labor, and respect his name.

"Taking the hint from him, the poor first combined to purchase their supplies at shops established expressly for them, that their small parcels might come to them at wholesale prices. Rich men built comfortable, cheap dwellings, with the privilege for each tenant of a certain right in a common bakery, school, etc. Other changes followed. Philanthropists guided legislation in the poor man's behalf, till he gradually lost sight of his poverty, while the *hoarder* became unable to heap up wealth from the sweat of his less prosperous brother.

"True, we do not live in the 'phalanx,' but you have noticed the various houses for eating which accommodate the city. Covered passages in some of the streets, the arcade style of building generally adopted in others, and carriages for the more isolated and wealthy residences, make this a perfectly convenient custom, even in our climate, and 't is so generally adopted by our people, that only now and then a fidgetty man, or a *peremptory woman*, attempts anything like the system of housekeeping in your day. Nothing but extraordinary wages enables a man now to have a little tea, a little cake, a little meat, a little potato, cooked under his own roof, served all by itself, on a little table for him especially. But the recluse and monk will be found in all ages.

"You would hardly recognize the process of cooking in one of our large establishments. Quiet, order, prudence, certainty of success, govern the process of turning out a ton of bread, or roasting an ox! — as much as the weaving a yard of cloth in one of our factories. No fuming, no fretting over the cooking stove, as of old! No 'roasted lady' at the head of the dinner table! Steam, ma-

chinery, division of labor, economy of material, make the whole as agreeable as any other toil, while the expense to pocket is as much less to man, as the wear of patience, time, bone and muscle, to woman.

"Look at that laundry establishment on the other side of the old Penobscot! See the busy boys and girls bearing to and fro the baskets of snowy linen, in exchange for the rolled and soiled bundle of clothes. There is a little fellow, now, just tumbling his load into this end of the building; — by the time he fairly walks round to the other side, it will be ready to place on his shoulders, clean, starched, and pressed with mirror-like polish! Ah, you did not *begin to live* in your benighted nineteenth century! Just think of the absurdity of one hundred housekeepers, every Saturday morning, striving to enlighten one hundred girls in the process of making pies for one hundred little ovens! (Some of these ovens remain to this day, to the great glee of antiquarians.) What fatigue! What vexation! Why, ten of our cooks, in the turning of a few cranks, and an hour or so of placing materials, produce pies enough to supply the whole of this city; — rather more than all your ladies together could do, I fancy. Window cleansing, carpet shaking, moving, sweeping, and dusting, too, are processes you would never know now, though, by the way, there is much less of this to do than there used to be, owing to a capital system of laying the dust by artificial showers which has long been used. Indeed, this was hinted at in your day I think, by a very acute observer of nature, laughed at then, as a dreamer. 'Professor Espy' was his name."

"I asked a while ago, how women could find *time* for the culture you were speaking of, but I am constrained to change my question now, and ask, what, for mercy's sake, is there left for them to do?" said I, indignantly, thinking of the unceasing turmoil of "washing-day," bak-

ing and ironing day, which my poor wife had always been obliged to submit to. "How lazy your women must be!"

"Lazy! why they take part in all these very processes. Labor no longer makes them fear to lose caste, and they join in hand or head work as they please, and from having greater variety of employments, those which were deemed more exclusively theirs, such as sewing or teaching, not being crowded, command as high remuneration as any. No, woman is not made lazy by this social progress. She finds abundance of work and freedom to do it. In every station, pecuniary independence is her own. Her duties as mother and daughter are now more faithfully fulfilled than ever, as freedom is more favorable to the growth of the affections than coercion, while in the marriage relation the change is too great to describe. No longer induced to enter it as a refuge from the ennui of unoccupied faculties, free also from the injurious public opinion which makes it necessary to respectability to wed, woman as well as man may go to her grave single if she pleases, without being pitied for having failed of the great end of her existence. Marriage is therefore seldom entered, except from mutual choice and strong affection. True, mistakes are made now, as in your day, by the young with vivid imaginations, but the prevailing habit of useful occupation makes such mistakes far rarer now than then. The family and the home are indeed sacred, and the bond only broken by death. Children are reared under holy influences, and the generations grow and increase in the love and wisdom of God and man."

"But your women do not take part in the affairs of state, do they? At least, so the 'cross-grained, conservative old creature,' as you called him, who answered my question this morning, told me."

"Oh no, they have no wish to do so."

"But that individual told me they had made the attempt;" and here I recapitulated the description he had given me of women in the halls of legislation.

"Oh, that was all a joke! And a capital one it was too."

"A joke! How can that be?"

"Why, men were strangely sore and sensitive upon that subject, always imagining that women wanted to rule. If a word of fault was found with woman's condition, they would immediately take fire, and reply, 'Oh, you want a share in government do you? Better stay at home and darn your stockings.' If a sigh was breathed over woman's want of freedom, intellectual and social, 'Ah! you'd like to go to the polls would you? Better learn to make a good pudding!' To which women answered in effect, that 'they had n't any particular objection to 'darning their hose,' and that they liked of all things to *eat* '*good* puddings,' as in the then condition of 'help' they could n't reasonably expect to eat unless they made them, and as they were really quite indifferent to taking a share in government, they thought they should accept the advice offered them, and go on, for a while at least, 'darning their stockings and making good puddings.'

"But men were not so easily satisfied. Still, when the lovers of progress expressed a wish for a broader female culture, they shrugged their shoulders and ejaculated, 'Oh! a share in government!' and if some unlucky dog chanced to stumble on the word 'woman,' — 'Humph! Good pudding.' Still went on the deep, silent current of reform, and still men pricked up their ears and looked fearfully about them, scared lest woman was beginning to 'rule.' Still woman cried 'onward,' and still man groaned, 'darn stockings!' They bore this patiently for some time. At last some mischievous ones declared

'they would bear it no longer. It was too good a subject for fun to be longer treated seriously. It was quite too bad that men had for so many years cried "wolf" in vain. Now the wolf should really come!' And so, indeed, he did; these female wags actually enacted the very scenes you have described to me, in their zeal to 'quiz' their male tormentors. How well they succeeded in quizzing them, you can judge from the story you heard.

"But women were at one time obliged to take part in government, which was '*no* joke.'"

"Ah! how happened it?"

"Men became completely eaten up with the love of money. This frightful disease had begun to show itself in your day, but it afterward made much more rapid and terrible advances. It became a raging pestilence, destroying everything within its reach. It prevailed over our whole country, but more fatally than anywhere else, in this our good city. All other things became subordinate to this burning fever. Social intercourse was abandoned. Amusement was ridiculed as absurd. The church was deserted. The Sabbath habitually desecrated. And even the master-passion, *love*, was forgotten. The effect of this money-leprosy (for I think of no more appropriate name) upon the body, was truly terrific; withering the skin, and changing it to a lurid copper color, with large livid spots upon it, seeming like the ghosts of dollars, (which, like the Lady Macbeth's spots of blood, 'would not rub out'); giving the eyes the appearance of burning cents, sunk deep in the head; impregnating the breath with a fœtid metallic odor, and, as some declared, even imparting to the blood a dull coppery tinge; causing the hands to grope and fumble in vacancy, as if in search of bank bills, while the tongue muttered continually, 'dollars,' 'interest,' 'stock,' 'dividends,' and other words of pecuniary import.

"Of course, with this fearful disease upon them men neglected their duties in the Legislature, in Congress, in courts of law, etc., except those which related directly to their pecuniary interests.

"If their attention was called to any other matters than those which touched their pockets, they would look as bewildered as an owl in the day time, — blushing, stammering, and finally ejaculating, 'Well — I — do n't know, but — I 'll — I 'll — go home and ask my wife!' And so 'go home and ask their wives' they did, and their wives, poor things! having never turned their attention to these matters, and not feeling that they knew much about them, actually had to go to work and make themselves acquainted with all sorts of statistics, political economy, and even law, to help their money-crazed husbands out of their difficulties; so that for a long time women had as much, and even more, to do with the affairs of state than men.

"At last, things got to such a pass that the female part of the community concluded it would not do. That something must be done to stop the progress of the disease which was desolating their homes, and turning society topsy-turvy. And something *was* done. I will not stop to relate all the details of their mode of operations, but will be satisfied with saying, that a system was immediately commenced, which, after sundry discouragements and years of laborious effort, was at length crowned with success. (This much I will say, however, that with the exception of establishing hospitals for the treatment of the infected, their methods of restoration were altogether of the domestic kind.) Once more order and beauty were restored to society, and men became men again."

The scene changed. I was in the midst of a large and brilliant assembly. Thousands of lights gleamed from

the ceiling upon the festive throng. Music was heard in the alcoves. The merry laugh sounded from group to group, as the sparkling witticism flashed along the circle; and "many-twinkling feet" were heard in the distance, "wreathing the fantastic dance."

My faithful friend was at my elbow. "Where are we?" I asked in some surprise. "At a levee at Mrs. ——'s. You must open your eyes wide and see all there is to be seen, for you will not have a better opportunity of learning the social peculiarities of our age." I took his hint, and wandered from circle to circle, to discover, if possible, the bent of the social tastes which I was to see exhibited. My first impression had been, that the assembly I found myself in the midst of was very similar to the festive gatherings of my own age; but I was soon convinced of my error. Externally, it is true, it was so. There were the same graceful exteriors, the same courtly manners, the same beaming faces. There was man in his pride and woman in her beauty. But under all these there was a *soul*.* The courtly manners, the graceful exteriors, and the beaming faces, veiled a *spirit*. Man was there in his manly sincerity, as well as pride, and woman in her majesty, as well as beauty. The assembly went not there to pass an idle hour in mere frivolity, or to obey the demands of ceremony or fashion. They went for the pure interchange of social joys. Friend greeted friend, and heart met heart. Man went not to flatter and cajole, and then boast of his victory over poor ensnared woman. Woman went not to be admired and caressed for a thoughtless hour, and then flung lightly away as a plaything to the winds. But both to meet

* God forbid I should intimate that those who frequented social assemblies in my day had no souls. Only that they usually left them at home when they "went into company."

each other as friends and companions, as spirits bound to the same haven, and created for the same objects.

I have spoken of the sparkling witticism, — and truly it was abundant. Fresh and clear it gushed from the well of thought, and gladdened all within its reach. But it was not, as in my day, *all* the evidence of mind allowed to appear in the festive circle. *Freedom* was there as well as wit, and the guests were not forbidden by the voice of imperious fashion to be serious or gay, as their humor moved them.

I found myself a listener to many circles where subjects which my contemporaries would have thought quite shocking in the social assembly, from their seriousness or profoundness, were chaining a delighted group in closer and closer interest. *Woman*, too, joined in them, and no fear of the world's smile cramped the vigorous intellect, and no visions of "blue stockings" repressed the soul that *would* be free.

To other circles, where the grave and gay, the profound and brilliant, were elegantly blended, I lent a willing ear, and joined with a whole heart, and lungs most glad to do their office, in the "laugh" which varied and vivified the entertainment. (They did laugh, those girls, as if they were afraid of no mortal. — And God bless them! why should they be?)

I observed that some of the assembly were quietly reading, as if they had been in their own parlors, others, in secluded corners or curtained alcoves, were reciting or reading aloud to a neighbor, others were engaged in playing chess and kindred games, and others still were seen tête-à-tête for a great length of time with one individual. I was much surprised at this, and asked an explanation of my companion, remarking that "anything of the kind would not have been allowed in my day, and that indeed *I* could not consider it quite polite, as one would think

the guests might find time at home for such purposes." "Oh, that," said he, "is a matter of opinion. *We* think it the truest politeness to allow our guests to find amusement for themselves, provided their way of doing so does not annoy others. Freedom is with us the highest enjoyment."

At this moment my eye was caught by a strange looking object in a corner, examining a picture through a quizzing glass, with most grotesque contortions. His hair was brushed perfectly upright on the crown of his head, and trimmed very precisely in *points*, while from the crown to the neck it fell in elaborate ringlets, powdered and perfumed with all the art of the friseur. His whiskers were abundant, and finished in points like his hair. (Points were "all the rage," as I afterwards learned) An immense moustache "cultivated" into ringlets at the ends, adorned his upper lip, and a delicate goatee his under.

The rest of his toilet was in keeping. Loads of gold and silver lace decorated his green velvet coat, and the richest of thread lace his crimped shirt-bosom! Immense gold and pearl pendants hung from his ears, and his watch, set in pearl, dangled in full relief against his black velvet pantaloons. On his diminutive hands were squeezed gloves of the most dazzling whiteness, over which sparkled numerous rings of various value and beauty. Apertures in the fingers of these admitted to the light nails a full half inch in length, gracefully curled upward, and ending in the usual finishing of points! His pantaloons were short enough to display an exquisitely turned ancle; and shoes of white satin, embroidered with flosses of the richest hues, and ornamented with gold and pearl buckles, completed the toilet of this singular being.

My companion had been observing my minute scru-

tiny of the grotesque object before me, and at length asked me "what I thought of him." "I cannot decide. Is he a man? and if not, to what title *can* he lay claim?"

"I suppose he must *pass* for a man," he said, laughing. "He is one of the *exquisites* of the day."

"What! In the high state of social progress where I find you is it possible you have 'exquisites?' Has woman made so great an advance as you have represented, and does man still remain so far behind her as to allow such a thing as a dandy to exist?"

"It is even so, although to do ourselves justice I must say that such creatures are very rare, and hardly tolerated in society. He was not invited here to-night I understand, but got in by some trick of his remarkable assurance."

I looked again at the "exquisite," attracted by a strange sound, which seemed to come from his vicinity. He was laughing, as near as I could judge by the singular contortions of his phiz and the nervous agitation of his body, although the sound I never should have recognized as that of mirth, it being part squeal, part cackle, and part a suppression of both. It is said laughing is infectious. However this may be usually, *his* most assuredly was, and accordingly my friend and I began to *shake* in unison, then to laugh audibly, and finally to roar. Our unearthly noises seemed strangely to agitate our "surroundings." The walls began to totter. The flame of the lamps waved hither and thither. The furniture rocked. The floor rose and fell like the sea in a storm. A hapless Falstaff, overturned and set rolling by the "swell," came tumbling over my unlucky "corns," and bawling, I awoke.

THE CHILD'S SPRING SONG.

I CANNOT, mother, stay at home,
It is so sweet a day;
Yon darling Robin bids me come;
Mother, I must away!

My body only will sit still,
And count the weary hours,
For, out by brother's little mill,
My soul is picking flowers!

Mother, you tell me I must mind,
And so my body will;
But then my soul you cannot bind;
'T is out by brother's mill!

Then I am sure you 'll let me go
Where that 's already gone;
Oh, mother, do not tell me no!
My soul is all alone!

For though I've heard you often say
That spirits round us fly,
Who have no bodies made of clay,
Yet, Ma, I know not why,

I should not like such soul to be;
I should but sob and moan,
" Oh, body, pray come back to me!
My soul is all alone! "

My soul, dear mother, will not stay!
It hears the robins sing;
It cannot stay at home to-day;
It will not mind in Spring!

My body's tired of sitting still;
Then let it seek the bowers,
Where, out by brother's little mill,
My soul is picking flowers!

TOBACCO.

Tobacco! sweet tobacco!
How I am wed to thee!
Oh, I would go through frost and snow,
Mire, dust or heat, to see
A Principe on fire for me;
So charming glow 'mid grief and woe,
Good Spanish rolls of thee.
Rich is the cloud, and blue the shroud,
Unfurled by my tobacco:
Thou hast thy charms, and nought alarms,
Like leaving off that hem and cough,
Engendered by tobacco.
Dear luscious weed! I will not heed
"The Doctor's" tale of thee;
Envy they do the noble few,
Who 've linked to smoke with me.

TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

A BROOK now merrily singing, danced and whirled down steep and rugged places, and now gently murmuring, it glided over small pebbles, till, descending the mountain's side, it at last mingled its clear sparkling waters with the ocean. To man it was a lonely place, for there human step was seldom heard, but the brook seemed ever to rejoice. A wanderer passed that way, one who had earnestly toiled for fame; he had met disappointment, and discouraged, he left the haunts of men. When he saw the brook so merry, he thought its lot was like his own, and in the bitterness of his heart he spoke: "Thou givest water to supply the mighty ocean, and it is almost adored for its sublimity, but thou and thy kind, without which small indeed would be the ocean's power, are heeded not. I too have devoted my powers to the world, years have I labored, but in the great mass my efforts are unnoticed, my name never sounds above the rabble. *I* have no heart for joy." Thus he deplored his state, but the brook danced on in its glee. The breeze stirred the shrubbery and a branch near bent and touched a wild celandine; the pods flew open and the seeds were scattered round; some fell into the water and were carried down the stream to be landed upon and beautify other and perhaps barren shores. "More good," said the wanderer, "but who thanks the brook?" A harebell gently bowed its slender stem, and the breeze seemed to bear with it a low soft voice. The wanderer listened, the

voice became distinct, " Is the good of the brook entirely unacknowledged? Do not our hues brighten as it moistens our roots, and as we bend our heads that it may see our brilliancy, its song grows merrier as it hastens on to refresh others. The seeds of our gay fellows are borne away to other shores, and thou complainest, for no one thanks the brook. Is it praise that makes the value of the deed? Does good done in secret make it less good? Grieve not, rather rejoice at thy lot. Thy powers are noble, exert them not for fame but solely for good. The world may never know thy *name*, but silently and surely will thy influence spread around, raising and purifying the minds of men." The voice ceased,—a soft sound appeared to arise from the flowers, and the leaves of the tall trees near seemed to rustle with gladder tone. The wanderer returned to his fellow-men with a new spirit. The brook taught him a lesson he ever remembered. By his means exiles from virtue were reclaimed and directed to the path of duty; they who seemed doomed to misery and want, were raised from their low position, and encouraged to persevere in attaining a state more worthy of their being. When the names of men were sounded as it were from the housetop, if a desire for fame entered for a moment his bosom, he thought of the brook of the mountain, and was humbled.

Thus does Nature ever teach those who listen to her lessons of love and duty to others.

It is not fit for thee to wear,
Mother, those graceless locks of hair.
No — let thine own, of sombre gray,
Upon thy time-worn forehead lay;
'T is far more suitable for thee,
Thou woman of simplicity!
For thou in singleness of heart
Hast gone thy pilgrimage, while art,
And fashion, and the world's applause,
Have governed by their tyrant laws.
And thou hast bowed not to them — no,
For a *soul* on thee did God bestow;
And thou hadst not the heart to slight
The teachings of that inward light.

It hath created smiles, ere now,
To see how all unconscious thou
Didst take thine independent way,
Unmindful what the world might say.
Yet thou at length hast feebly tried,
Mother, thy faded locks to hide;
Because thy friends in sooth did say,
Thou wert too youthful to be gray. —
It would not do — upon thy face
Sickness and time had left their trace,
And spite of all thy art, (indeed
It was too little to succeed,)
Beneath thy cap would ever stray
Some lock which, truth to tell, was gray.

Lay them aside — there, mother, thou
Art free from fashion's thraldom now,
Again with pleasure I can trace
An unbought beauty in thy face,
Behold thy fair and ample brow,
Albeit somewhat wrinkled now.

There, go thou forth, and never fear
With thy companions to appear.
And if they ask thee, mother, why
Thus adorned? Do thou reply,
"I'm growing old — my hair is gray,
But I look onward to the day,
When I shall wear a diadem,
And 'fadeless wreath' — I wait for them."

TO THE VEILED DONOR OF THE EVENING OF OCTOBER SEVENTH.

[*Referred to on page* 205.]

GENTLY, stranger; ring not loudly;
Startle not the dwellers here;
Drop thy veil a little lower,
Lest thy features should appear;
Draw thy hooded covering closer;
Lean thy head upon thy breast;
Shun the *lamp* that would reveal thee;—
Trust thine instinct for the rest.

Well done, brave one! thou hast safely
Met the ordeal thou did'st dread;
Now thy secret shall be hidden,
As 't were buried with the dead
Thank thy stars for thy invention,
Triply guarded, muffled one!
Now thy left hand never knoweth
What thy right hath nobly done!

Listen, woman! Angels whisper!
Can'st thou hear the words they say?
"Bless thee, mortal! — done in darkness,
Write we it in endless day."
Simple woman! Think'st thy secret
Safe, as with the dead, shalt prove?
Know, that though on earth it slumber,
Like the stars 't will shine above!

PENOBSCOT CHARACTERS.

No place is without its characters, and no place has had more queer fish in proportion to the number of its denizens than the valley of the Penobscot. It is our purpose to chronicle some reminiscences of a few of them, that they may not be entirely forgotten.

We will first turn our attention to the aborigines. These people, who formerly composed the powerful tribe of Zanatines, have dwindled down to a mere handful of miserable vagabonds, destitute of courage, energy, and every other quality that made their ancestors respected or feared. Fifty years' contact with the white man has made fearful devastation among them, and at the end of another half century, we fear that the visiter will look in vain over the site of their present village at Oldtown for a vestige of the last wigwam of their tribe.

Gen. John Blake, a revolutionary soldier — and a character himself, by the way — was, for a long period, on intimate terms with the Indians, and in his old age used to relate many anecdotes of them. They had great confidence in him, and often consulted him in relation to their affairs. A prominent character in the General's anecdotes, was John Neptune, Lieut.-Governor of the tribe for more than a quarter of a century, and familiarly known as Gov. Neptune — who had been as fine a specimen of the Indian as was ever seen in New England. Large and well proportioned, with a fine benignant countenance, and dignified bearing, he invariably arrested the attention of the stranger. He enjoyed fun, though he

possessed the usual taciturnity of his race. He is now an old man, and broken down somewhat by intemperance and misfortune; still, he retains something of his early appearance and character.

It has been the custom of the tribe from time immemorial to be represented *at* the Legislature by a delegation consisting of one or more of their chief men. When Maine was connected with Massachusetts, they were regularly represented at the 'General Court' in Boston; and if they could learn that Blake was to be in Boston at the same time, the delegation made it a point to put themselves under his direction.

At one time the delegation consisted of six chiefs. Among them was Neptune, then a young man, and when in full dress a magnificent fellow. When they arrived in Boston, they attracted much attention, so much, that the proprietor of the Museum conceived the idea of making an honest penny out of the curiosity they had awakened. He applied to Blake, and through him made an arrangement to have them visit the Museum on an evening appointed. The public were duly advertised of the fact, and the rooms of the Museum were thronged long before the hour of the arrival of the chiefs. On their passage into the hall, Blake, who was conducting them, overheard a young lady express a desire to examine the dress of Neptune, which consisted of a splendid scarlet frock, confined about the waist by a girdle of wampum, Indian leggins or stockings, and moccasins, the borders of all which were beautifully wrought with beads. The General told her she should be gratified, at the same time warning her, that after she had examined the dress, she should withdraw herself immediately, as the chief was an exceedingly wild fellow, and he could not be accountable for what he might do. Then seizing Neptune, and giving him the wink, he told the lady she could examine the

garment. She looked with great caution, and when Blake saw she was about concluding her examination, he released the chief, who instantly seized the lady by the waist, and cried, as if in triumph,

"Now you my squaw!"

The lady shrieked, and Neptune released her and passed on.

On another occasion, during their visit at this time, a high civil functionary invited the chiefs to dine with several of his friends at his house. These friends were gentlemen and their wives, who were curious to witness the practices of the aborigines at their repasts. And it is probable their curiosity was fully satisfied. These children of the forest eschewed knives and forks, and all assistance, but thrust their fingers into whatever dish their fancy dictated, and helped themselves without regard to time, ceremony, or the distance of the food coveted. To repeated inquiries of their host if they would take cider, they gave a negative grunt. At last one of them, probably disgusted with the sound cider, looked up and cried fiercely,

"Davis, why you no hav'um *lum*?" [rum.]

We will next consider the white-skins.

A character once well known in Penobscot, was Capt. James Budge. He was at one time the owner of the land on the east side of the Kenduskeag stream, in Bangor, called "City Point," and lived in a small yellow house in the rear of where Gen. Veazie's house now stands. He became reduced by intemperance, in fortune and character, and spent his last days in wandering about the streets a harmless madman, dealing out rhymes for a glass of grog, which few of the traders in those days could see any virtue in withholding, and pilfering whatever he conceived would be of service to him.

But madman though he was, there was "method in his madness," as the following specimen of his rhyming will show. It was made impromptu in a store which stood on Broad Street, near Puddle Dock, a muddy creek, that made up where Emerson's block now stands. The store was occupied by a merchant, who was a federalist, Mr. Prouty, whose democracy no man can doubt, and the fashionable tailor of those times, John Reynolds, Esq., who was a distinguished speaker in town meetings. The poetry was induced by the usual fee, a glass of grog, and is as follows:

"Down by the shore
There is a store,
Occupied by a Fed.;
Prouty, the lame,
Lives in the same,
And Reynolds overhead."

A trader who cured fish, and frequently found quantities of them missing, undertook to hire Budge not to steal them, and told him if he would not he would give him an armful of the best fish he could find. He selected a number of fine fish and left, the trader congratulating himself that he was rid of so profitless a customer so cheaply. Budge had not been gone long, however, before he returned with the fish, and throwing them down before the astonished trader, said gruffly,

"Here, take your fish, I don't want 'em."

"Why, what is the matter, Budge?"

"Oh," replied he significantly, rolling up his only sound eye, "*I can do better!*"

Of Mr. P. it is said, that when it was proposed to set off his house and lot in Hampden to Bangor, near the line of which they were, some years since, he remonstrated because of the *unhealthiness of the latter place!*

A character of considerable humor, was Capt. Jacob Hart, of East Brewer. He was an officer in the war of the Revolution, and while in the army acquired habits of military precision and military vivacity, that adhered to him through life. He had also the habit of interlarding his observations with the expressions "pretty likely — hum," "of course — yes." At one time he had indulged too freely, and coming out of the Hatch Tavern, he attempted to descend the long flight of steps that used to lead to the road, but making a misstep, he rolled to the bottom. Picking himself up as speedily as possible, he turned to the right about face, and said with military promptness, "as you are, Jake Hart, pretty likely." Then looking towards the witnesses of his mishap, he made the following proposition: "If any man in the town of Bangor can tumble down stairs equal to old Jake Hart — *he has an undoubted right to try it — hum — pretty likely, of course, yes.*"

He once sold a citizen some hay. The gentleman inquired if it was fine hay. The Captain replied, "hum, pretty likely — fine hay, of course, yes." Without examining it, the gentleman paid him and directed him to put it into his barn. On using it he found it was very coarse hay, and when the Captain again made his appearance, he took him to task for cheating him. The Captain raised his eyes in amazement, and inquired wherein he had cheated him.

"In the hay; you told me it was fine hay, when it was coarse."

"Hum — pretty likely — I told you 't was fine hay, *of coarse, yes — of* C-O-A-R-S-E."

Of course, the gentleman said no more.

Another character was Jonathan B——s, years ago a great liquorary character, but now a strictly temperate

man. He was poor, as a matter of course; and with poverty and intemperance spurring him on, he did a great many things that were not exactly in accordance with the golden rule.

It was the practice before the Temperance reformation, for tipplers to patronize the traders by drawing their own liquor from the casks in the back shop whenever appetite prompted, without so much as asking the consent of the owner, or even paying for the dram. B——s was notorious for giving this kind of custom, and was suspected of extending it a little further, when not watched. At one time, after swallowing his glass, he saw some tempting balls of butter within his reach, and recollecting that that article was convenient in a family, and believing himself unseen, he slipped one of them into his hat, and securing it upon his head, prepared to leave the store. On his way out he was stopped by the salutation of one of the owners of the store:

"Cold evening, Mr. B——s."

"Yes — hem — yes."

"Take a seat by the stove, Mr. B——s, and warm yourself."

B——s hesitated, but was persuaded with some urging, to comply.

The clerk stirred up the fire, until the heat became oppressive. B——s drew back. The perspiration began to run down his cheeks. He drew a long breath, and said he believed he must go. The merchant remonstrated. He would take cold if he went out now; he had better set down until he was cool. Sighing deeply, the martyr again took his seat, and while his tormentor was amusing him with conversation, the clerk was piling the wood into the stove. The small streams of perspiration had now increased to rivers, and B——s arose with a determination to go.

"Why, how you do sweat, Mr. B——s," said the merchant, suddenly removing the gentleman's chapeau.

Here was a *denouement*, "slick as grease!" "A sight to be seen!" B——s's head in a state of adipoceration! As the gentleman was removing his hat, B——s raised his hand to prevent it, but the hat had been removed too suddenly, and his hand was buried in the half-melted butter on his head. Then bringing his dripping fingers before his eyes, he exclaimed, as if in astonishment,

"Well, I should like to know how that came on my head!"

Abraham Hanson, a colored tonsor, was a character who figured in Bangor some twenty years ago, and afforded infinite amusement to the wags of the town.

At the time contributions were taken up for the Greeks, the generous enthusiasm which pervaded the community reached the bosom of the warm-hearted Abraham, and he advertised that upon a day appointed, he would ply his razor and scissors exclusively for their benefit.

The day arrived, and his shop was thronged with customers. At first, however, the Greeks stood a poor chance of reaping much benefit from Abraham's philanthropy. Until he was better advised, his reply to each customer who offered him pay was,

"What for I take pay? Bress you soul! No, Sar, *I shave dis day for de beffit of de ounfortinate Greeks!*"

The last character of which we shall now make mention was Major Simon Harriman, a man of considerable notoriety in his day. He was a blacksmith by trade, but in his old age devoted himself to the manufacture of "liniment, spring-steel pitch-forks, and cow-bells," that, according to the advertisements, "could be heard from one to five miles."

At one time he set himself up as a candidate for Representative to Congress, and while peddling his liniment took occasion to do a little electioneering. At first he was going to cure Congress by the application of his liniment, if elected, and secured a large number of votes. He succeeded, however, only in defeating the election. He next endeavored to conciliate all parties, pitch-fork, cow-bell, and ruffle-shirt, and on the eve of election his friends published the following appeal to the electors in the Bangor Register, James Burton, printer.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

1

Election day is fast approaching,
Cheerily O, O, Cheerily O,
Some on our rights will be encroaching,
Drearily O, O, drearily O.

2

Who from ruin now shall save us?
Harriman O, O, Harriman O,
He 'll guard the rights our fathers gave us,
Cheerily O, O, cheerily O.

3

In politics he 's all perfection,
Cheerily man O, O, cheerily man O,
Witness John Quincy's late election,
Harriman O, O, Harriman O.

4

As a mechanic he is able,
Harriman O, O, Harriman O,
To furnish pitch-forks for our stable,
Cheerily man O, O, cheerily man O.

5

His fame through all the country soundeth,
Cheerily O, O, cheerily O,
From one to five miles it reboundeth,
Merrily O, O, Merrily O.

6

Prove he 's the man of your appointment,
Cheerily O, O, cheerily O,
And he 'll drop the trade of making ointment,
Merrily O, O, merrily O.

Whether the appeal was effective to procure votes we are not informed, but certain it is the Major was not returned. It is not improbable that his promise to give up the trade of making ointment dissatisfied the liniment party, who, seeing there was no hope of curing Congress by the application of liniment, threw their vote for the successful candidate.

AN APOLOGY.

Poesy, I have not sought
Thy sweet favors, never bought;
And thy treasures often are
Those the wise seek not to share.

Yet thy voice has come to me,
Sometimes as the lulling sea,
Breathing o'er the troubled heart,
Strains that soothe while they impart.

Poesy, to hopes that rise,
Language natural supplies;
And for tears that course the cheek,
Opens she the lips, to speak.

As the bird must sing his lay,
Opening with the morn of May,
So my heart at times must seek
Music for its thoughts to speak.

Then forgive, sweet Power, my lays;
Every heart its song may raise,
Be it angel's strain on high,
Or a baby's lullaby.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

During the bombardment of Vera Cruz by the Americans, the harmonious notes of the Mexican bugle often were heard proceeding at once from several sections of the invested city, mingled with screams of terror and distress. Buildings were seen on fire from the effect of the American shells, and the Mexican soldiery flying from point to point for the purpose of extinguishing the flames. One night, a heavy cloud hanging over the city, assumed a deep red tinge from the glare of the conflagration, and the sparkling trace of the shells, as they passed under the illuminated veil, might easily be fancied, by a superstitious mind, *the path of the destroying angel, flying to his mission under a canopy of blood.*

THERE was music in the distance,—
On the dim and lonely lea,
From a city's crowded marts it came,
That gush of melody.

With the voice of gathered thousands
Mingled the trumpet's strain,
While thickly fell on dome and spire
The rocket's fiery rain.

There were feet whose step was measured
By the toll of the 'larum bell,
While hoarse the thunder-gun replied
To the roar of the bursting shell.

A hundred homes were gleaming
With fierce sulphureous fire,
And the swift flame crackled harsh through halls
That had rung with laugh and lyre.

There was music in the distance, —
  But a wild and lonely tone —
And fearfully 't was blent the while
  With fierce huzza and moan.

For the Northern foe had circled
  The City of the Cross,
And from its walls was seen afar
  His starry flag to toss.

And the bright and dancing waters,
  Which bathed Ulloa's shore,
Invested by his hostile barques,
  With sails were shadowed o'er.

Another morn was shining,
  Yet still, from sun to sun,
Echoed the trumpet's taunting peal,
  Answered the thunder-gun.

And the clouds all day which lowered
  Upon the gazer's view,
Hung redly in the midnight sky
  Like robes of slaughter hue.

Uprose the crowd at matins,
  Scared by the swaying bell,
And the trembling priesthood fled the shrine,
  As the toppling turrets fell.

Clustered the weak and timid,
  'Mid ranks of bristling steel;
The matron from her loom upsprung,
  And the maid forsook her reel;

While closer to her bosom
  The mother pressed her child,
Still pacing to and fro, amidst
  That storm of terror wild.

Ho! the beleaguered city!
The tempest, what may stay!
— The cross was borne from street to street,
And the knee was bowed to pray.

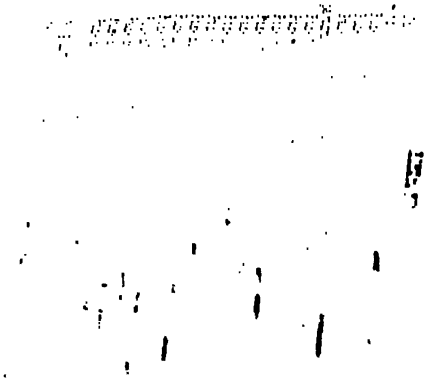
Ho! the affrighted people!
(Again 't is daylight's hour)
— And they counsel, in dim groups apart,
To yield Ulloa's tower.

For the charm at length is broken
Which hath led its victors forth;
The proud Castilian quails before
The avenger of the North.

And the massive gates are opened
By fierce, but willing hands,
While inward move the mingled host
Of Freedom's conquering bands.

From old Ulloa's tower
Their eagle banners toss,
And free and far gleam stripe and star
O'er the "City of the Cross."

There was music in the distance,
From the city of the sea,
'T was not the note of trump or drum,
But the "Anthem of the free." *

NOVEMBER, 1847.

* Alas! that the "Anthem of the free" should be mingled with the groans of those whom they had made captive!